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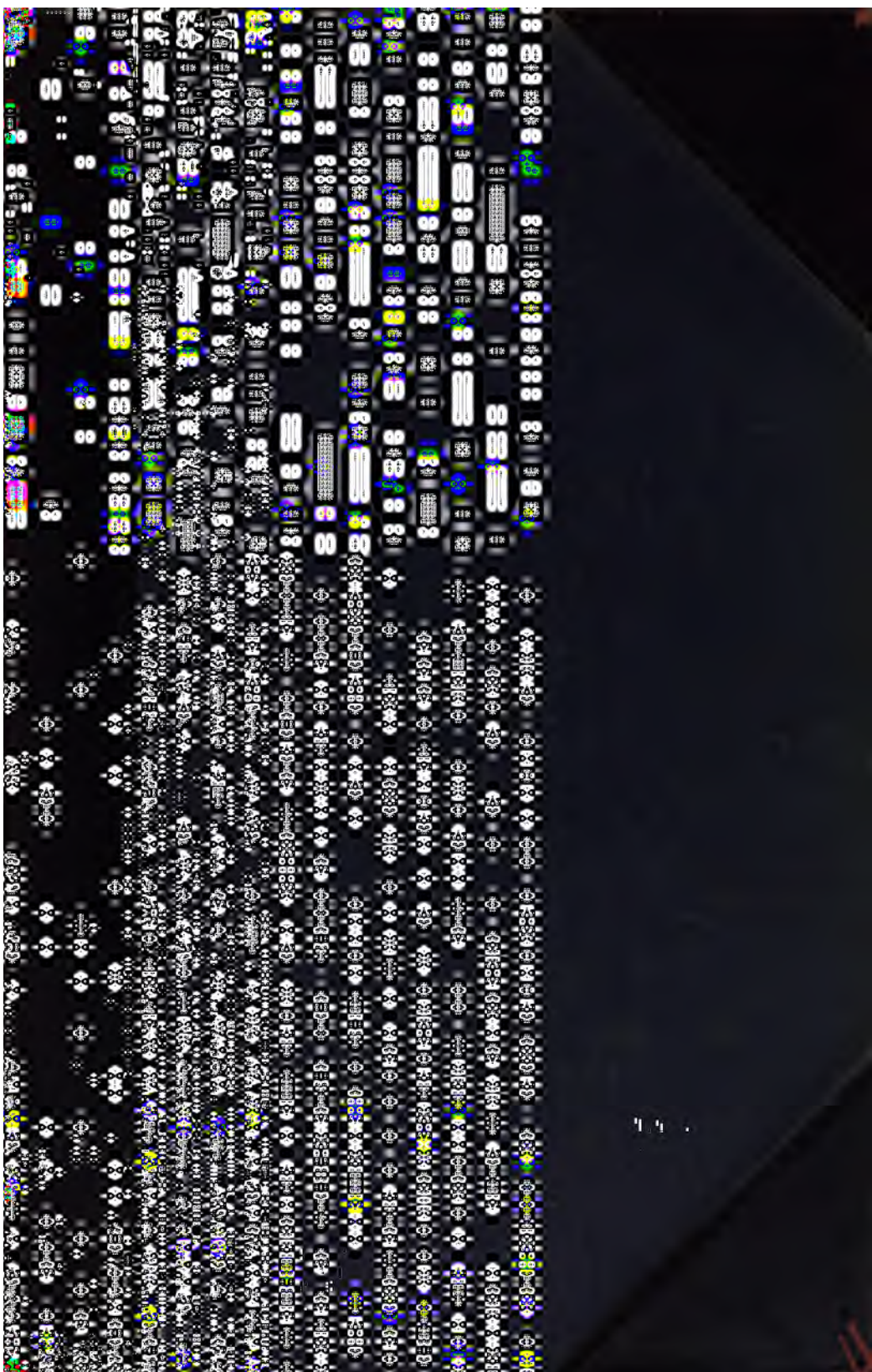
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POSTHUMOUS LETTERS

OF THE

Rev. W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, GRAY'S INN LANE.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh." HEB. xi. 4.

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POSTHUMOUS LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Rev. W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, GRAY'S INN LANE.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh." Heb. xi. 4.

TO THE CONGREGATION AT PROVIDENCE
CHAPEL, GRAY'S INN LANE.

THE first idea of publishing the Epistolary Correspondence of our dear and invaluable Pastor was suggested to me by a friend, who also proposed that the profits arising therefrom should be dedicated to some laudable purpose, such as the relief of the poor members of the household of faith, or otherwise, as circumstances might require; with this view, and that nothing valuable from the pen of the deceased might be lost or hidden, I was induced to solicit his friends to favour me with their letters for that purpose; to which request they have in general kindly acquiesced; and, as I am in possession of many valuable epistles, evidently written under the Holy Spirit's influence, I have no doubt but a blessing will attend the perusal of them.

It is our intention to publish these Letters in Numbers, in order to make the purchase more easy, and bring them sooner to light. They will, however, be so arranged as to bind in volumes afterwards. Some were written more than twenty years ago; by which it will be clearly seen that our Prophet then held the same great truths of the gospel which he constantly and invariably maintained to the last. He lived and

died in the same faith, and was a bright example to the church of God who survive him.

Having been requested to give some relation of what passed during the last illness of so eminent a servant of Christ, the two introductory letters are inserted with that view; which, though of a private nature, as they contain a concise account of what dropped from his lips during that short period, will, I hope, be fully satisfactory.

I firmly believe what is now in hand to be pleasing in God's sight—my conscience bearing me witness to the truth I assert. And I also believe that it would have been approved of by our departed friend, as the welfare of the church always lay near his heart. In this confidence I subscribe myself

A poor Mourner in Zion,

But yours affectionately,

20 July, 1813.

E. SANDERSON.

R. S. Many, I understand, have blamed me for not hanging the pulpit in black. It would certainly have been congenial to my feelings so to have done, but for the express injunctions of our good friend to the contrary. In his will he has particularly mentioned that he would have "no funeral sermon; no funeral ode; no pulpit hung in black." And, as heretofore I have strictly adhered to his desires, so I hope never to deviate from what I believe to have been his will.

To MR. BENSLEY.

Tunbridge Wells,
July 5, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,

As it was your desire to hear every particular respecting the last few weeks of our dear departed friend, I will, to the best of my recollection, comply with your request.

Early on Friday morning, June 11th, Mr. Huntington was taken ill in a violent and alarming manner, which continued to increase till the Sunday following, when he was pronounced to be in great danger. On the Monday he revived a little; and on the Tuesday, though too ill to leave his bed, he made up his mind to go on the following Friday to Tunbridge Wells; and, in pursuance of this resolution, left Hermes House at six in the morning, accompanied by Lady Sanderson. His weakness was so apparent that it was with difficulty he got down stairs into the carriage; and after it drove off, knowing how ill he was, for some hours afterwards Miss Sanderson and myself were expecting his return. He, however, got through the journey tolerably well, and had been at Tunbridge about ten days; during which he sometimes got a little better,

and then again relapsed, when we received a letter expressing his wish for us to join him. We accordingly set off, and (as you know) arrived there on the 29th. I shall never forget the shock I received when we entered the room. He held out his hand, and kissed us both, but we could none of us speak. From that moment I was convinced that (humanly speaking) he never could recover; as it appeared to me his end was fast approaching. If you remember, when you came into the room, you told him you were glad to see him look so comfortable. He replied, "Why should I look otherwise? Death with me has lost its sting these forty years; I am no more afraid of death than I am of my night cap." When you and Mr. Over took leave of him the following morning I was convinced, by his look and manner, he was sure in his own mind he should see you no more. That day he was very ill; but in the evening appeared better, was very cheerful and comfortable, and sat up beyond his usual time, and much surprised us by declaring his intention once more to sup with us, saying, he felt an appetite. Knowing how ill he was, we judged it an unfavourable circumstance, and such in the event it proved. I shall never forget that meal; it was the last we ever partook of together. He asked a blessing in a voice weak and trembling, but in a

manner solemn and impressive. During supper, for the first time since his illness, he mentioned his congregation. He spoke of those who had stedfastly abode by his ministry, and said that the blessing of God would ever rest upon them: of others, who had felt offended because without reserve he had declared the whole counsel of God: of others, who had been carried away by every new minister that appeared amongst us, and of some others who had entirely left the Chapel: of the different characters of professors among the congregation, and of the blessings and judgments from God which would come upon them, he spoke in a strong and decided manner. He told us that heavy trials would soon come upon the church; when it would be made manifest that none could be saved but those who held fast what he had advanced. He made a clear distinction between those who, because they could not come up to his standard, or had not experienced the grand truths he advanced, felt on that account enmity to him and to his doctrine; that these would prefer a minister of shallow experience, and when they heard him describe a saint, finding they could come up to the standard, rested secure and well satisfied with their state; and some of this description he intimated he knew to be among his congregation. He then spoke in a sweet and encou-

raging manner of others, who, when they heard the whole counsel of God declared, and felt how short they came, experienced sorrow on that account, and prayed earnestly to God to carry on his own work, and establish them in every necessary truth. Upon Lady Sanderson's observing she wished she could recollect all he had said relative to the church, he replied, he had much more to say, which some other time we should pen down from his lips, and after his death publish it: but this, to our great regret, never could be done—that night was his last!—He then spoke in the highest terms of grateful affection to Lady Sanderson; and, thanking her for all her kind, unremitting attentions to him, said that all it was possible to do had been done for him; spoke of the very great blessing she had been to him, and that ever since he had known her he had always found her uniformly the same—kind, faithful, and affectionate. Though I have often heard him say as much before, yet a further confirmation of it in his dying hours was as gratifying as it was strictly just and true. He then added, "In the name of my God, before my departure, I bless you all, and commit you into his hands." This benediction, pronounced in a manner so solemn and affectionate, we never can forget. He said many other things expressive of his parting with us in perfect peace and union;

and, after returning thanks, added, "Now, my dears, you shall all three put me to bed this night." Upon one of us offering to call the servant, he said; "No; you will be quite sufficient; you shall see what a man I am." Seeing us much affected, he said; "I often think it will not be long before we shall all, one after the other, lay down our heads upon the same pillow." He got into bed with less difficulty than usual, and before he laid down said, "God bless you all."

I sat up with him that night; he slept very little; was restless, and his fever very high. Early in the morning I perceived a great change in him for the worse, and called Lady Sanderson, who sent for the medical gentleman that attended him, and also a very skilful physician. Cupping was recommended, and many other things tried, but without effect, for, after every remedy had been applied, he evidently got worse, and his breath grew shorter and shorter. We all stood round him, together with Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stone. He appeared to be in no pain; was calm and tranquil; and after breathing deeply three times I perceived it was all over. At about twenty minutes before nine his spirit fled. For a few moments all was silence.—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." During the whole of the day he was evidently in mental prayer, but his voice was lost.

Owing to a quantity of blood having settled in his head, it gave a wild appearance to his eyes, and for the last few hours deprived him of his sight; and there being much phlegm in his throat, and not having sufficient strength left to cough, prevented his speaking, though he made several attempts. We could now and then distinctly hear him say, in a very low whisper, "My Father, come!"—"Bless God; praise him."—Sensible he certainly was to the last, and knew Lady Sanderson's voice; for, though he could not see her, when she approached the bed he turned towards her, and a few minutes before he died took some water from her hand. His countenance expressed a heavenly resignation, and with that impression he died.

During the whole of his illness he was remarkably patient, and bore his sufferings with great fortitude. I sat up with him several nights; and, though he could get no sleep, he did not for one moment repine. One night he said, "Oh, what an unspeakable mercy now to be in possession of a good hope through grace! I often think of my former troubles, when I used to rove about from post to pillar, seeking rest but finding none. Blessed be God, it is not so now. Where Christ once condescends to come, that poor sinner is at home; he takes his home with him wherever he goes. I now reap the benefits of my pro-

fession. What a poor miserable creature should I be were I without God, and had no hope in the world! But my conscience does not accuse me. I have loved and served my God faithfully; but I obtained mercy to be faithful."

He was very far from joyful the day before he left town, and the day he arrived at the Wells he was much tried in his mind; but during the rest of his illness he enjoyed a solid peace, a heavenly resignation, and a feeling sense of gratitude to God for his goodness to him in providence as well as in grace.

He used often to compare his former poverty with his present prosperity; his sharp conflicts, hard labour and hard fare, with his comfortable home and spiritual blessings: and would weep with gratitude to God for his undeserved goodness to one so unworthy. For some time previous to his death he appeared dead to every thing in which he had formerly taken pleasure. The trees which he had planted, and whose growth in the spring he had so anxiously watched, he could now walk round the garden and no longer notice. His hot-house, where he had formerly spent so much time, he scarcely ever entered. Indeed every thing seemed to have lost its power to please. Though he said very little, his countenance expressed sweet peace within: he appeared to live in the higher world; for his mind was there, though his poor

afflicted body was with us.—He had for some time a strong impression on his mind that his end was near, and very frequently spoke of it: but, as we had heard him say so many years before, and it being an evil day that we wished to put far off, we did not much regard it. The Wednesday fortnight before he preached his last sermon, after he came home, while he was in the study, and I was helping him off with his coat, he said, “Betsy, my work is nearly done; a very few times more, and all will soon be over.” I said, “No, sir, I hope not.” But he answered, “You may depend upon it, it is so. Oh, how I long to see my blessed Saviour! What a glorious prospect is now before me—to be with him where my faith has been fixed these forty years!”

The night before he was taken ill Mr. and Mrs. Over called to see him. He was very cheerful and affectionate, and seemed very unwilling to part with them. After supper he was more happy than I have seen him for a long while, and conversed with Lady Sanderson for a considerable time upon the joys of heaven in a most wonderful manner, till he seemed to be carried above the earth.—During his illness Mr. Edward Aldridge saw him several times. He seemed much pleased with his society, and conversed freely with him, as may be seen by the following extract:—

“In the several interviews I had with Mr. Huntington during his last illness, I found his mind perfectly tranquil, and his conversation spiritual. To him the king of terrors was disarmed; and death, which had lost its sting, was contemplated with the utmost serenity. He appeared as one well prepared, that was going a journey, equipped for all things on the way. He said there was not a doubt or scruple, but all was right and clear in his way to God; that pardon had produced peace; regeneration, love; and justification can never be reversed. The last day I conversed with him my feelings were keen at the prospect of losing our most invaluable pastor—the best acquaintance and the truest friend I ever had. He appeared more concerned for my comfort than for his own, and expressed some solicitude for the welfare of the church: but not one word of complaint or murmuring at the dispensations of God. Upon my observing that we enjoyed much of the presence of God here, but the best was to come, he took it up in his usual way, and enlarged upon it, saying, the presence of God was his Holy Spirit; “Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? whither shall I flee from thy presence?” and that this the wicked could not endure. “As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.” He quoted likewise

Psalm i. 4, 5. He then mentioned the family of Mrs. Bull; said that, when she was called under him, they all withered and died in their profession, and her eldest son went so far as to burn his Bible. Some friend arrived from London, and our conversation terminated; but the deep impression of God's faithfulness, mercy, and truth, remained, and never will, I hope, be forgotten by me.

"He had usually been low in sickness, but in this and a former illness, a few months before, he was quite the reverse. In several sermons recently delivered he expressed an humble but unbounded confidence in the love of God to his soul, and of his own fervent love and attachment to his dear and blessed Saviour, as he frequently called him. After preaching time, a week or two before his last illness, he said his work was nearly done: he also expressed the goodness of God to him in taking down his tabernacle in an easy and gentle manner; and that he longed to go and see his blessed Saviour, whom (in conversion) he declared he had already seen. 1 Cor. ix, 1. He suffered some pain in his bowels, and had several restless nights; but expressed, almost with his last breath, his gratitude to the Lord in dealing so gently with him.

"Thus terminated, on the first of July 1813, the life of a man eminent as a preacher, profound.

in divine knowledge and experience, laborious in the work of the Lord while he had strength, and eminently useful, both in town and country, to an extent that will not be fully known until he shall appear with those whom he has turned to righteousness in the kingdom of our Lord, to shine as the stars for ever and ever.

“In his last sermon, which he preached from Rev. iii. 3, on the evening of June the 9th, he gave a summary of the doctrines he had constantly preached, and, animadverting on the conduct of some who had departed from the truth, declared he was clear from the blood of all men, and that he had not failed to declare the whole counsel of God. It was delivered with great emphasis, and made so striking an impression upon several of his hearers, as to leave upon their minds a secret persuasion that it would be his last. E. A.”

You saw him, if you remember, the day before he left home, and had some very satisfactory and establishing conversation with him. I heard afterwards, from Lady Sanderson, that before he left Pentonville he earnestly prayed that God would never suffer him to return again. He often observed to her ladyship that it was impossible to describe in how hateful a light he saw the world. His affection for her and for us certainly remained unchanged to the last, which

was a great comfort to us all; and the recollection that he parted with us in such perfect love will ever be a satisfaction to us, till we meet again to part no more. Many I know will most deeply feel his loss, and many perhaps wish him once more amongst us. But, had they (as we were constantly in the habit of doing) witnessed the infirmities under which he laboured for many months before he left off preaching (though in the pulpit he was so much supported none could perceive it); had they seen his sufferings during his illness, his earnest desire to be at home, his deadness to every thing beneath the sun, and the humiliating circumstances to human nature under which he laboured for the last week or two, and well knowing the glorious prospect which lay before him, it is impossible to express the envious wish of either prolonging his life or again recalling him to this miserable world, though we may all pray to die like him, and hope soon to join him above.

The nearer Mr. Huntington approached the termination of his valuable life, the closer was his communion with God. He spent the greatest part of the day in private prayer and meditation; and his mind seemed constantly engaged in contemplating the glorious prospect which lay before him. Though his conduct to us was

kind and affectionate, yet he had entirely lost that jocular familiarity, wit, and humourous turn of mind, which were the principal characteristics of his natural disposition. He was frequently in the habit of sitting silent for several hours together in the study with Lady Sanderson, his mind being apparently much engaged; and, when he made an observation, it was expressive of the happiness which lay before him, or of the goodness of God to him. Indeed, notwithstanding his well known loyalty and patriotism had hitherto impressed his mind with a deep and affectionate concern for the welfare of his country, (as was ever strongly evinced both from the pulpit and in private) yet public news or national affairs, no longer excited his attention, as he now viewed the world in the light in which God regards it—that all beneath the sun is vanity—every thing in it had lost its power to please him; and, as its empty pleasures receded from his view, the glorious prospect which lay before him appeared to shine brighter and brighter. This frame of mind made him wish very little for society, and he willingly submitted to the injunctions of the faculty—that he should see no company.

During his illness, while at Pentonville, many called to inquire after his health; but few

requested to see him, excepting some part of his own family: their desire was repeatedly made known to him, but he always refused, expecting (no doubt) a little revival after he had tried change of air at the Wells. While there he saw much more company; but though after they left him he expressed a sense of their kindness and affection in coming, yet, from what he added, it was very evident he would have been better pleased had his meditations not been interrupted. For this conduct, which originated solely in his own heavenly state of mind, I am well convinced those about him will be blamed, and in particular one to whom (under God) he was most certainly indebted for the temporal and domestic comfort that he enjoyed during his latter years: of this to the very last he was sensible, and often in my presence blessed God for ever bringing him acquainted with Lady Sanderson. To his family she has been a most generous benefactress, and a real friend; though in many instances her conduct has been misrepresented, calumny being I know the general attendant on superior merit, and pride and envy as ready to receive favours as they are hasty to forget them. Interested motives may also, however unjustly, be attributed: but the person upon whom the unjust imputation is cast has been placed by

a kind Providence in too high a station to want assistance, or to solicit favours for her own advantage from others.

Totally ignorant of the grateful tribute of affection paid to her by her departed friend till after his death, though it was certainly to her a gratification to see how much he wished to do; yet in every other respect, as far as it concerns herself, the result of the affair to which I allude must be a matter of little or no importance. This must always be her satisfaction, that conscience (a faithful servant) will ever acquit her of any unjust motive, and highly approve the rectitude of her conduct; and in that great day, when the mask from all must be thrown aside, and every one receive the sentence due to them, it will be seen that a full reward will be given to her for all her kindness to God's most faithful servant. As there is a law of retaliation, so is there likewise a law of recompense:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

For my own part, I consider that in Mr. Huntington I have lost a faithful minister, a kind protector, an affectionate father in Christ, and a real friend. As a minister, those who know his value will also deeply regret his loss: but the love and gratitude I feel for him, re-

specting his conduct towards me in the other characters, can be known only to myself; it is what I cannot describe, but shall never cease to experience, till my long-wished-for summons arrives to meet him in endless glory: for, blessed be God, I sorrow not as those who have no hope.

We have great cause for gratitude in seeing dear Lady Sanderson so much supported under this heavy affliction. She unites with Miss Sanderson in kind remembrance to Mrs. Bensley and yourself; and believe me, dear Sir, ever to remain,

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA FALKLAND.

To Miss FALKLAND.

Wishing grace, mercy, and peace.

MANY thanks are due to my dear friend for the sweet account she has given us of the last moments of our much respected and faithful friend and pastor in the Lord Jesus Christ; of whom it may be truly said that he was a burning and a shining light, and a zealous, indefatigable minister of the everlasting gospel, doing the work of an evangelist faithfully. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

When, in consequence of his sudden and severe indisposition, I called upon him at Pentonville, after affectionate inquiries respecting the family, he told me very seriously that his work was done, and he should not be much longer with us. Alarmed at the remark, I asked him if he had any serious impressions upon his mind that the Lord was about to remove him. To which he replied, that he heartily prayed God he would, for he had laboured above forty years in the vineyard, and was tired of this miserable sinful world. He then said that he had not walked in craftiness, nor handled the word of God deceitfully, and that he was

now in the enjoyment of those blessed truths he had so long preached to others. Speaking with him upon certain points of experience, he said that during former illnesses he had never been indulged with such sweet and heavenly views as had abode with him of late: that he knew nothing of those ecstatic joys he had heard of in others; but felt and enjoyed a solid, permanent peace—the effect of pardoned sin, and fruit of the holy and blessed Spirit. He then observed that, though formerly he used to take great pleasure in the works of creation, he had now no delight in any thing beneath the sun. After some further conversation about the heavy trials that he had long foreseen hung over the church, he told me it was his intention to go the next morning into the country, being determined to settle his temporal concerns and make his will—all which he had arranged in his mind, but could not execute at home on account of the frequent interruptions he there met with. And this resolution he confirmed when I saw him again, for the last time, at Tunbridge Wells, two days before his death, saying that these things had been the subject of his prayers for the last eight months of his life.

Wishing to obtain what further information I could of all that passed during the few last days of his illness, Lady Sanderson has kindly favoured me with the following particulars:—

‘The conversation that led to the composition of his epitaph I will briefly state; at least as much of it as I can remember. It was as follows:—“Notwithstanding the opposition I have met with throughout the whole of my ministry; the scorn and derision with which I have been treated; the vile calumnies that have been imputed to me; the hatred I have experienced both from professor and profane; yet through all these trials God strengthened me, and gave me such zeal, that I have been enabled to preach the truth boldly, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. They have had the whole counsel of God from my mouth; for he made me faithful from the beginning. My constant aim has been to exalt my dear Lord, and to debase the creature. I have honoured God, and he has honoured me, even in my old age.”

‘He then spoke of the judgments that had befallen his enemies, and with much warmth added—“Those that have so cruelly treated me, and my God, I shall see again, to appear as a witness against them. And, although it is not for me to say it, yet it shall be known and acknowledged, after I am gone, that there hath been a Prophet among them.”—He then said, “Take a pen, and write my epitaph as follows—

" HERE LIES THE COALHEAVER. — (*Remember, I will have it so.*)" And, as though it were but one sentence, he went on—" BELOVED
 " OF HIS GOD, BUT ABHORRED OF MEN. THE
 " OMNISCIENT JUDGE AT THE GRAND ASSIZE
 " SHALL RATIFY AND CONFIRM THIS TO THE
 " CONFUSION OF MANY THOUSANDS, FOR ENG-
 " LAND AND ITS METROPOLIS SHALL KNOW
 " THAT THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET AMONG
 " THEM. W. H. S. S."

' He was often so overpowered with the goodness of God to him, that he would cry as a child, saying, " What condescension it is in the
 " Almighty God to take notice of such a poor
 " vile rebel as me! My family was the most
 " despicable in the whole parish, yet God has
 " put abundant honour on me in blessing my
 " labours, even in my old age! But my work is
 " done; I shall not be long here. The way is
 " plain before me: no doubts nor fears; all is
 " clear; and I am as sure of heaven as if I were
 " in it. God will never leave nor forsake those
 " who put their trust in him. How great is
 " his goodness to me, in dealing so gently with
 " me, and condescending so gradually to unpin
 " my tabernacle!"

' I never heard one murmuring word from him during his illness; for, though his bodily sufferings were great, he was calm and resigned,

and patiently waited his dismissal, only once saying, "He tarries long. Why is his chariot so long in coming?"

'We have lost our dear friend; but I hope we shall be enabled to bear in mind his last exhortation—to remember how we have heard, and hold fast all we have received. I expect to meet him again, when he will say, "Behold me, and the children whom thou hast given me." E. S.'

Having no idea it would be the last time when I took my leave of him at Tunbridge Wells the day before his death, I was the more alarmed when the melancholy tidings of that event reached me; which will no doubt cause great searchings of heart, and be seriously felt and lamented by those who have experienced the powerful effects of his ministry, and the benefits of his affectionate and edifying communications. Our loss is great indeed, and apparently severe. However, we do not part as those who never expect to meet again, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away—where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest." Let us therefore endeavour not to sorrow as those without hope, but to kiss the rod and him that hath appointed it, recollecting that our loss is his eternal gain; for of our much valued friend we may safely adopt the language of Paul—Having fought the good

fight, and kept the faith, he has finished his course with joy, and is gone to receive the reward of inheritance promised to the saints in light.—May we die the death of the righteous, and our latter end be like his! Even so, Amen.

The malicious aspersions you hint at, as having been circulated respecting Lady Sanderson's conduct, compel me to add my feeble testimony against all such diabolical insinuations, which are as cruel as they are unjust. I am a living witness of the love and esteem that subsisted between her Ladyship and her late consort, who has more than once, at distant periods, told me confidentially of the tender and affectionate regard she bore him, and of her disinterested confidence in placing the whole of her property unreservedly at his disposal.—“ Envy slays the silly one;” but “ he that feareth God shall come forth of them all.” And may that God, who defendeth the cause of the widow, give her a full reward for all her tenderness and care of his faithful, favoured servant—our invaluable friend!

Mrs. B. unites in affectionate regard to the Ladies, with whom wishing you all every blessing our heavenly Father has to bestow, I remain

Faithfully yours,

T. BENSLEY.

Bolt Court, July 7, 1812.

LETTERS

FROM

The Rev. W. HUNTINGTON.

L

To the chosen of God, and espoused to Christ, the
Church at Margaret Street Chapel. Selah.

HON. MADAM,

It is now between four and five years since I first entered into your ladyship's service in the capacity of footman, and I must confess I have often been delighted, when I have walked before your grace's chair to the King's palace with the lamp of salvation in my hand; but more delighted to see your ladyship make a good hearty meal of a dish of unbegotten and eternal divinity, I mean God the Father's endless love. And as I know your constitution to be delicate, I hope at my return to bring your ladyship a little savory meat, such as your soul loveth, that you may bless me before I die. Indeed, madam, we live in a day wherein many servants occasion the death of their mistresses by secret

now in the enjoyment of those blessed truths he had so long preached to others. Speaking with him upon certain points of experience, he said that during former illnesses he had never been indulged with such sweet and heavenly views as had abode with him of late: that he knew nothing of those ecstatic joys he had heard of in others; but felt and enjoyed a solid, permanent peace—the effect of pardoned sin, and fruit of the holy and blessed Spirit. He then observed that, though formerly he used to take great pleasure in the works of creation, he had now no delight in any thing beneath the sun. After some further conversation about the heavy trials that he had long foreseen hung over the church, he told me it was his intention to go the next morning into the country, being determined to settle his temporal concerns and make his will—all which he had arranged in his mind, but could not execute at home on account of the frequent interruptions he there met with. And this resolution he confirmed when I saw him again, for the last time, at Tunbridge Wells, two days before his death, saying that these things had been the subject of his prayers for the last eight months of his life.

Wishing to obtain what further information I could of all that passed during the few last days of his illness, Lady Sanderson has kindly favoured me with the following particulars:—

‘ The conversation that led to the composition of his epitaph I will briefly state; at least as much of it as I can remember. It was as follows:— “ Notwithstanding the opposition I have met with throughout the whole of my ministry; the scorn and derision with which I have been treated; the vile calumnies that have been imputed to me; the hatred I have experienced both from professor and profane; yet through all these trials God strengthened me, and gave me such zeal, that I have been enabled to preach the truth boldly, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. They have had the whole counsel of God from my mouth; for he made me faithful from the beginning. My constant aim has been to exalt my dear Lord, and to debase the creature. I have honoured God, and he has honoured me, even in my old age.”

‘ He then spoke of the judgments that had befallen his enemies, and with much warmth added—“ Those that have so cruelly treated me, and my God, I shall see again, to appear as a witness against them. And, although it is not for me to say it, yet it shall be known and acknowledged, after I am gone, that there hath been a Prophet among them.”— He then said, “ Take a pen, and write my epitaph as follows—

"HERE LIES THE COALHEAVER. — (*Remember, I will have it so.*)" And, as though it were but one sentence, he went on—"BELOVED
 "OF HIS GOD, BUT ABHORRED OF MEN. THE
 "OMNISCIENT JUDGE AT THE GRAND ASSIZE
 "SHALL RATIFY AND CONFIRM THIS TO THE
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 "LAND AND ITS METROPOLIS SHALL KNOW
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 "THEM. W. H. S. S."

'He was often so overpowered with the goodness of God to him, that he would cry as a child, saying, "What condescension it is in the
 "Almighty God to take notice of such a poor
 "vile rebel as me! My family was the most
 "despicable in the whole parish, yet God has
 "put abundant honour on me in blessing my
 "labours, even in my old age! But my work is
 "done; I shall not be long here. The way is
 "plain before me: no doubts nor fears; all is
 "clear; and I am as sure of heaven as if I were
 "in it. God will never leave nor forsake those
 "who put their trust in him. How great is
 "his goodness to me, in dealing so gently with
 "me, and condescending so gradually to unpin
 "my tabernacle!"

'I never heard one murmuring word from him during his illness; for, though his bodily sufferings were great, he was calm and resigned,

and patiently waited his dismissal, only once saying, "He tarries long. Why is his chariot so long in coming?"

'We have lost our dear friend; but I hope we shall be enabled to bear in mind his last exhortation—to remember how we have heard, and hold fast all we have received. I expect to meet him again, when he will say, "Behold me, and the children whom thou hast given me." E. S.'

Having no idea it would be the last time when I took my leave of him at Tunbridge Wells the day before his death, I was the more alarmed when the melancholy tidings of that event reached me; which will no doubt cause great searchings of heart, and be seriously felt and lamented by those who have experienced the powerful effects of his ministry, and the benefits of his affectionate and edifying communications. Our loss is great indeed, and apparently severe. However, we do not part as those who never expect to meet again, where sorrow and sighing shall flee away—where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are for ever at rest." Let us therefore endeavour not to sorrow as those without hope, but to kiss the rod and him that hath appointed it, recollecting that our loss is his eternal gain; for of our much valued friend we may safely adopt the language of Paul—Having fought the good

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state: when out of this, heretics were let loose upon me at Farnham; free-will Baptists at Woking; Burnham tore us limb from limb at Ditton; Arminians at Richmond; and at London both Turks and devils, Deists and Arians. When I got out of this, by leaving Margaret Street Chapel, then a fourteen years burden of debt fell upon my back; and, as soon as God sent me ten pounds, the devil sent one or other to rob me of twenty. God encouraged John Bull; hypocrites disheartened him; one shewed his liberality which spurred him on, others held him back; at times he kicked up, and at other times drew back, till he became a wild bull in a net; and, being naturally sulky, he dropped down in the furrows. None but God and myself know how I have been used, robbed and plundered; but my eye and my heart are now fixed on Petersham church-yard, and on my tomb there; and at my departure they will have impostors, wolves, and devils enough. They have been too full fed; but they shall fast in those days that are coming on: the cloudy and dark day is before us: but God is my light, and my light shall go with me, and the household shall both miss and lament the loss of its candle. Those that keep the word of his patience shall escape the hour of temptation: while hypocrites in Zion, who boast of their faith, power, and wisdom, and who hate the

true light and the just, shall be left to stand the storm and sustain the shock: and then it shall be made manifest what they are; for the day shall try them and their base metal; their hay, straw and stubble shall consume, and, like Samson shorn of his locks, they shall appear such as other men. But God shall revive me; he shall bring me up from the dust of the earth; he shall increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side. I have fought a good fight, and I have kept the faith. I have opposed none but impostors, hypocrites, heretics, devils, and sin; nor have I preached any thing but truth. I thank you for your many favours, and hope ever to remain, dear friend,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

V.

Bolney, Sept. 1, 1803.

The Tenant to his Landlord sendeth greeting, with perfect love, and at such a time.

I AM now among the wood-rangers, the people that dwell solitary in the midst of Carmel, and they come in all directions. The standard is

the good hand of God that has held us up and brought us through : this is the end of our race, this the reward of inheritance, this the portion of our souls ; and every visitation, every token for good, every answer to prayer, every drop of honey, every beam of light, and every drop of comfort, are so many earnest, pledges, and foretastes of it.

My son, the Lord be gracious to thee, and keep thee near himself, that under the shadow of his wings thou mayest find a refuge till all the calamities of this life be overpast ; until the pit be digged up for the wicked, and the door of heaven be displayed for the admission of the righteous ; and an abundant entrance be ministered to us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Tender my love to your brother, if he be not out, and to all friends who love Jesus Christ. I shall set out from hence next Monday, and shall reside at B.'s house at Birmingham, where you may direct to me.

Ever thine,

W. H. S. S.

IV.

Paddington, 1796.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE epistle you sent me was kindly received amidst this disagreeable storm; however, I am determined to stand and withstand, seeing God has fixed me where I now am; and from my station none shall pull me down but He that set me up. God has got some wheat in our heap, and Satan is aware of it; hence the damnable heresies that he throws into the floor, and the hypocrites and wolves that he sends among us. Christ had many people at Corinth, and many false apostles were there; yea, Satan besieged that church more than any other, because he knew he had suffered the greatest loss in that city.

I know that my stay is not long in this world; as soon as I am out of debt I will set my house and affairs in order, for I have strong impressions that I shall never ascend another May hill. Few and evil have the days of my life been; many months distracted with the pains of hell; seven years in hunger, cold, and nakedness; almost three years in legal bondage in the pulpit, that I might speak to those in that

state : when out of this, heretics were let loose upon me at Farnham ; free-will Baptists at Woking ; Burnham tore us limb from limb at Ditton ; Arminians at Richmond ; and at London both Turks and devils, Deists and Arians. When I got out of this, by leaving Margaret Street Chapel, then a fourteen years burden of debt fell upon my back ; and, as soon as God sent me ten pounds, the devil sent one or other to rob me of twenty. God encouraged John Bull ; hypocrites disheartened him ; one shewed his liberality which spurred him on, others held him back ; at times he kicked up, and at other times drew back, till he became a wild bull in a net ; and, being naturally sulky, he dropped down in the furrows. None but God and myself know how I have been used, robbed and plundered ; but my eye and my heart are now fixed on Petersham church-yard, and on my tomb there ; and at my departure they will have impostors, wolves, and devils enough. They have been too full fed ; but they shall fast in those days that are coming on : the cloudy and dark day is before us : but God is my light, and my light shall go with me, and the household shall both miss and lament the loss of its candle. Those that keep the word of his patience shall escape the hour of temptation : while hypocrites in Zion, who boast of their faith, power, and wisdom, and who hate the

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The Tenant to his Landlord sendeth greeting, with perfect love, and at such a time.

I AM now among the wood-rangers, the people that dwell solitary in the midst of Carmel, and they come in all directions. The standard is

erected under an apple tree, and my head is exalted among the thick boughs; while they sit under the shadow, and some with great delight, while the fruit is sweet to the taste; especially to those who have the use of their hands, and can stretch them out to receive and eat what is given. Various are the sweet morsels which faith relishes; continual deliverances out of trouble feed the soul; it assures the soul that God is for us, and on our side: a smiling providence in our favour is a delicacy that is sweet to faith; the reverse is a bitter portion: "Call me Mara, for the hand of God is gone out against me, and the Lord hath testified against me."—Sweet promises, transient visits, a glimpse of his countenance, and contrite sensations upon the knees in prayer, feed the soul. Satisfaction with what he has done, and firm hopes of more promised good to come, entertain the mind. Things done in times past, and promises spoken of old, brought afresh to the mind by the word preached, and confirmed by new observations, are a sweet repast. Every steward of the household brings forth out of his treasure things new and old. Employment of the soul by love, and its going forth in fresh exercise of faith, whether under the word or in prayer, are intended as nourishment to faith. "I am the door; if any man enter in by me, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—There

is no call to tell you that the sensible presence and enjoyment of the Bridegroom is the choicest banquet, though it comes but seldom, because my landlord himself, who seldom eats more than just to keep buckle and thong together, even he cannot fast in those days. But my landlord may reply, 'Does my tenant think, because I am a citizen, no subjects can please me but those upon festivity?' The first heir of promise, which came from Sarah, the covenant of promise, the heavenly Jerusalem, loved savoury meat. "With all thine offerings," saith God, "thou shalt offer salt;" and sure there never was an offering, a sacrifice, an oblation, offered to God, that was seasoned with so much grace as that offered upon Mount Calvary; a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour; and it is no less savoury to all those who have a new man to feed, a divine life in that new man to nourish; these relish spiritual food, and the seasoning also; for no sermon, however sound in the letter, and delivered with ever so much clearness and perspicuity, doth satisfy, if there be no unctuous savour. Thou shalt not suffer the salt of thy God to be lacking in thy sacrifices: "have salt in yourselves, and be at peace one with another," says the Lord Jesus to his disciples. Salt is a preservative; it keeps us as a sweet savour unto God, and preserves us for his kingdom: it is remarkable for its penetration; so grace seasons the body as well as the

soul, and brings both to endless felicity: and, what is more strange, there shall not an hair of your head perish; "For all that the Father hath given me are mine, and I will raise them up at the last day." At that day the trumpet is to sound, and the bridegroom to be proclaimed as coming; "At midnight there was a great cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh." This midnight is the end of the world; at this close God in Christ arises and shines in everlasting light and heat. This is the morning of eternity: "The upright shall have dominion in the morning; and then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the glory of their Father's kingdom for ever and ever: who hath ears to hear let him hear." The trumpet that is to be sounded in that day is to be done by the archangel; and it is to sound the last release, the eternal jubile; at which sound the creature, which was made subject to vanity and death, being by God subjected in hope, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God: for this corruptible body must put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality; and then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory; the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. All rule, all authority, and all power, being put down, and the last enemy destroyed, it is no wonder that

the trumpet sounds when the battle is fought,
and the victory won; the enemies of heaven slain,
and the King of kings proclaimed, crowned, and
enthroned; when the objects of his choice, the
purchase of his blood, the monuments of his
mercy, and the trophies of his victory, shall for
ever shine in his rays, and share in his reign;
and what shall I more say? God save the King!
and I heartily add, God save my Landlord, and
God bless the Citizen! Amen and Amen, says

The COALHEAVER. S. S.

VI.

Church Street, Paddington,
Jan. 25, 1793.

My dearly beloved Brother C.

I HAVE heard by Tommy B. that thou art sick,
but I hope that this sickness is not unto death,
but for the glory of God, that the Son of God
may be glorified thereby. — I have been
for some days confined to my room through a
violent cold, but am at present getting better,
blessed be God for it. These clay tenements,
Brother C. are dropping through; the inhabi-
tants are only tenants at will, suffering the

good pleasure of the landlord: but, if the earthly house of these tabernacles were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; where the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, for the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity. These buildings were finished from the beginning; they were prepared a second time, by the appearance of Jesus in his mediatorial office; there "I go to prepare a place for you;" and Christ is now in full possession of the glorious mansions: in our names, and in our nature, he appears in the presence of God for us, and we are raised up, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; and are, as considered in him, without fault before the throne; being complete in our head, accepted in the beloved, and blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. God sees no sin in that Jacob, nor perverseness in that Israel, that stands complete in him, who is the head of all principality and of all power; from whom distils every drop of joy, every beam of hope, every refreshing and reviving cordial, and every replenishing shower of heavenly grace. "He shall come down as showers upon the mown grass, and as rain that waters the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish, and the abundance of peace so long as the moon endures." This, my brother, is the stone which is set at

thought of so many builders, whom the Father has made the head-stone of the corner; who by his eternal love cements and holds both the family of heaven and earth together. Under this sovereign head of all divine influence the Psalmist took up his refuge, till every calamity was overpast: he is our hiding-place, our resting-place, and our dwelling-place in all generations. "Put ye on, therefore, the Lord Jesus Christ, and walk in him;" walk in his strength, leaning upon his arm; walk in his righteousness, and in that peace which he has made by the blood of his cross; walk in the liberty that he has proclaimed, and in that love that he has revealed; walk in the faith that he is the author of, and in the light of his countenance. Such souls walk in Christ, and they walk with Christ.

The potsherds are at this time very busy, striving with the potsherds of the earth. Wars, and rumours of wars, are begun; commotions and insurrections are hatching, both at home and abroad. Some speak evil of the dignities of heaven, and others of the dignities of the earth. The baser sort are for handling the reins of government; and many are so involved in politics, as to forget and neglect their business. Whether all these are the beginning of sorrows, I cannot determine; but this I know, that Jesus reigns, and his throne and kingdom will never be given up to another; though I have some

fears that I shall live to see London an Aceldama; the bowels of Britain are sadly convulsed.

I hope Providence will make thy bed in this thy sickness; and give thee patience and submission to the sovereign will of God, who does all things well; and, although afflictions are not joyous but grievous; yet they serve as purging draughts, and do yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those that are exercised thereby. God hath chosen us in the furnace of affliction, and promises to take away our dross and tin, and to make us more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir.—Tender my respects to Mrs. C.; the same to Miss, and to all friends; while I remain, dear Brother, your companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Christ,

W. HUNTINGTON.

VII.

Church Street, Paddington,
Feb. 12, 1793.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, from Him which is, which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

I PROPOSE preaching at Uxbridge to-morrow se'nnight, being Wednesday the 20th of this inst. in the Ember week, if God permit, and you think proper to make it known. And I hope the Master of assemblies will be there, for the words of the wise are as nails and as goads fastened by the Master himself, which are all given from one shepherd. We know that wisdom has spread her tables, killed her beasts, mingled her wine, and sent forth her maidens; but we want her good company, to bid her guests, and make them welcome: it is her presence that turns the water into wine, and makes it go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of those that are asleep to speak. What! think you that he will not come to the feast? I trust he will, and say, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved!" The Lord give us a spiritual appetite, and keep us poor and needy, and hungering and thirsting; and he has promised that he will make the poor rich in faith, and fill the hungry with good things.

Last Lord's Day morning we had his blessed presence indeed; the Master made them welcome, and I waited on the company; and last night we had a sweet repast, both the lamb and the fatted calf; the bitter herbs come next, and the waters of Marah after that. Nevertheless, in the day of prosperity be joyful, in the day of adversity consider; God has set the one against the other: the former is the banquet, the latter creates the appetite.

I saw Tommy and his dame last night; they are pretty well. I shall come Mr. M. over you; that is, bring one of my daughters, not only for the sake of your good table, but for the sake of a little air: she has not been very well. My respects to the mistress of the house, to the daughter also; and accept the same from your willing servitor,

W. HUNTINGTON.

VIII.

Church Street, Paddington,
April 15, 1793.

Dearly Beloved; Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee,—through our Lord Jesus Christ.

TOMMY BENSLEY told me the other day that thou hadst had another visit of the gout; we may truly say of such visitors as Job does of his friends, "Miserable comforters are ye all." Nevertheless, a purging draught is as profitable as a cordial; only it is not so palatable. The world, and the things of it; ease and security; carelessness and indifference; coldness and disaffection; deadness and slothfulness; are things which easily beset us, and things that must be purged away; and we know that every branch in Christ that bears fruit, our heavenly Father purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit. It is well for us that there is balm in Gilead, and a good physician there—one that can cure the plague—even the plague of the heart; and the leprosy also, however bad, or however long standing; the deaf, and the blind too, have been healed by him; and I believe that he is the only physician that can cure the gout. He is a skilful and a tender physician, never failed in his undertaking, nor did any patient ever die or perish under his hands; and he generally ef-

fects his cures by the most despicable means. Looking to a bit of brass on a pole cures the venom of serpents; dipping seven times in Jordan cures the leprosy; a bunch of figs heals a burning boil; clay cures one born blind; and a little salt in a cruse heals a spring that never was sweet before. Nothing is wanting here but humble faith, and fervent prayer; prayer brings in the medicine, and faith applies it. But alas, alas! "he could not do many miracles there because of their unbelief, save that he laid his hand on a few sick folks, and they recovered." I hope patience will have its perfect work, and that resignation to the divine will may be granted, together with a full persuasion that all things work together for good to them that love God; this will bring in that peace which passeth all understanding; insomuch as that the soul may be healthy when the body is sick, and be on the wing, while the other is confined to the bed. "No affliction is joyous but grievous, nevertheless it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those that are exercised thereby;" and he was an excellent saint that said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; for before this I went astray."—The Lord bless thee and keep thee; my respects to the household; and believe me to be, dear friend, ever thine,

W. HUNTINGTON.

IX.

July 4, 1793.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,

I MAKE bold to inform you that I am ten thousand times better than I ever expected to be again in this world. I really did expect to have gone stooping, or, like Jacob, halting to my grave; but, blessed be God, I go up upright, though limping a little. A report was soon spread that I was thrown from my horse and killed upon the spot at Hyde Park Corner: had this been true, it would have been with many as it was at the completion of the second temple; some would have wept, and some rejoiced: so that it would have been hard to tell which would have been loudest, the voice of weeping, or the voice of joy. However, I preached to them last Lord's day, that the various reports might spread no further; though it was with some difficulty that I crawled to the Chapel: one knee and leg remain swelled, weak, and painful; but all the other infected parts mend apace. I hope the Lord will restore the strength of that limb till my race is run; and, blessed be God, the covenant of

grace furnishes us with a good and skilful physician ; to his care I commit you and yours, and remain, dear sir, yours to serve,

W. HUNTINGTON.

X.

1796.

I WAS sorry to hear by my friend Tommy that my dear father in the Lord was ill. However, we need physick as well as food : all things are not the most healthy which are the most palatable : our God does nothing in vain. Afflictions take us out of company ; they gather our thoughts home ; they serve to turn our eyes inward ; they bring the child of God to books ; they cast a damp upon earthly enjoyments, and wean the affections from a vain world ; they lead to self-examination, and to consider the one thing needful ; and they often humble the mind, meeken the spirit, encourage faith, awaken fear, and perfume the soul, and make it more unctuous and savoury ; they lead to watchfulness on the handy works of God, and to thankfulness when his goodness appears ; and I hope the good Lord will sanctify this

stroke, that thou mayest have it to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." God doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men without cause; but corrects us with measure, and leaves us not wholly unpunished. But we have a foretunner who led the armies of heaven forth, the Captain of our salvation, who himself was made perfect through sufferings. He can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities, having himself been a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and has declared his sympathy to be such, that in all our afflictions he is afflicted, being the tender hearted father of the family; the sympathetic husband of his church, who cost him so dear, so great a price. Of which purchased inheritance, and purchased possession, he will never lose an atom, either of the gross, or the fine; the earthy, or the heavenly part. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," nor shall one of them ever perish. The devil sets our sinfulness and nothingness against this; and unbelief bars the heart against it, and the comfort of it, by making us look at the evils of our heart, not at the love and good will of God; and at our corruptions, not at the great price of our ransom; and so to draw conclusions from our own feelings and views of ourselves, not from the promises of God, the covenant of his grace, or from the great undertakings, and

yea, the reproofs and rebukes of God will be esteemed better than carnal security, or hardness of heart. We seem at present to be sweetly united and in harmony, and very happy; I have taken forth the vile from the precious, and such God says shall be as his mouth.

Friend B. was with us yesterday morning; the reason of this is, because there was a collection sermon preached in the city; but the Judge was absent in the evening because there was no collecting. The young cubs bear the burden, the old foxes play in and out, and run the way of the wind. But my God is not mocked. Tender my love to dame, to Mrs. B. and to the young woman, and accept the same from your affectionate friend and servant in Christ, and for his sake,

W. HUNTINGTON.

XII.

May 22, 1798.

Dear Father in Christ Jesus, Grace and Peace be multiplied through our great Mediator.

I HAVE no doubt but in thy present declining state thou findest thyself awkward and unpleasant in thy mind respecting the chapel, and the

supply of it, at Ux. But the presence of God was not confined to the house which Solomon built, much less to Mr. G's building. God in gospel days has no palace, no temple made by human hands. The bodies of his saints are the temples of the living God. With the broken and contrite heart he will for ever dwell; and to revive the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite, he will most surely manifest himself. Christ dwells in the heart by faith, and wherever there is a hope of future happiness, there is Christ to the world's end.

The building of that chapel astonished us all at first; we could only look on and wonder, but knew not what motive could move the fabricator; for nothing appeared at the opening of it but this, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord." To beat him off from that, a messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure: this brought him at first, for a little while, as it did Solomon, to go about and cause his heart to despair of all the works that he had taken under the sun, knowing that building the temple could merit nothing. But Solomon got rid of his melancholy by the fear of the Lord; and Paul got succour under Satan's buffeting by prayer. But Saul got ease under the devil's buffetings by a tune on David's harp; and our friend has charmed his by those who are as a very lovely song, and have a

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grace furnishes us with a good and skilful physician ; to his care I commit you and yours, and remain, dear sir, yours to serve,

W. HUNTINGTON.

X.

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and was well acquainted with our griefs: he endured our sins and our sufferings; and he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied in our salvation, and in our glorification; for he shall rejoice in his own purchased inheritance, when he shall deliver up the subjects of his kingdom to the Father in full tale, all completely saved, and all completely glorified, with a "Behold me, and the children which thou hast given me!" Our earthly afflictions are but for a moment, when compared to the eternal inheritance; and it is in the furnace of affliction that God hath chosen us, in order to humble us, and make us meet for it. These "afflictions are not joyous, but grievous; nevertheless they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them which are exercised thereby:" they discover the evil and enmity of the carnal mind, and the want of submission to the will of God; which brings us off from trust in our own hearts. Trials bring this world into contempt with us, and they make a hope in Christ appear of infinite value, and excite gratitude from the heart to God, who has not put us off with a portion in this life, in which there is nothing but vanity and vexation of soul.

I hope when the weather gets a little fine to have the pleasure of paying you a visit, but at present I can hardly endure the cold. My dame is laid by with the gout in both feet; which

worthy of God's notice; but, as the purchase of the Son of God, we are highly prized. "I will give nations for thee," says God, "and people for thy life." It is not what we are, or what we are worth, but the value that is set upon us, and the wonderful price that we are bought with, that is to be our comfort. "It is better," says the wise man, "to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, and the day of death is better than the day of our birth:" the former was to sin and trouble, the latter frees us from both. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." We have seen much of his kindness, grace, and providence, in this life; but at best this is but looking through a glass darkly. This is not all that God had in view; his end is to display the riches of his grace in glory by Christ Jesus; and our Lord's end and aim are to shew us plainly of the Father, and not to speak to us in proverbs.

Now, as the accomplishment of an end is what all fabricators aim at, the glorification of the church is God's aim; he will bring us home, that we may see the reality of things, and reap the harvest, as well as the first fruits. The Saviour declares that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine self-righteous, who imagine they never went astray; and, if there be such joy at bringing one strayed sheep to the truth,

God himself makes us meet for it. It is the precious blood of the Lamb of God that makes us clean, and the righteousness of Christ that makes us just; it is his Spirit that makes us holy, and his love that makes us free; and we are complete in him. Let nothing move you from this trust in the darling Son of God; he is the only foundation, a chosen, a precious, a tried stone, and a sure foundation; and when God founded Zion he declared that the poor of his people should trust in it; and they are poor in spirit who have no goodness nor good works to plead. A good God has dealt kindly with you both. He has not dealt with us as he does with the wicked, who are "driven away in their wickedness;" nor thrown us out of the world as a stone out of a sling; nor with a storm hurled us out of our place, Job xxvii. 21. He has in his long suffering mercy pulled us down gradually, and loosened a pin at a time, as we were able to bear it; that we might look about us, examine ourselves, and watch his hand, and have our end in view, and live in expectation of the change, and not be alarmed or terrified at it when it comes. The death of the righteous is called gathering lilies, Song vi. 2; and gathering his wheat into his barn, which is a gentle gathering, not a hasty plucking, much less driving us out of the world. It is true we are poor, sinful, unprofitable creatures, and yet

worthy of God's notice; but, as the purchase of the Son of God, we are highly prized. "I will give nations for thee," says God, "and people for thy life." It is not what we are, or what we are worth, but the value that is set upon us, and the wonderful price that we are bought with, that is to be our comfort. "It is better," says the wise man, "to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, and the day of death is better than the day of our birth:" the former was to sin and trouble, the latter frees us from both. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." We have seen much of his kindness, grace, and providence, in this life; but at best this is but looking through a glass darkly. This is not all that God had in view; his end is to display the riches of his grace in glory by Christ Jesus; and our Lord's end and aim are to shew us plainly of the Father, and not to speak to us in proverbs.

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clearing school bills, when the young stuff leave me like the land of Egypt when the locust had gleaned and reaped it—there was nothing green left in it. You know, sir, that there is no going to see the Peaks of Derby without money. I am too weak to dig, too proud to beg, and too black to borrow, unless it is of those fools who know nothing of my character. Thou seest what a hobble I am in, my son; I am resolved what to do. I will on the Monday, the thirteenth instant, set off for Northampton; preach to them on Tuesday and the Lord's day following, which will be the nineteenth day; then set out at the beginning of the following week, and preach at Birmingham that week and the Lord's day following, which will be the twenty-sixth instant; then set off from Birmingham to Bradford, near Bath, and there trade all the week and the Lord's day following, which will be the second of September. After which, if God permit, I shall set my face toward mount Galeed, and reach Bethlehem toward the latter end of wheat harvest. And perhaps I shall return with as dark a countenance, and as good a conscience, and just as much cash in hand, as if I had seen every peak in Derby. Yours is a party of pleasure, Tommy, but mine is a party of labour: there is a difference between roes and asses; the one sports with its legs, the other bows its shoulders to bear; the one is for pleasure, the

other for burden : and I know that they will work me well before I come home ; though the beast comes not for his hire, but from love—a pay already received. This, my son, is the plan I am obliged to draw ; and I hope brother B's lines will comport with it. I shall inform the people at R. of his absence, the cause also, and secure a supply. Young Doctor E. intends to accompany me, if nothing prevents. That God may send me among them with a living coal and a springing well, is the desire of my soul ; that my feet may be beautiful on the mountains, and my conversation savoury ; and that the mountains may bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness. Tender my love to Mr. C. and all friends at Birmingham, while I subscribe myself a greater lover of the mountains of Zion, than of all the peaks of Derby.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

XVI.

From the King's Dale—between the apple tree
and the weeping willow, October 3, 1792.

MY DEAR TOMMY,

I wish grace, mercy, and peace, to be with thee
and thine, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus

Christ. I am come to the following resolution ; that is, if the oil remain in the cruse ; if the dew remain on my branch ; if the candle of the Lord shine bright on my head ; if the water remain in the well ; and if the rain abide in the clouds ; if any manna be left in the pot, or meal left in the barrel ; if any visitation preserve my spirit, and if my glory be fresh in me ; if health and strength admit, and Providence approve ; unless Free-will should be lame in both her feet, unless Diligence should be gone to Dalmatia, and Zeal be left at Melitum sick ; unless Love should be seized with an ague ; Faith should be languid, and only Hope remain with me ; I do intend to preach at Uxbridge on Tuesday the 9th of October ; at Wycombe the 10th and 11th of this instant. Hope you will inform them of Uxbridge in time, as I have informed them of Wycombe. If you accompany me, I hope you will take the books with you, and especially the parchments. The cloak you may leave at my uncle's ; take Mark and the evidence, and bring them with you, for they are profitable to me for the ministry ; Zenas the lawyer you may send to the Temple, for he is turned aside to vain jangling ; Diabolus and Infidelity have greatly withstood our words ; the Lord reward them ! Alexander the coppersmith doth me much wrong ; he is nothing but a noise ; he is sounding brass and

a tinkling cymbal, but without life. Armenius creeps into houses and leads captive silly women, ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. Arius has overthrown the faith of many, and Moses's disciples are all turned away from me. Farewell, Tommy; ever thine,

W. HUNTINGTON.

XVII.

Birmingham, 1792.

My dear Tommy, Grace and peace be with thee.

WE are arrived safe at your old lodgings, where we found the dame and the little maid. I preached last night for the first time; our house was well filled with persons of different description, and of different complexion. Was I skilled in physiognomy I should send you an extraordinary portrait; the different countenances reflecting such different aspects, according to the inward state of mind, and the different cases of conscience. However, there were two of us in the pulpit; one black enough, and the other as white as snow. I believe the devil looked through the very eyes of some of my audience, but you know two shall withstand him. When Jesus works with us there is execution done

some way or other. I am fired and filled with indignation against Tippoo the Black Prince; I hope to see him fall from heaven like lightning; and, if God will be with me, I hope to smite him with the hammer of the word as hard as any anvil-man in Birmingham can smite. There was a church parson there to hear, but I know not his name: when I had done, there came a young man to me as pale as death, and asked after my name; I told him Wm. Hunt. He replied, Huntington. I told him I was a bastard, and went by various names; but my real name was Christian: he replied, that is the best name of all. He seemed as if he had read my books and got some benefit; but the devil had perplexed him about my name, in order to prejudice his mind. As you have got Sir John Falstaff in London, I hope, Tommy, that you will bring him into your way of living; give him plenty of spring water, little sleep, and empty him from vessel to vessel, and drag him from pulpit to pulpit, and I think you will waste him a little, and make him more fit to travel; and if you can bring him to buckle his own shoes you will be of infinite service to him. My kind respects to your father, spouse, and all friends; while I remain, dear Tommy, ever thine, in the best of bonds,

W. HUNTINGTON.

XVIII.

WHERE I am to find my counsellor, my guide, and my companion, I know not; this whole week have I not once seen this Hebrew crawl out of his hole. But, whether he be sitting among the doctors in the seminaries of learning, or whether he be among the sick thrown up upon the baggage waggon, I cannot tell. As to thy friend Samson, they are endeavouring to bind him, and send him in bonds to Gath: the Philistines are upon him. Two days ago came an epistle from Sinai, from the woful set called lawyers; last night came John Doe and Richard Roe, both strangers to me, being not so much as once mentioned in all the Bible; and this morning came a sacred bird of the air, skimming upon even wing over the mountains, with this voice, "The rod of the wicked shall not always rest upon the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth his hands to iniquity." I call the former the raven, but the latter the dove, because the better and surer messenger, which bears better tidings. Could I call at Bolt Court I should get advice about this disease gratis: but it is levee day, so one of you, either Tommy or Jemmy B. must wait

upon me, and they may expect their fee when the doctor's finances are in better health.

W. H. S. S.

Dated from Mars Hill, Athens, the day
before Christmas Eve, 1796.

XIX.

Grantham, July 26, 1797.

My dear Friend in Christ Jesus,

I AM arrived safe, and was three times engaged yesterday in attacking, storming, and besieging this place, but have not as yet reduced it to the royal standard. We have attempted to plant the tree of liberty and the tree of life, but the tree of knowledge of good and evil seems to be most in favour, as being a tree to be desired to make men wise in their own conceit. In my road I preached twice at Biggleswade, and in a barn at Potten. Some few seem to understand me, but to some I spoke parables, to others Greek; for they do not appear to have been used to any distinction in sounds, so that it cannot be expected that they should know what is piped or harped. Many poor wounded souls we meet with, but truly there is a famine in the land: many shepherds and pastors, falsely so called, who carry good corporations; they feed themselves, but keep a miserable larder for those who feed them. However, God hath

anointed and appointed thy servant to feed the flock, while bountiful Providence feeds me. I see more and more the value of an everlasting gospel, and the insufficiency of a form of sound words, without the power of God to humble, to support, to keep, to comfort, and to rule and govern the soul. Head notions make no encroachments on the territories of Satan; and as he sustains no loss he raises no opposition. At Grantham there is some stir; Satan is not dead here. On Wednesday I am bound for Leicester; and after that my face will be set for Mount Gilead, Mizpah, and the watch tower. Tender my love to the sleepy partner, the white serjeant, the boatswain; to Mr. and Mrs. M. Mr. B. &c. God bless you.

PARSON SACK,

XX.

1797.

I RECEIVED my dear Tommy's epistle, in company with one from dear Brother M. and humbly thank them both for their kindness. As I am at a seaport, nothing can be expected from me but sea-terms. I have been engaged six times every week, and this week seven. A number of small cruisers every day surround me, and I spare neither ammunition nor labour, for

I fear there are but few loyalists among them; Several vessels have appeared leaky; this I gather from their sheering off; and others are very busy at the pump; some seem willing to strike, but doubt of lenity; others, who have come mooring up under full sail, with scorn and defiance in their looks, have received visible damage in their rigging; and even several in their real uniform dress sit constantly at my feet to learn navigation. I believe I have broke their lines, and driven some ashore; and, without the kind interference of Providence, some will most certainly go to the bottom. I can see tears and fears visible throughout the whole squadron; and all my fears are, that when I am recalled, unless succeeded by some able commander, that they will get into dock, and be repaired upon the old keel and timbers; and this will be rather an emboldening than a reduction. Here hath been a deal of engaging, firing, and report; but, alas! fire and brimstone will not do execution without nitre, and there hath been a visible want of this throughout the war; hence it is that the surgeon's room is so empty, and the hospital ship without a crew. There has been no fighting here to purpose, nothing but a parley, and perpetual exhibitions of a flag of truce; so that you do not know foreigners from domestics, nor enemies from friends. Our commanders seem to have aimed at nothing but their pay:

As to conquests or victories, there hath been no cheers upon that score; nor do I believe that they have ever shared one farthing of prize-money since the commencement of the war. We have a legion of recruiting-officers, but not one press-gang: opening rendezvouses; hanging out flags; inviting landmen, and promising great bounties, in our old friend R's way, seem to be, and to have been, the employment of most or all of them: but no bounty ever coming forth has made many sick of their swelling speeches and empty proffers. And, for my part, my soul longs to be on board of my own ship, and with my own dear, dear, dear crew, with whom I hope to spend and be spent, for I believe I have got more that can hand, reef, and steer, in my cabin, than are here upon all the decks, if you examine them from the first-rate to the smallest sloop: and therefore I intend, by the leave and furlough of my great Commander, to go on shore on Monday next, and to take my leave of Plymouth Sound, and go and hoist my broad pendant on board my own ship, which lies nearer the Nore than this port is, and is in a much fairer way to reach the fair havens, than any that I have seen in this port. Nor am I afraid of our going down for want of an anchor, or of going ashore for the want of cable. Tender my kind love to brother M. to dame, to father and mother C. when you

write, and accept the same from your hearty
companion in the voyage, and willing mess-
mate at the pot, S. S.

Lieutenant of the Invincible; on a furlough,
in Plymouth.

Bad ink, small table, no fire, the rolling of
ship, and the hopes of a rout, have rendered this
scrawl very unintelligible; but, as it is to the
Oxford printer, I omit corrections: he having
been long proved by a multiplicity of hands,
and none without signification, though most
without explication. I have heard by some
that you have had a liberal boatswain in my
absence, and plenty of fresh provisions, which I
guess at by the corporations of the crew left
here, who appear to be as robust as a penny
whistle, and to waddle with fat like a beggar's
dog.

XXI.

DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING been rather light-headed last night
with a fever, and much perplexed with dreams,
all my dreams have been upon income, and
every respite I had in my sleep caused me to
fancy that I got deeper and deeper into that
mystery, and should be enabled to state my

income to the satisfaction of the inquisitive commissioners: but when I awoke, behold it was a dream; and I am as ignorant as ever I was.

It is but of late years that I have been allowed any income at all, and since this necessary evil has fallen a little to my share, I have heard more about income than I ever did before. He that increases learning increases sorrow; and he that hath much income hath much trouble. I have stated as fair an account as I could of the income of the chapels, and sent it last Tuesday by a friend to Edgeware; but there were such crowds attending the chair for audience, that my friend could not come at the lords paramount for the press: therefore I remain as I was; and yet am threatened with a forfeit for not obeying what I cannot understand. Every where, and in all things, I am instructed: for I now learn that I must make a statement of the profits of my farm, which will amount to the same sum as that of my pigeons—just nothing; but that will not do: for I must not set rent, and taxes, and tythes, against profit. It is demanded, not according to the rent the farmer pays, but according to what he ought to pay upon a moderate rent. So that a large rent for a small farm like mine must undergo a deduction, and an addition; that is, they will strike off half my

rent to increase my profits, and so make me a gainer where I am a loser. And here I want an appraiser, an auctioneer, a politician, and a lawyer; but I am neither. I own I am justly served: for I have often murmured against God when in hunger and nakedness, because I had no income; but the tables are now turned; for my eyes, my ears, and my heart, are not only full, but sick of the endless accounts of income. I am willing to part with all, but that will not do, without a statement where all came from, and that I cannot give. In this mystery upon income, in which many thousands are losers, no doubt, but some few, like the lawyers and collectors, will be gainers, and these, no doubt, make it their study to understand the handwriting, do, dear friend, seek me out a cunning man, that is skilful in these things, and bring him to me to-morrow in the afternoon, and I will endeavour to collect all the materials I can for him to work upon; for I am in danger of forfeiting twenty pounds for being confined to my room; as human laws make no allowances for inability, nor for impossibilities.

Yours, very affectionately,

W. HUNTINGTON,

Sunday noon. Lying at anchor, and reading a long account from the *Serapis* at Woolwich, which puzzles me as bad as income.

XXII.

The Cabin, 1806.

Brother in Christ, and companion in travel,

THE flesh has given way to the spirit; carnal reason is debased by divine inspiration; infidelity is skulked into corners; while faith ascends and descends; the heart is eased of its burden, and by going in and out, and finding pasture, begins to swell with better treasure. The despicable Coalheaver says that faith has prevailed! No devil, or devil's imp, shall ever stand before the supplications of God's benign Spirit; nothing infernal shall ever face, confront, or frustrate the all-prevailing intercession of the darling of heaven. Satan's agent shoots in secret, and so can the saint; and the latter is by far the best archer. Our bow abides in strength; and there is a flaming shaft shot into the soul of that wriggling serpent, which nothing shall ever eradicate or cure but the balm of Gilead; nor shall he ever procure that balm, unless he come and worship at the foot of Christ's beloved servant, and embrace with the most cordial affection the honourable and devout assembly which he impiously styles "a mob." Ever yours and friend M's.

Signed by one undeservedly beloved of God
in Christ ; and in echo and reflection a lover of
God. W. H. S. S.

“ The righteous shall see their fall. Halle-
lujah.”

XXIII.

Nov. 12, 1807.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS astonished beyond measure to hear of the calamity which called you from Leicester. I thought of the fire falling upon Job's sheep and servants, and consuming all but he that bore the heavy tidings. Dame, I understand, and the children were all fled to the mountain ere the conflagration took place ; and, if report be true, the presses, and other expensive apparatus, were removed from the premises which were consumed. I hope thou art insured, though I am not. And if so, may we not say that all things work for good? for even unbelief itself has befriended you in this matter. I should be glad to have some account of your loss, and the inconvenience you have sustained.

As for myself, my Doctorship is much re-

spected in these parts : fresh Hebrews are coming forth out of their holes ; the excellent of the earth shew themselves : some come twenty, thirty, and fifty miles to hear, and by no means are they sent empty away. The flame which God first kindled in my soul extends itself both in light and heat, and will go through the land, and, like the fire on the altar of burnt offering, will never go out ; and I daily see that all the sparks of blind zeal, and all the flames of eloquence and oratory, which inflame the affections of corrupt nature, die and expire before it ; and my Lady's men and the watermen are as much exposed as the Jewish scribes were before the Son of God. I get old, my lungs weak, and breath short : but, had I much longer to live, and strength permitted, I should greatly extend my diocese, and be somewhat like a bishop at large. The place is so crowded, that for many minutes I could not get within the doors. But these damp places, and such a distance to walk afterwards, try my asthma and rheumatic complaints not a little. It snows now hard at Grantham. Nevertheless, I use no medicine but that of prayer : and I am embarked in such a cause, that there is no way of saving one's life but by dying in its defence. My brother cloth last Sunday sounded an alarm at church against Antinomians ; but this falls upon the Holy Ghost, and he will revenge all

such aspersions when he has performed his work on Mount Zion. Go where I will, I see nothing but death, except in our own line, and among the little hills, which are the daughters of Providence. They build, but God and conscience pull down; they talk and boast of fruit, but no root; they banish truth, and embrace fables; and every deceiver waxes worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived.

Farewell; kind love to dame, my seedsman, and Mary. Yours in him,

W. H. S. S.

XXIV.

Grantham, 1808.

I HAVE just received my dear friend's letter, with its succession of disasters; and have laid his case before him, who, as David said, performeth all things for me. But he has much more confidence in my prayers than I have. However, I found liberty both in speech and in spirit; and hope, by God's help, not to faint in it till I hear or see the event. It is my only refuge, and only resource, and we are commanded to use it; and the benefits of this honourable calling are neither few nor small. I have worked my way round thus far, and am

now bound for Milton, then for Newark; and the Sunday following for Sleaford; from whence I set my face for Cricklewood, if God permit. My strawberries must be now toothable; if so, take dame and daughter to them, and make free, unless they at my house send them to you. Here is little or no fruit that is ripe. But I have now and then a taste of the more delicious sort from the tree of life; the least taste of which makes lively. But the furnace, which is preparatory, generally goes before the sweet repast, to create and sharpen the appetite; and the banquet follows, to encourage us to struggle, and keep us from fainting. This zigzag work lies crooked to our will, but, when laid to the rule of God's revealed will, it lies straight. He will sanctify the afflictions of his children, and afford supporting grace, even if the comforts of hope be withheld. Tender my kind love to dame, and to Miss B. I am in haste, and shall follow this with the feeble petitions of their affectionate friend and servant,

S. S.

XXV.

Northampton, 17th August, 1792.

Dearly beloved in the Lord Jesus,

WE arrived safe here, and are in good health. I have drawn and brandished my sword at Tippoo the black prince, and I was not alone in the field of battle; the God of armies seemed to be present; not a dog moved his tongue, nor a person hardly moved his foot: they were all attention, all silence, all waiting and expecting, and I hope their expectations were not cut off. I heard B. here on Tuesday night; we had the wind and the earthquake: but the fire and water, dew and rain, oil and salt, honey and butter, milk and wine, meat and bread, were all wanting; it was a concert, not a feast; it was all for the ears, nothing for the palate; much music, no provision; a deal heard, but nothing felt; I had hard work to keep my eyes open; there came nothing from the vision, so I wanted the pillow: it was a terrible noise, but not enough to keep me awake. Such are poor midwives, but worse shepherds, and worse nurses. No man shall ever touch the mystery of godliness in the saint's heart, who never was in God's secret counsel. The Saviour is a sealed mystery, the Bible a sealed book, and the Church a

sealed fountain, and none but the ever blessed Spirit of God can unseal, open, or explain either of these threes. They that get at the Saviour will get at us: if they get into his heart they will pick the lock, and get into ours also; but they know us not, because they knew him not. Blessed be God for ever for a preached gospel; and blessed be his name for ever for an unctuous experience of its divine power: we are in the covenant, they go round the bounds of it; we get into the guest chamber, while they bungle at the door; they have no crosses, and so no consolations; they have no bitterness, consequently no joys; they have no adversity, therefore no prosperity; they have no rods, and so no sonship. Trials are our purifying furnaces, our purging draughts to keep us clean, and our bitter herbs to give us an appetite; and there is nothing in us that dislikes it but the flesh and the old man, neither of which are very great friends to us; to be at peace with these is to be at war with God; an alliance with them is attended with enmity to God himself.

I take it for granted that our old friend Peg is still feeling after a path that is overgrown with moss, where it will be easy for her corns, and where she can walk in her old clouted easy shoes. Ah, poor Peg! thy road shall have some rough as well as smooth steps; some crooks as well as straits; some mountains of difficulty as

well as vallies of humility; some perplexing entanglements as well as directing landmarks; it lies through the dreary desert as well as the valley of Baca. Go on, old girl, thou shalt neither lose the way nor miss the end: the anointing, the unction from the holy One shall teach thee, guide thee, lead thee, check thee when wrong, and cheer thee when right, and teach thee a thousand little lessons in thy own heart, which thou shalt never be able to teach or explain to another in this world. Lay by listening to the devil and unbelief; have no ear but for Jesus; we know he is true, but the others were always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies: this witness istrue, therefore rebuke them sharply.

I shall go from hence on Monday morning next, and shall lodge at B's, &c. The Countess goes with me: she is handed about from house to house, and is set no small store by; she seems to be at home to a hole. Tender my love to Ruth, to Sarah, and to all friends. I have wrote to B. and to E. A. and shall shortly write to the ancient line.

James, God bless thee, my son, the son of my vows, and my companion in travail. Peg, God be gracious to thee, my daughter, and give thee favour in the sight of the man, that thou mayest lie at his feet and find grace in his sight.

W. H. S. S

XXVI.

Downham, 1800.

Beloved in the Lord,

WE arrived here safe last night soon after six o'clock, and were very kindly received. Many of the people round the country have made great inquiries when I should come, and therefore I have hope of a good company to hear me, and of some success among the hearers; but this work lies with the Lord.

I am at present in myself rather low and flat; much more in the valley than on the mount; more darkness than light; more rough paths than plain; and more appetite than food. But it ill becomes me to complain, knowing that nothing but sovereign grace makes the difference between the heir of promise and the son of perdition. I do long to see the word run and be glorified; but ours are not days of great success; we labour much for little fruit; much plowing and sowing, but little crops, little reaping, and a small harvest: we labour; but the time will come when others will enter into our labours, and reap what we have sown. The Arminians have built a place at Littleport, and now they have opened a house at Downham.

“ Wherever God erects an house of prayer,
The devil's sure to build a temple there.
And true it is, on strictest observation,
The latter has the greatest congregation.”

But still their end will be according to their works. We must have a daily cross, and daily opposition; yet this we know, that no vessel, except a vessel of mercy, can sail both against wind and tide. It is not the first, but the last, in the heavenly race that wins the prize; and this no Arminian ever saw. I am now on my watch tower, hoping, begging, and expecting, that the master will come at the second or the third watch; at least at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; for sure I am that, unless the master bless the sacrifice, the guests that are bidden cannot be satisfied. There is bread enough in our father's house, and wines plenty on the lees, but the feasts are too, too, seldom; the master is rich, but all the servants are poor. When first he woos and wins, and draws his hands to the plow, how kind, how liberal, how bountiful he doth appear. So tender, so indulgent, so sympathetic, that he comes leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills, as soon as his promised aid is sought. But, when your hands are fast on the plow handles, then there is a suspension of these soul-dissolving visits: smiles are exchanged for frowns, embraces for refrains, visits for desertions, and kisses for strokes: then the time is come that we desire again to see one of the days of the Son of man, and we desire in vain. Nevertheless faith holds her own.

Ever yours, the heir at law, W. H. S. S.

XXVII.

July 1800.

My dear Brother and Sister in the Lord Jesus
Christ. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

I AM still in the land of the living, but rather poorly this day or two, through the sudden alteration of weather. But as long as we are in this world bonds and afflictions will abide us; and these inform us that this is not our rest: here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come; and whither our beloved is gone we know, and the way we know. And sure I am that the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in the way. The voice behind us, which at first spoke peace to us, is to be our guide even unto death.

I am at present full of rheumatic pains all over; I think the weather is going to change. O! that we were but safely landed in the heavenly country, where the inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, where there shall be no more heat nor cold! But till we arrive there we must be clogged, bowed down, and burdened with this wretched body of sin and death, which miserable load gets more and more intolerable to me. But through grace the inner

man is still alive, in hope and faith, and is often looking out, and looking forward to that country which Abraham sought. Were it not for this, I should be of all flesh most miserable, sick of life, and afraid of death. But the faster and heavier these burdens and infirmities come on, the sooner will they be over. All our afflictions are dealt out to us in weight and measure; what is appointed for us we shall have, and no more. There is a measure of the sufferings of Christ to fill up; and when that measure is full, farewell to all furnace work: but till this is finished we must die daily, the old man must wax weaker, and the new man must be renewed day by day.

Next Tuesday I set off for Petersham, and shall preach on Wednesday at Richmond; where I hope to meet you or James, in company with the great woman at Shunem. I have written to her about it, and she will inform you. I have great success in the work in these woods, such as I think I never saw before: and most certainly it will appear when God writes up the people, that this and that man was born here. God bless you.

W. H. S. S.

XXVIII.

Feb. 1, 1801.

My dearly beloved children in faith and hope,

I AM safe arrived without any accident. Poor Mrs. M. is much better, only given up to pensiveness, and is solitary, sitting up late at night and rising late in the morning, which I do not like; yet I think she will come out bright in time. The old lady, her mother, comes over to day to see her daughter's new doctor. There are not a few here that are in soulsufferings, who need the great Physician; and I have hope that he will heal as well as wound.

The farmers here are very rich, and live somewhat like the London citizens; but I envy them not; for all seem to walk upon a snare; traps are set for them in the ground during this famine, and the gin takes them by the heel: while the poor in spirit by their cries to God tread them down, and the steps of the needy crush them. But they are not in this secret; they are not in God's privy council, nor does he commit himself unto them, because they are not the bridegroom's friends: he knows them, but it is with a knowledge of reprobation, disdain, and disapprobation. We are the folks, notwithstanding our being turned over into the

hands of the oppressor; it is the grinder's harvest and ours also. Their sudden destruction must be at hand, or God never would suffer them to ripen so fast. Every sinner must fill his measure; and there has been more put in that cup these last five years, than there was in twenty years before. And sure I am that the poor saints are all on their watch tower. God has drawn all their eyes upon himself and upon his works, to see what he is at, and where it will end. I still have a pestilence before me; I may be wrong, but nothing but time can convince me. Strange things will soon appear in the world; our hopes and expectations will not always lie in suspense; wisdom will direct us, and divine goodness will provide: judgment must return and vindicate the righteous, and destroy the wicked, that the upright in heart may not be at a loss which course to steer.

The insensible Mr. M. is swimming in red port, and often alarmed by the death of one or another; and when sick has a whole tribe of attendants; and, though he denies the Bible, claims heaven as his own. But we never should have known there had been a heaven, if divine revelation had not made it known; and how any can expect such a country, and deny the authority of the book that brings it to light, is a mystery. But the ways of the wicked are crooked, and they are froward in their paths.

Here is a little flock in this place, all water folks, three of whom have visited me, but they are not unctuous. I believe old Providence is not inferior to any other churches, far from it; but the day of accounts will shew all this. Our bitterness is better than this world's honey; our sorrow far before their joys; our poverty better than their wealth; our cross is better than their crown; our afflictions better than all their comforts; and our appetites and hunger better than their entertainments and fulness. For the wages of sin is death; but if we suffer we shall reign; if we die to this world we shall live. This world is a good servant, but a bad master; a very good inn, but a sad home; a comfortable luncheon or bait, but a sad inheritance. Dear souls, adieu! I have sent particulars to the great woman, who will come to you I have no doubt. God bless you all.

S. S.

XXIX.

Lewes, 16 March, 1801.

Dearlly beloved in the Lord; Grace and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

NEVER, my dear friend, did I see more need of my coming to any place than to this; nor have I had one dead, barren time in the pulpit since

I have been here. A spiritual fast is a great blessing; the people come with a sharp appetite, and to a hungry people God sends his pastors in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace. The young B's were sadly down, and the M's. at a very low ebb; but every soul is revived, and never was this chapel filled so before.—Surely God is with us! I feel the benefits and the blessing of speaking to a people that are not too full fed, as they are at Providence. What passes at times for light food there, is swallowed up here, and not fragments enough left to fill one basket. I have preached every discourse out of the sixth chapter of the Hebrews, and not a few in Satan's trap are let out. One gentleman yesterday put six guineas into my hands; so I keep on sowing spirituals, and reaping carnals. I hope, after this long fast at Providence, there will be some appetite and relish for the savoury meat; and you know the blessing is upon the head of all that hunger after the fatted calf, the Lamb of God, and the living bread; and this hungry belly is not to be filled too full in this life, lest Israel wax fat and kick; but in the world to come we shall be filled with all his fulness; then, it is said, they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun of persecution shine on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed us to the full:

fill us with light from his sweet face, and with love, joy, and peace from his heart; and the more we are kept on short commons in this life, the greater and sweeter will the marriage supper of the Lamb be. God has preserved and appointed our good things to come last—"Thou," says Abraham to the rich man, "hast had thy good things, and Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented." This day is Saturday. I hope to preach to-morrow, on Monday, and on Tuesday evenings, and on Wednesday morning set my face for London, where I hope to arrive by four o'clock. Farewell, be of good cheer; Christ loves all that love him, and will reward all that fear him; and we know that we are passed from death to life, because we love one another. Grace, mercy, and peace, be with you, is the daily prayer of, dearly beloved,

Yours in the Lord,

S. S.

XXX.

August 8, 1801.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I wish above all things that you may prosper, thrive and grow; which God promises shall be the case of those who are planted in the house

of the Lord. The flesh is a corrupt soil, and we are by nature rooted in it; and the soul being rooted, influenced, actuated, and led by the flesh, makes the soul a corrupt tree, which cannot bring forth good fruit. Hence comes the necessity of conviction, law terrors, temptations, and sore trials, to loosen the roots of the soul, and to raise it up and root it out of the old soil of flesh and blood, that it may be rooted in the Lord Jesus, and draw heavenly moisture, heavenly treasure, and heavenly satisfaction from him. And, although the soul is prone to seek and settle in the old mould again, yet the daily cross still unsettles the soul, and keeps this union from taking place. Hence it is that the motions of sin in the body work in the soul, to bring forth fruit unto death, so that they that are in the flesh cannot please God, because the flesh leads the soul captive; but the daily cross suffers not these to unite; and the word of God often preached, and often heard, affords other entertainment for the soul: it feeds the mind with divine things, which makes the soul live to them: "to be heavenly minded is life and peace." Be contented with these scraps, for they are more than such old campaigners deserve.

W. H. S. S.

XXXI.

Newark upon Trent,
1 July, 1802.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I HAVE preached three times in this place, and am to preach here this night also, being Tuesday. I have received first a letter, and then two messengers, to invite me to Gainsborough, but I would not comply. I am to go to morrow to preach at a place called Redford, twenty miles below this place. I did then intend to steer my course for York, and for Helmsley Blackmoor, which is beyond York. But this is all frustrated by many pressing invitations to Nottingham, and to the regions beyond that.

You would stand astonished to see the troops from all quarters that come to hear; not flying troops, but principally invalids: the poor, buffeted, tempted and tried, these come by shoals from all quarters, and some upwards of thirty miles. I stand astonished to see how God has blessed my books, and how many are alarmed, awakened, undeceived, and enlightened by them. My Lady's connection and her preachers send forth a very stinking savour in these parts; and many of her chapels, so called, are in the hands of the people. Several dry Bap-

tist congregations are alarmed, divided, separating, and coming out from among them, being undeceived by my books; and I do believe if the Lord was to make me a bishop at large, that I should preach and be followed throughout the nation. God has been so kind as to stand by me, and support and furnish me every time that I have stood up; and to see how they flock and hear would surprise you; the Lord gives me a good dowry.

The corn, all the way that I came, of every kind, is the finest I ever saw. It has been very showery here for these three days past. Old Mr. T. made me a present of twenty pounds to bear my expenses. The poor souls here have collected ten, and intend to get more; but I told them I would take nothing from them, they are so very poor; at which they were not a little surprised. Tender many thanks to the great one, for sending me my book of peculiar treasure. The Lord reward all her kindnesses to me, for in how many things she has administered to me thou knowest very well; she has been a succourer of me and of many. Forget her, and the old half-way house, I cannot, and hope I never shall. My soul is on the wing at the work, believing that it will be the most successful and advantageous of any journey I ever took. All that are here once hated me; but God makes my enemies stink

who have preached against me, and me a sweet savour. Tell Lady M. to give her son Bill two guineas, as from me, and I will, if God permit, repay: it is for the India handkerchiefs. Dear souls, adieu! But no more doctor in the cabin till the pay, the bounty, and the prize money are spent. Shall follow this with my prayers, and remain

Ever yours in Him,

W. H. S. S.

XXXII.

Bolney, 13th January, 1803.

My dearly beloved Friends in the Lord, I wish Grace and Peace to be with you, together with Faith and Hope, Life and Love.

As for bodily health or strength, worldly peace or prosperity, gains or profits, riches or honours, favour or affection, kindness or civil treatment from this world, let it not be once expected nor once mentioned among you, as becometh saints: for these things are not in the covenant, they are no part of the better inheritance; for these things are seen, but the great reward is not seen; these are temporal, but the portion is eternal. But is there no better reward for present services even in this life than temporal things? O yes! His favour is better than life

itself, and his countenance as a cloud of the latter rain, which often distils precious drops, which serve to soften the clods, and prepare it for the reception of the word of life, which sinks down deep, and takes root after it has been made soft with showers. Let us glory in our infirmities, for these keep us from confidence in the flesh; let us glory in reproaches, for these keep us from having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; for he that is a friend of the world is the enemy of God. Let us triumph in our bodily afflictions, for when "the outward man decays, the inward man is renewed day by day:" and even bodily pains are intended to eject us out of this earthly house, that we may be admitted into our house that is from above; where "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick." And, seeing we have such hope, what have we to fear, seeing our whole work is to cleave to Christ, to follow peace, and to endeavour to please conscience? And how can we be poor that have God for our portion? This is not our rest, because it is polluted; this is not our home nor our dwelling place; and we are called strangers, pilgrims, and wayfaring men. We know we have turned the corner, gained the summit, and are going down the hill: the valley of the shadow of death is at the bottom; then comes the river Jordan; and on the other side is the chief moun-

tain, the fountain of life, and the everlasting hills; on the top of which this world will look like the drop of a bucket, and all its formidable inhabitants as grasshoppers, and as the dust of a balance—less than nothing, and lighter than vanity! O my sweet ones, the joy of my heart, and the crown of my rejoicing in that day! set your hearts on this heavenly country, where we shall see our best Beloved, and enjoy each other's company and conversation for evermore. Nothing terrible; no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall be found there; the lion's den will be far removed from the heavenly mansions; the sumptuous glutton and hungry Lazarus shall be separated by an infinite chasm, and over that gulf they shall never pass. And what is our life but a vapour? And what is our time in this world but a span long, or an handbreadth, and all the world but a bubble?

A young professing woman in this place, upon the eve of marriage, died yesterday; but our match is for ever, and in this no dissolution nor disappointment.

To James, Peg, and the pickaninny.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

Father, and he has appeased the wrath of God, which was provoked at our sins; and God will not gratify the devil's rage in condemning us poor debtors, and our ever-blessed Surety too: for our God hates the devil more than we do: he suffers him to labour hard at us, and to try his infernal skill upon us; and, in spite of all Satan's craft, malice, and cunning, we remain just where we were, at the foot of Christ, suing for mercy. And I do believe that it is one part of the devil's punishment to be suffered to wreak his rage on the vessels of mercy; for what can be a greater torment than to labour to destroy those his envious mind abhors, and yet to labour in vain? How desperate do we see apostates, whose heart God has turned to hate his people, and to deal subtilly with his servants, when their rage is kindled, and they would wish to send us out of this world, and from all the glories of another! I say, how desperate they are when they find they can do us no hurt! How many javelins did Saul throw at poor David! how many bitter oaths, threatenings, and sentences, did Saul breathe out against the son of Jesse! Every time the devil entered Saul this was David's perilous case; and every time that God checked the devil, and made him depart from Saul, Saul cried, "Return, my son David, thou art more righteous than I." But, when men are given up to the devil, they are not to

be believed though they speak fair, for there are seven abominations in their heart, because, like Mary, seven devils have entered into them; and these go in and out of their own habitation; but still it is under the strong and ruling hand of God, or else wo be to us.

I am at present rather low and meek, and have been kindly indulged in prayer both last night and this morning; for which kind indulgence I thank my God: nor have I neglected to pray for the poor dears in London. These lines, as well as my prayers, are intended for thee.

Ever yours,

S. S.

XXXIV.

13 May, 1805.

MY POOR OLD DEARS

LITTLE think what a glee and heavenly sensation rolled over my mind when I gave my last look at them, getting into the coach, at the thoughts of going shortly to our eternal home and safe abode; where I doubt not but we shall all meet, in a more comfortable, more lasting, and more uninterrupted frame and state than ever we have enjoyed in this life. I looked back upon you with pleasure, and with unspeak-

able delight; something of heaven springing up in my heart, seeming to say, "Ere long you will all be gone, and talk over again the things which are so imperfectly known in this vain world." I cannot describe what I felt; but something yet to come shall make it manifest.

Ever yours,

W. H. S.S.

XXXV.

August, 1805.

BELOVED,

I AM now within twelve miles of Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle, and shall pass it on Monday next in my way home. My success seems to be exceedingly great, and I have no doubt but God sent me here. I am now at Helmsley Blackmoor, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and twenty-four miles beyond the city of that name. I find many here poor and needy in soul, and these are blessed indeed. One poor old farmer has followed me more than two hundred miles; last night he dropped his chains, and this morning he came to visit me, with the rays of the sun on his face, and the wings of a dove on his back: and no less than three more, who have heard the jubile, and felt their release. I have no call to tell you that the eyes of these

seeing me, bless me; and their ears hearing me, give witness to me.

I have invitations from all quarters, and might soon become a bishop at large, and might travel with four horses, for they are all subscribing to bear my charges. I preached first at Grantham on Friday night, and was almost melted; on Sunday twice, and on Monday evening at Newark; on Tuesday evening at Redford: on Wednesday I went to Sherborn, where, finding but one professing man, the man who invited me, and being informed that the little town was stuffed with empty critics and hypocrites, I fell into a bad humour; and, finding there were none that were poor and needy, or that wished to hear me, I sent six miles for a post-chaise, and reached Elvington, six miles below York, that night. I then sent the poor old farmer before to Helmsley, to inform them that I would preach to them on Thursday and on Friday evenings: he reached Helmsley about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I arrived about four hours after, and preached to not less than six hundred, as it was conjectured; and last night to a full house; twice more to morrow; and then on Monday I set off to preach at Newark on Tuesday evening; Wednesday and Thursday nights at Grantham; on Friday I steer my course to Ely, Downham, and Littleport; and then for Cricklewood, if God permit. I am

XXXIII.

1803.

It is agreeable to my promise that I send a few scraps to my old companions in travail. Mr. B. met us many miles on the road, and was very glad to see me. We arrived safe and in good time; and I believe I continued my sermon with the little one for near thirty miles, with little intermission. She seems exceeding low, and low she must and will go if she belongs to the royal family of the house of David; not only to discover the sin of her nature, and the follies of her life, but to stir up and purge out what she has been for five years scraping together as a covering. The new cloth will never agree with the old garment, especially when the human web is spun first, and the Lord's wedding garment of white linen is brought forth to complete it. Nor will the new wine of heavenly joy and love remain long in a hard, unfeeling, and insensible heart. Heavy and lasting afflictions fill the soul with trouble, grief, and sorrow, and by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken; and it is a broken spirit and a contrite heart which is the new bottle. The new wine of heavenly joy in a broken heart will not swell it with vanity, nor burst it with pride. A new heart, and a new spirit; both these are preserved, according to Christ's promise; nor can Satan de-

stroy either. She says but little. At breakfast poor Mrs. B. who is very ill, and going off apace, as we were talking together about her former troubles, and her present hopes, seemed broken-hearted, and thankful to God for his mercy to her, while my lady seemed very much cut up, and wept bitterly, and has been shut up in her room ever since: and as for me, I fetch all my hopes of her from her misery; and my faith tells me that her heart is not half so holy, so pure, and so good now, as it was when she first came among us; and I hope to roll her in the ditch till her own clothes abhor her; for none but lunatics and lepers are fit for our infirmary; and, indeed, it was built for no other at first. She had some time ago a singular dream, of God bringing her to judgment in this world; and it appeared to me a very scriptural account of the judgment and sharp trial of a poor convinced sinner: for I know that God fills Zion with judgment and righteousness; judgment first, and righteousness afterwards; and it is by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning that our guilt and filth are purged from us: and the devil is busy enough in his constant attendance on this court, to see how the matter will go, in hopes that we shall either hate the light, flee from the truth, despair of his mercy, or fly in the face of the Almighty. But, but, but—we have an Advocate with the

XXXIII.

1803.

It is agreeable to my promise that I send a few scraps to my old companions in travail. Mr. B. met us many miles on the road, and was very glad to see me. We arrived safe and in good time; and I believe I continued my sermon with the little one for near thirty miles, with little intermission. She seems exceeding low, and low she must and will go if she belongs to the royal family of the house of David; not only to discover the sin of her nature, and the follies of her life, but to stir up and purge out what she has been for five years scraping together as a covering. The new cloth will never agree with the old garment, especially when the human web is spun first, and the Lord's wedding garment of white linen is brought forth to complete it. Nor will the new wine of heavenly joy and love remain long in a hard, unfeeling, and insensible heart. Heavy and lasting afflictions fill the soul with trouble, grief, and sorrow, and by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken; and it is a broken spirit and a contrite heart which is the new bottle. The new wine of heavenly joy in a broken heart will not swell it with vanity, nor burst it with pride. A new heart, and a new spirit; both these are preserved, according to Christ's promise, nor can Satan de-

stroy either. She says but little. At breakfast poor Mrs. B. who is very ill, and going off apace, as we were talking together about her former troubles, and her present hopes, seemed broken-hearted, and thankful to God for his mercy to her, while my lady seemed very much cut up, and wept bitterly, and has been shut up in her room ever since: and as for me, I fetch all my hopes of her from her misery; and my faith tells me that her heart is not half so holy, so pure, and so good now, as it was when she first came among us; and I hope to roll her in the ditch till her own clothes abhor her; for none but lunatics and lepers are fit for our infirmary; and, indeed, it was built for no other at first. She had some time ago a singular dream, of God bringing her to judgment in this world; and it appeared to me a very scriptural account of the judgment and sharp trial of a poor convinced sinner: for I know that God fills Zion with judgment and righteousness; judgment first, and righteousness afterwards; and it is by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning that our guilt and filth are purged from us: and the devil is busy enough in his constant attendance on this court, to see how the matter will go, in hopes that we shall either hate the light, flee from the truth, despair of his mercy, or fly in the face of the Almighty. But, but, but—we have an Advocate with the

Father, and he has appeased the wrath of God, which was provoked at our sins; and God will not gratify the devil's rage in condemning us poor debtors, and our ever-blessed Surety too: for our God hates the devil more than we do: he suffers him to labour hard at us, and to try his infernal skill upon us; and, in spite of all Satan's craft, malice, and cunning, we remain just where we were, at the foot of Christ, suing for mercy. And I do believe that it is one part of the devil's punishment to be suffered to wreak his rage on the vessels of mercy; for what can be a greater torment than to labour to destroy those, his envious mind abhors, and yet to labour in vain? How desperate do we see apostates, whose heart God has turned to hate his people, and to deal subtilly with his servants, when their rage is kindled, and they would wish to send us out of this world, and from all the glories of another! I say, how desperate they are when they find they can do us no hurt! How many javelins did Saul throw at poor David! how many bitter oaths, threatenings, and sentences, did Saul breathe out against the son of Jesse! Every time the devil entered Saul this was David's perilous case; and every time that God checked the devil, and made him depart from Saul, Saul cried, "Return, my son David, thou art more righteous than I." But, when men are given up to the devil, they are not to

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be believed though they speak fair, for there are seven abominations in their heart, because, like Mary, seven devils have entered into them; and these go in and out of their own habitation; but still it is under the strong and ruling hand of God, or else wo be to us.

I am at present rather low and meek, and have been kindly indulged in prayer both last night and this morning; for which kind indulgence I thank my God: nor have I neglected to pray for the poor dears in London. These lines, as well as my prayers, are intended for thee.

Ever yours,

S. S.

XXXIV.

13 May, 1805.

MY POOR OLD DEARS

LITTLE think what a glee and heavenly sensation rolled over my mind when I gave my last look at them, getting into the coach, at the thoughts of going shortly to our eternal home and safe abode; where I doubt not but we shall all meet, in a more comfortable, more lasting, and more uninterrupted frame and state than ever we have enjoyed in this life. I looked back upon you with pleasure, and with unspeak-

able delight; something of heaven springing up in my heart, seeming to say, "Ere long you will all be gone, and talk over again the things which are so imperfectly known in this vain world." I cannot describe what I felt; but something yet to come shall make it manifest.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

XXXV.

August, 1805.

BELOVED,

I AM now within twelve miles of Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle, and shall pass it on Monday next in my way home. My success seems to be exceedingly great, and I have no doubt but God sent me here. I am now at Helmsley Blackmoor, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and twenty-four miles beyond the city of that name. I find many here poor and needy in soul, and these are blessed indeed. One poor old farmer has followed me more than two hundred miles; last night he dropped his chains, and this morning he came to visit me, with the rays of the sun on his face, and the wings of a dove on his back: and no less than three more, who have heard the jubile, and felt their release. I have no call to tell you that the eyes of these

seeing me, bless me; and their ears hearing me, give witness to me.

I have invitations from all quarters, and might soon become a bishop at large, and might travel with four horses, for they are all subscribing to bear my charges. I preached first at Grantham on Friday night, and was almost melted; on Sunday twice, and on Monday evening at Newark; on Tuesday evening at Redford: on Wednesday I went to Sherborn, where, finding but one professing man, the man who invited me, and being informed that the little town was stuffed with empty critics and hypocrites, I fell into a bad humour; and, finding there were none that were poor and needy, or that wished to hear me, I sent six miles for a post-chaise, and reached Elvington, six miles below York, that night. I then sent the poor old farmer before to Helmsley, to inform them that I would preach to them on Thursday and on Friday evenings: he reached Helmsley about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I arrived about four hours after, and preached to not less than six hundred, as it was conjectured; and last night to a full house; twice more to morrow; and then on Monday I set off to preach at Newark on Tuesday evening; Wednesday and Thursday nights at Grantham; on Friday I steer my course to Ely, Downham, and Littleport; and then for Cricklewood, if God permit. I am

at a farm-house, on a pleasant and beautiful hill; my host has been in irons himself, so we agree well; but I have a mile to walk every night after I have done, and the way almost all up hill; this tires me beyond measure; but the cross must attend us. Kind love to Peg and James; so concludes the servant of servants,

W. H. S. S.

XXXVI.

May 5, 1806.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

I AM now with friend L. and the Welsh Ambassador is with me. I preached at Otford on Monday and Tuesday; at Cranbrook Thursday and Friday; and Mr. Jenkins came to me last night, being Friday evening. I have been well attended; the first two days the weather was cold and very unfavourable, but now it is warm, showery, and blessed growing weather. I have found the people at Cranbrook cold and rather dead. Nor have I been very lively myself, having been but little alone. The life and soul of real religion lies in being alone with God, and in seeking his blessed face by humble prayer; the little cabin, and my own bed chamber at Cricklewood, are the two fa-

yourite and consecrated spots for this business. Seek his face, my dear friends, and let no reproofs, no rebukes, no chastisements, no crosses, no discouragements, damp your spirits at this; remember, the rod of God is not upon the wicked; it is those whom God loves that he chastens; chastisements are the lot of sons, not of servants. God bless you! I do not, I cannot forget you in my poor prayers.

Ever yours in Christ Jesus,

THE DOCTOR.

XXXVII.

May 27, 1806.

The Heir at Law to his aged and benign Parents sendeth greeting, with perfect peace, and at such a time.

I WAS glad to hear by Lady S. that poor James is better. Life and death are now in the hand of our Lord. He has conquered both death and the grave, and we are in union with the resurrection and the life. His righteousness is our breastplate, through which the devil's darts cannot penetrate; through which the curse of the law cannot enter; and against which death's attacks can make no impression. The soul is alive for evermore; hope is its anchor, and God its shield; truth is its girdle, and peace its am-

munition shoes; the Spirit is its possessor, and Christ its owner; and he will never lose his right, nor give up his charge. "He that believes shall never die; on such the second death hath no power." The body, the clog, the burden, the body of death, the weakest part, shall go to the wall; and this is all the devil can boast of with respect to the saints. These shall be raised again, and then the devil, the king of darkness and of pride, the famous god of this world, shall be judged by the saints, and we shall accuse and condemn him that has so often accused and condemned us; and shall take them captive whose captives we were, and rule over our oppressors. Then shall the poor despised flocks of Christ be terrible as an army with banners. All these things we have in hope, and hope is stedfast; and what we have got in hope, we shall soon have in hand; for "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Every heavenly smile, every enlargement, every indulgence, every comfort, every promise, every deliverance, all succour, and all support, are so many pledges, earnest, foretastes, and first-fruits of the future and blessed inheritance; and our Lord will give us a few tastes of these, just to let us know that our Redeemer liveth, and that we are not forgotten of him. But the new and good wine must be kept till the last, when we shall drink so as to

forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more for ever. Farewell; grace, mercy, and peace be with you! so prays

THE DOCTOR.

XXXVIII.

Grantham, 1806.

Grace and Peace be with my poor dear Friends.

I WAS sorry to hear my poor dear friend had got his old disorder returned upon him. But we must come to our appointed end some way or other. God has not hurled you, as Job speaks, out of your place like a storm, nor like a tempest stolen you away in the night. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness," as you have often seen it all round your neighbourhood. You are gently gathered, not hastily plucked; God takes down your tabernacle a pin at a time, and loosens the cords as you are able to bear it. God comes not to you, my dear friend, like a thief in the night; but knocks at the door time after time, and gives his kind, mild, and gentle warnings; but no killing rebukes, no terrible alarms, no threatening judgments; this I have long observed, yea, and I have admired his kindness in it. And, should you meet with some bands in your death, wonder not at it; the scriptures say, the wicked have them not. God

sometimes exercises his children before he takes them ; it is their last furnace, their last purging draught, and sweet refreshings from above are sure to follow ; his favour comes like a cloud of the latter rain ; and O, what must the change be, to go from a body of death to a fulness of life—from a bed of sickness to eternal health ! God makes us willing in the day of his power ; not only willing at first conversion, but willing to follow him, to bear the cross, and to execute what he commands, while he works in us to do what he requires. . . This long painful illness will make my dear friend willing to leave this life, and this world, it being labour and sorrow, vanity and vexation ; hence the wise man observes, “ It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting ; sorrow is better than laughter, and the day of death better than the day of one’s birth.” The elect are born to trouble ; and they die to trouble, and to all sorrow for ever, for sorrow and sighing are to flee away. My kind love to all friends.

W. H. S. S.

seeing me, bless me; and their ears hearing me, give witness to me.

I have invitations from all quarters, and might soon become a bishop at large, and might travel with four horses, for they are all subscribing to bear my charges. I preached first at Grantham on Friday night, and was almost melted; on Sunday twice, and on Monday evening at Newark; on Tuesday evening at Redford: on Wednesday I went to Sherborn, where, finding but one professing man, the man who invited me, and being informed that the little town was stuffed with empty critics and hypocrites, I fell into a bad humour; and, finding there were none that were poor and needy, or that wished to hear me, I sent six miles for a post-chaise, and reached Elvington, six miles below York, that night. I then sent the poor old farmer before to Helmsley, to inform them that I would preach to them on Thursday and on Friday evenings: he reached Helmsley about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I arrived about four hours after, and preached to not less than six hundred, as it was conjectured; and last night to a full house; twice more to morrow; and then on Monday I set off to preach at Newark on Tuesday evening; Wednesday and Thursday nights at Grantham; on Friday I steer my course to Ely, Downham, and Littleport; and then for Cricklewood, if God permit. I am

with the rebels against the King, and his forces, as aforesaid; it is decreed, ordained, and immutably fixed, by an eternal mandate, that such shall wear a crown in token of royalty, loyalty, and victory; and that they shall have a branch of palm in their hands, a token of eternal triumph, and shall shout among all the King's worthies, "Salvation to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." Long live the King, long live the King!

W. H. S. S.

XL.

1807.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

I WAS, and still am, grieved to see you so ill as you are, attending to that shop; you really hasten your own end, and deprive yourself of a little wholesome air, which in your state is so much needed. I have now a comfortable bed and a good room, entirely at your service; and there is no want of any thing, nor any creature in the way to make you uneasy: all love you, and you know it. It is my earnest desire, and lady S's. that you would write to N. and let him come and weigh, and take back your goods; as you will want nothing here but your wearing apparel. Here is drawer upon drawer for all

your clothes. We have a cart at your command to bring any thing away; and a coach at your service, for you and Peg; and plenty of money.

I have no doubt but the adversary is busy enough with carnal reason, but strength shall be equal to thy day; for God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labour of love which you have shewn to his name, in that you have ministered to his saints and do minister, Heb. vi. 10. "Whosoever receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me, and him that sent me." And he that receiveth a prophet, a righteous man, or a believer in Christ, he shall receive a prophet's reward, and a righteous man's reward. This comes from the God of truth, the lips of truth, the Lord Jesus Christ himself. And let no man or devil beguile you of this reward, for you have received me into your faith, heart, conscience, and affections; and I know that Christ sent me, and you believe this, and received me as such, and therefore did receive him also. Moreover "He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law: and he that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him, for we know that we are passed from death to life because we love the brethren;" and "by this," says the Son of God, "shall all men know ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

I know that you love me, and God knows I love you. It is true we are poor, worthless, sinful wretches, and have cause daily to loathe ourselves on the account of the evils that are in us; but no self loathing is to rob us or deprive us of the comforts of faith, nor of the comforts of hope in a Saviour, for he came to save sinners, yea the chief of sinners, nor will he take notice of any other. He leaves the self-righteous to swell, to boast, and to banter, till pride becomes their ruin; "I came not to call the righteous."

And now, my dear James, as God has prepared a way for you, and provided a room for your reception; a plaid gown, night caps, three great arm chairs, and a dutiful and an affectionate son to receive you; and a coach at your service to go to chapel; do come, and bring the second with you: it is my wish. God bless you! my love to the second.

Ever yours in Christ Jesus the Lord!

S. S.

XLI.

Sept. 30, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

Grace and peace be with thee, through our Lord
Jesus Christ.

I RECEIVED the sermon, or whatever it is; but, as I have no opinion of the workman, I have no heart to his work; perusing such cannot be called redeeming the time. We must cease to hear the instruction that causeth us to err from the ways of understanding, and depart from the man in whom we perceive not the words of wisdom. I have had my fill of the barren deserts of Sinai, of the husks of human wisdom, and of the superficial labours of all the ministers of the letter; and of these I can say that my soul loathes them.

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal; and real ammunition is hard to be got, and too precious to be thrown at a mark that is not worth a charge. He is one of my Lady's men, and they must differ from those of my Lord's. But let us delight our souls in our own God, and make up our happiness in him, and then we shall take our house and home, our goods and chattels, our gold and silver, our riches and honours, pleasures and profits, ornaments and

jewels, about with us; and leave nothing behind but that which is not worth taking, and that which will not pass current in the heavenly country. I have long set my heart and soul upon this, and I hope nothing will divert my mind from it. I thank you for all favours, and wish you may reap bountifully of that fruit which is the earnest of the great harvest, remaining, in the best of bonds, yours to serve,

W. H. S. S.

XLII.

July 3, 1808.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR good tidings came to hand, like the dove to the ark, with the olive leaf in her beak, the emblem of oil and of peace. Evil report and good report, as a deceiver and yet true, as unknown and yet well known, still abide with me. But my back gets broader, and my shoulders more inured to the burden and the yoke than in the days of old. All the time that Zion travails and brings forth, the barrel of meal, the cruse of oil, the springing well, and the breasts of consolation, shall not fail. God has made me a father, and does honour me more and more at this work of begetting; and I

know that this branch of the work cannot go on without the broad seal of heaven clothe the word. To this power unbelief yields, the heart opens, the secret of life enters, and the image of the second Adam is reinstamped. This, my friend, is the beauty of the Lord our God upon us; and this is the perfection of beauty in Zion, out of which God shines, and no other. This is the standard, and this is the perfect man in Christ's stature. And it is true that the offence of the cross follows this image as the shadow follows the sun. If thou sharest in the benefits, thou shalt share in the reproach and scandal of the cross as well as I. But God is on our side, and so are the consciences both of saints and of sinners.

Farewell! peace and truth be with thee. So prays

THE COALHEAVER.

XLIII.

Grantham, Nov. 14, 1807.

DEAR SIR,

Nothing but continual company of country friends prevented me from answering your very kind and affectionate letter. Being long engaged to visit this part of the country, I am

now at Grantham in Lincolnshire; and am to go from hence next week to Leicester, if God permit. At my return I shall be glad to see you, either at the vestry at Providence on a Monday forenoon, or at my house on a Thursday, which ever is most convenient to you. I have no doubt but the malice and reproach which has fallen to my lot has found you out; and will reach all who become companions of them that are so used. But even this is a jewel and a crown, when compared to the doom of a minister of the letter, an impostor, or that of a hypocrite in Zion. The offence of the cross has not ceased; it still follows the application of the atonement, the sentence of justification in the conscience, and the inhabitation of the Holy Ghost: where these are not, the strong man keeps possession and sustains no loss; and of course he will raise no tumults. But a two-fold savour attends the gospel; that of death unto death, and of life unto life. They must fill up their measure, and patience must have its perfect work in us. Adieu! Grace and peace be with thee; so prays

W. HUNTINGTON.

XLIV.

Church Street, Paddington, 1797.

DEAR SISTER,

THY kind and affectionate epistle came safe to hand, and I thank thee for it. Jesus, my sister, "received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." The word of reconciliation can never be applicable but to enemies, and it is only conscious rebels that want a pardon. They who have never at any time transgressed God's commandments have no need of a Mediator. It is true, we are all at a great distance from God; but the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, and makes us nigh to him, who were afar off by wicked works. It is the Lord's frown of displeasure that makes us go mourning in heaviness; but "his anger endureth but a moment, and in his favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Come, Nanny, be of good cheer, old girl, we shall never seek his blessed face in vain. He may frown, appear shy, and at a distance; he may rebuke, reprove, chastise, chide, and contend, and yet have an everlasting love to us in his heart. So he formerly appeared and discovered himself to me—so formidable, so dreadful, and in such

terrible majesty, that I concluded nothing but death must follow; but "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of our spirit; so will he revive us and cause us to live." Certainly, Nanny, he will never take us in hand for nothing; he will not search our hearts, and try our reins, and wound our souls, and humble our proud hearts, and give us an appetite for the bread of life and righteousness, and then suffer us to perish for the want of these things. This is not his usual way of dealing with poor sinners. Christ was anointed and sent, not to break the bruised reed, nor to quench the smoking flax; not to destroy the brokenhearted, nor to load with additional pains them that are bruised; but the reverse of all this, and that my soul knoweth right well.

I am at present mending apace, and long once more to see his Excellency, and my dear brothers and sisters at Lewes; all of whom my soul loves; and for whom, and whose welfare, many earnest cries, tears, and prayers, have been put up by the poor despicable Coalheaver. I am much better of my cold and fever; but am very nervous, weak, and feeble; and the weather is damp, and unfavourable to an old weather-beaten tabernacle, the cover of which is old and threadbare, and the lines and cords strained, stretched, and much untwisted. But, when the main standard is unsettled, and all

the cords give way, when the canopy tumbles to the ground, he that inhabits it departs without interruption. The body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, and the purchase of a dear Redeemer's blood; the trophy of his victory, which he has taken as a spoil from the jaws of Satan, from the destruction of sin; and it must be restored from the king of terrors (death), when death shall be swallowed up of victory, and the grave restore its spoils. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" At which time the devils shall appear in chains, and both death and sin shall prey forever upon the first author of evil, and upon all such as have fought and died in alliance with the prince of darkness. O Nanny, be of good cheer; those, who in thought, desires, heart, and affections, go to Christ under a deep sense of their need, will never be cast out, nor lose any thing, for he shall raise it all up at the last day.—When the same powerful voice, that awakens and alarms our souls in time, shall alarm, awaken and quicken our mortal bodies in the great day; then all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and come forth.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee! My love to the good man of the house;—and to all the venerable peeresses, who sat in judgment at B——, their culprit acknowledges their lenity with gratitude.

W. H. S. S.

XLV.

August 25, 1797.

WELL, sister M. and how do you do? What dost thou think concerning "Jesus of Nazareth, a man mighty in deed and word before God and all the people," who loved poor sinners with a love stronger than death, and who "for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." Dost thou see any form or comeliness in him whereby he should be desired? Do thy thoughts go out after him, and hover like a swarm of bees over and about him? Is there any desires in thy soul after him? Hast thou got any wounds that want healing, any appetite that wants filling, any blindness that wants moving, any hardness that wants melting, any grief that wants soothing, any debts that want discharging, any filth that wants purging, any spots that want washing, any knots that want untying, any bonds that want loosing, any yokes that want breaking, any burdens that want bearing, any broken bones that want binding up, any faintings that require strength, any weak hands or feeble knees; or, in short, art thou full of wants, and wantest all in all? If so, give me thy hand, and come up into the chariot, and see my zeal for God. I am servant to the great Physician. I

visit my master's patients, inquire after their health, and lay their various cases before him, and carry out his medicines; and am an eye, an ear, and a living witness of an innumerable number of famous and wonderful cures—even the leprosy, the scurvy, the plague in the heart, and the plague in the head. I attend conceptions, breedings, soul labour, and soul travail. I have been at the birth of the new man, and at the death of the old one. I have been a wet nurse and a dry nurse. I have attended miscarrying wombs, and have seen untimely fruit, like a snail that has never seen light. I have made caudle for others when I have wanted it myself. I have given suck to strangers, and at times have envied them every drop that they swallowed down. I have been permitted to carry leaves from the tree of life, and have gathered fruit from the same, every month, week, day, and hour, and sometimes all day long. I have at times been permitted to carry my master's robe from place to place among the sick; and as many as have touched it have been made perfectly whole. And now, as I have shewn you my country and my occupation, from whence I came, what people I am of, and of my present calling, is there any thing wanting in our way? What sayest thou of thyself? Consider these things; weigh them well, and seek relief while it may be had, if thou art

sensible of thy needs. And learn for the future to shew a little more lenity, becoming thy high station. Severity seldom succeeds; nor does it spread the fame, or add to the honour, of the higher powers.

Sister M. farewell; be of good cheer, be of good comfort; seek the best treasure, the best way, and the best of ends; while I remain, with all due respect and submission, your Highness's most obedient and devoted servant for his sake,

W. H. S. S.

XLVI.

Dec. 8, 1797.

Beloved, the joy of my heart, and the crown of my rejoicing; grace and peace be with thee.

I AM sent to thee with good tidings, having received letters and authority from the high priest of our profession, that an act of grace hath passed in the high court of heaven in behalf of poor debtors, and that a gaol delivery is now really publishing; and the wonderful proceedings of the most benevolent King of kings in this business is as follows. A herald goes first and sounds a trumpet, and makes an oration, in which he summonses all debtors to ap-

pear before their great creditor. Those who
 take the alarm, and obey the summons, are or-
 dered to examine their bills and books. The
 ancient records by Moses are searched; the
 book of our great creditor's remembrance is
 opened, and the whole contents of it are set
 before the debtor's eyes, ranged in order, and
 the sum cast up at the bottom; and next, all
 the bills that have been filed against the debtor
 in the court of equity within, are brought to
 light and searched up; and, upon a very mode-
 rate computation, the score in the general
 amounts to about ten thousand talents. Upon
 the sight and sense of this they are immediately
 apprehended and taken up, and forthwith con-
 fined in a close prison; when the key of ob-
 duracy and the bolt of infidelity are turned and
 bolted upon them, and no light allowed them
 but only a hole in the door, through which they
 may look, and before which their debt books
 are placed: this is all the light they have, and
 these are the only things which they are allow-
 ed to see. To work they go with all their
 might, and think to discharge the debt, and
 clear themselves by beating of hemp. "This
 their way is their folly." However, they go
 on, crying out, "Have patience with me, and
 I will pay thee all." But when Saturday night
 comes they peep through the hole, and find no
 less than five hundred pence added to the old

score. In order to rectify this matter, and to remedy this disease, they resolve on the next Monday to make eight days a week, by working over hours, and to stick a little closer to the block: but before two days roll over their heads they look again, and find fifty pence added to the old tally; and the little they had done was done so badly, that the whole of it was returned upon their hands again, and they were ordered to be loaded with irons, to receive five hundred lashes, and then to be sold, and all that they had, and payment to be made. This sunk them all into self despair, and extorted this bitter cry from them, "Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Upon the back of this came a herald in the king's name, and with the king's proclamation, saying, "Having nothing to pay, I frankly forgive them all." And out they came, as white as the snow in Salmon. Thus real poverty, beggary, and absolute insolvency, recommend us to the King's clemency, and to all the benefits of the aforesaid act. Hence it appears that resolving, promising payment, labouring and toiling in hopes of counterbalancing, or rubbing off, are breath and labour spent in vain; and that of all the trades which are followed in this way begging is the best; for so it is written, "He taketh the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among

princes, even the princes of the people, and to make them inherit the throne of glory; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them." In this business, knocking, calling, crying, craving, and imploring, are sure to carry the point sooner or later, if it be well followed.

Sister mumper, adieu! Good success at the brass knocker; this is the desire and prayer of him who cannot dig, but is not ashamed to beg, and who is in such indigent circumstances as either to beg or starve.

W. H. S. S.

XLVII.

Nov. 22, 1800.

DEAR FRIEND,

ALTHOUGH I have no room nor ground to think that you were any friend to me on a former occasion, when a friend in court was much wanted; yet, to convince you that I am inclined to overcome evil with good, I am come to inquire after your welfare. You have, if report be true, been long sending out, crying out, lying-in, travailing, or in lingering labour; and I wish to know what you have brought forth, or if there be any hopes of a new creature? Is

Moses dead? Are you divorced from him by the rules of his own law, who for the hardness of our hearts wrote us that precept? If so, has our next kinsman married the widow, in order to raise up the name of the dead upon the inheritance? Or are you still a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God? In such circumstances God calls us; and, if this be thy case, I know of no just cause or impediment why the match should not go on. All the time we are dying to Moses, and not espoused to Jesus, the devil and conscience will reproach us, and set the sins of our youth before us, as an impediment in the way of a second match; but when the bridegroom comes we forget the shame of our youth, and remember the reproach of our widowhood no more; for our Maker is our husband, the Lord of hosts is his name, the God of the whole earth shall he be called; and therefore we must be joint heirs with him in all these things. But may I say to the everlasting Father, What begettest thou? or to the woman, What hast thou brought forth? But surely, if we are dead to the law, that we may be married to another, even to him that is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God, I may inquire after the new man, after fruit, as among other gentiles. God is the Father of lights. Does the eye of the new

creature appear? "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Are you quickened? Is there any life and motion, any contest and struggle between Esau and Jacob? God is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Is there any saving, supporting, encouraging, or delivering mercy? He begets us to a lively hope. Is there any looking out or looking up; any hopes or expectations? That which is born of God overcomes the world, and that which does it is our faith. Is your heart lifted above this world? Is there any heavenly-mindedness, life, peace, faith, or affections, desires, or longings above, where our treasure is? These are the fruits and effects of a second match; these are the members and features of the new man, and the soul of him is love.

Thus have I shewn you the divorce, the second husband, the union, the conception, the quickening, the bringing forth, and the real legitimate offspring, which bears the image and likeness of the second Adam. And shall expect to know by a line in what stage of this gradual process you are. And, if all these things are found in you, you will cut a better figure in the green bed (Song i. 16) than you did in the court of judicature.

Tender my kind respects to your spouse and mother; and believe me to be a parson in publishing banns; an apothecary in carrying medi-

ciné; and an under man-midwife, in delivering many by the preaching of love; and I am willing to attend your groaning.

W. H. S. S.

XLVIII.

Beloved of God!

YOUR savoury, simple, and honest epistles came safe; but I am a man in much business; and therefore have been silent to thee, though thou hast not been so to me. I bless my God, the dear Redeemer of my soul is still with me, and hath caused much of his goodness to pass before me; and my faith hath had work enough to follow after, and to wonder at his goodness to the children of men. The life of faith is a mysterious faith: by faith in Christ's obedience we are made just; by faith in his blood we come out of the pit wherein is no water; by faith in his arm we are made strong; by faith in his love we are made free; by faith in his fulness we are supplied; and by faith in his victory we overcome the world. The business of faith is to go to market, to go on messages, and to fetch necessities. Wine and milk must be bought without money and without price; but, if we mix not faith with the word, we get neither.

Every message sent to heaven must be carried by faith; "whatever you ask believing ye shall receive." Strength, comfort, peace and joy, must all be brought in by faith. Faith is an excellent beggar, and all that she gets she gives to the soul. "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." All medicines are brought in and brought home by the same hand; "Believest thou that I am able to do this? Yea, Lord. Then according to your faith be it unto you." Go in peace, and be whole of thy plague. The business of faith is to be before us, and before hand with every thing: it is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. It is by faith we walk and not by sight; what we do not believe to be true we dare not receive; what we believe to be wrong we dare not do; and in the ways that we are sure are perverse, there we dare not go. If unbelief and carnal reason be consulted before faith, we halt and hobble; and as soon as faith works we go all that ground over again. If sin or guilt be committed, or contracted, there is a stand, a stop, a let in our pilgrimage, till faith deals with the atonement; then we "make straight paths for our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; let it rather be healed." If we get shut up in legal bondage there is no coming forth, nor going on again, till faith works by love; no gratitude to God,

till we believe this, and that every trial shall work together for good. Faith's business is to see things that are invisible, and realize them; to obtain and apply promises; to embrace Christ, and to call in love to admire and adore the object embraced. Faith sweeps the house, purifies the heart, and gives Christ a residence and a throne there; "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Faith fixes her eyes on the King in his beauty, and on that land which is very far off; and tells us that we shall in due time arrive there. "He that believeth shall be saved." Faith is as busy in the heart as a bee in the hive, and is very fond of flying about when the Sun of righteousness arises and shines. The promises are the comb, and the sweetness in them the grace, blessings, and comforts, promised therein: and faith squeezes them into the soul, which makes the little book sweeter than honey. The promises are the breasts, and faith milks first one, and then runs and fetches another, and squeezes that out; this is milking Zion's breasts of consolation, till we are delighted with the abundance of her glory. Thus the new-born babe feeds upon, and craves after, the sincere milk of the word. Honey and milk shall every one eat that is left in the land. After the banqueting is a little over, faith extends our views, and makes us see afar off. She likewise feeds us with knowledge and under-

standing; as the faith of God's elect, she feeds us with election, predestination, and the secret purposes of God, his covenants, counsels, his faithfulness, truth, and the immutability of his perfections, and so leads us to live upon strong meat, to feed on more distant views, prospects, and upon future glory. Fare thee well, peace and truth be with thee; so prays

W. H. S. S.

XLIX.

Feb. 28, 1800.

Dearly beloved Sister in Christ; Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, through the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, who hath loved us, and given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace; that we should be to the praise of his glory who trust in his name.

I want to know how my old friend goes on this cold inclement season; which doth so severely try those whose clay tabernacles are going into years. But there will be an end to this our pilgrimage, and our expectation of a better country. (God hath said) shall not be cut off. He knows the miserable days of the upright, and their inheritance shall be for ever. My soul is sick of this world, and sick of a body of sin and death, but faith maintains her hold,

and hope expects what faith has in view; and patience must wait till the vision speaks, till the veil rends, and the boundless scene opens to view; then shall mortality, with all her grievous train and miserable attendants, be banished from the glorified soul. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption." A spiritual, and a glorious, or a glorified, body is promised. "He shall change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto his glorious body. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. 'O death, where is thy sting!' God hath granted us that faith which is the substance of these things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. He has given us the Comforter, which is the earnest of the inheritance, and our meetness for it. He hath imputed the righteousness of his dear Son to us, which is our title to it. "Whom God justifies, them he also glorifies." How must the soul feel itself, when unclothed of this cumbersome elogi! How must the prisoner of hope feel when it quits these clay walls; when the Holy Spirit, in possession of it, shall ride on the wings of an angel, and convey it into the bosom of everlasting love: the bosom where Abraham, and all his spiritual seed, lie! Then shall the tree of life, the river of pleasure, the throne of glory,

the angelic millions, and the spirits of just men made perfect, appear as they really are; and we shall see face to face, and know as we also are known; and be no more clogged with corruption, no more interrupted in our devotions; our rest and peace shall be disturbed no more. No more shall the sweet countenance of our God be hid, nor the smiles of the heavenly bridegroom be withdrawn from us any more. But after all this soaring aloft, after all these imaginary flights, I am still in this body of sin and death: compassed about with many sins and infirmities, attended daily by a diligent devil; oft repining, fretting, and grieving at the deplorable weather; at the unparalleled distress of the poor; at the sight of the artificial famine; and at the intolerable insensibility and cruelty of the unbearable oppressors. But there is a judgment, and "they shall have judgment without mercy, who have shewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment." "Oppression maketh a wise man mad. But we must leave them in the hand of that God who hath said, "The covetous, and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth." Our days, however, can be but short, our glass is almost out; and blessed for ever be that God, who hath not put us off with a portion in this life; who hath not given us meat for our lust, nor sent leanness into our souls. Tried we must be; through evil and

good report we must go. In the furnace of affliction he manifests his choice of us, and from all our dross and tin he will purge us, and make us more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir; and, when this work is done, and our generation work likewise; when faith and patience are fully tried; when the appointed race is run, and the appointed warfare completed, we shall return with songs, and everlasting joy upon our heads. This shall fully satisfy and reward us for all our labour and toil in this miserable world. Betty, farewell! Be of good cheer; for "he that shall come will come." In hope of this, I subscribe myself,

Yours in Him,

W. HUNTINGTON.

L.

My Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,

I wish grace, mercy and peace to be with thee. Am glad to find that you are a friend, and that you stick close to my brother Jenkins now, while he is in the furnace of affliction, when most men stand aloof from the complaints of God's elect, who sooner or later are brought to cry day and night unto God. Jenkins is now in Jeovolah's own school, which exceeds not only the college in Wales, but all the colleges in

the nation. God is speaking to him in the secret place of thunder; and by and by he will speak to him by his Son. He is now going through the same lessons that the Lord taught me; and I know that God will bring him out in due time; and, whenever that happy period arrives, I think you will have one of the brightest lights in the nation; yea, a burning and a shining light. I advise you to stick close to him; to strengthen his hands, and to encourage him, and tell him to go on, just as God leads him, without regarding the faces of men; that when God brings him out you may reap the benefits of it in your own soul; for God says, "I will restore comforts to him, and to his mourners;" that is, God will comfort him, and all that stick to him, sympathize and condole with him, and bemoan him; they shall all share in the comforts together, so well pleased is God with those who abide by his children when they are in afflictions: for the want of this, God rebuked Job's three friends; nor would he heal them without a sacrifice for their sin, and the interceding prayers of Job. Whenever God proclaims liberty to him, you will be blessed with an able minister of the Spirit, and of the New Testament; one that is truly taught of God, and commissioned by him; and I trust your soul, and hundreds more, will share in the benefits of his happy deliverance, by being partakers

of his grace. That this may be thy future joy and happiness, is the prayer of, dear brother, yours in the Lord Jesus Christ,

W. HUNTINGTON.

LI.

Feb. 9, 1795.

WELL, my dear brother, how do you do? Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy spouse? Is it well with thy father, and thy father and mother-in-law? And is it well with the little ones? And how dost thou come on in the best things? How stands thine heart affected to the sinner's only friend? He stands at the door of sinner's hearts, and knocks; he stands behind the wall of partition, and shews himself through the lattice, and waits to be gracious. And has he got any foothold in thee, and what apartment has he taken up? He is not in all the thoughts of the wicked; but David thought upon God, and was troubled. And does he come often into thy thoughts? Does he pay his early morning visits there? Are thy thoughts brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, and often confined by the sweetest ties to meditate upon what he is, what he has done, what he is doing, and what he will do for us? "In

the multitude of my thoughts within me," said the psalmist, "thy comforts delight my soul."

If Christ hath there made an entrance, he will go on from conquering to conquer; he will have the understanding next; he will open it, and shine into it, and then thou wilt "see the goodness of God in the land of the living." Thou wilt not only see the promise at a distance, but thou wilt see him that is invisible to the natural man. The true light that shines, and opens the believer's understanding, is his everlasting light, his God, and his glory; and this is seeing that just one; and viewing him as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. The next thing that Christ attacks and conquers is the sinner's will; the understanding looks at him whom we have pierced; and then the will chooses him. Hence it is said, "They shall mourn and be in bitterness for him." Thus what the understanding discovers of his beauty and worth, the will makes choice of; and thus Joshua, having seen his beauty with the elders of Israel, makes his choice at once, "Chuse you whom you will serve; but, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." "Mary hath chosen that good part that shall not be taken from her." In this way the rebellious son was conquered: "Son, go work to day in my vineyard. But he answered, I will not." The Lord then looked

upon him, and opened his understanding to see him whom he had pierced, and then stirred up his bowels, to mourn and be in bitterness for him; this bent his stubborn will, and he repented and went. Christ having thus brought our thoughts to meditate upon him, and presented himself to our understanding as the only supreme good, and powerfully inclined the will to choose him as the pearl of great price, for awhile stands at a distance. While the heart is opened to receive him, earnest desires and fervent longings, are sent forth to invite him; and every winning petition and enticing expression are made use of to bring this beloved into his garden, to eat his pleasant fruits. The good Spirit, our unchangeable and everlasting friend, touches the mind with confidence, helps our infirmities to hope against hope, puts many promises into our minds and mouths, bids us speak, and makes intercession for us; and by keeping him still in view, with the eye fixed on him, and the soul longing after him, at last he is obliged to yield, saying, "Turn away thine eyes from me, for thou hast overcome me." The soul immediately seizes him, holds him fast, and will not let him go, till he is brought into his mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived him; and in he comes, saying, "Believe that I am in you, and you in me"—"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." While the poor

soul, melting in flood and flames, in love and grief, joy and tears, cries out, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." This is God's best gift to man, and man's best prize from God. This is the riches, the glory, the majesty, and the power of God's unfathomable mystery among the Gentiles; which is "Christ in you the hope of glory." This is life and immortality brought to light; and it is the secret, the unsearchable, the invaluable, the inestimable treasure, hidden, wrapped up, and concealed in the manifold wisdom of God. The Lord of all lords bless thee and thine! My love to father, spouse, to father and mother-in-law, to all friends, and to my dear son Jenkins. This is the Lord's day; I am confined at home, and therefore send thee this morning's performance on paper, instead of preaching. Ever thine in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

LII.

Church Street, Paddington.

July, 1797.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus,

I wish grace and peace to be multiplied unto thee through Jesus Christ. Glad is my soul to hear of the work going on at Lewes, and in the

places adjacent. God makes the Welsh Ambassador a Boanerges, a son of thunder; and he has not discharged his dreadful artillery in vain. Am sorry to hear that he is so poorly in body; but I wonder not at it, as this hot weather hath wonderful effects upon me. There are no less than six or seven souls in labour at Uxbridge; and I believe that two or three were brought from their old foundation about a fortnight ago, under two discourses preached by me. O! what encouragement have such poor worms to go on, seeing not one soul hath been called in that place by the preaching there for three-and-twenty years back! For God will not honour them who know nothing of him. His servants must go through fire and water, that they may know how to pull brands out of the fire, and how to cast the net into the sea of trouble, which is sure to find out those who are in tribulation, and to entangle their ears, thoughts, hearts, and affections; insomuch that they cannot break the net, nor get out; nor do such desire it.

I think that, since I waded through my last troubles, I have been more successful than ever with my net, nor does my sword return empty. Wonderful is the goodness of God to me; and wonderful is my base ingratitude to him. O, my brother! let the one thing needful be uppermost with thee; for when Christ is King of

the heart, in Judah things go well : but he will suffer no rival unresented. Wondrous things has he done to gain the affections of his enemies ; and, when he makes them friends, they must shew themselves friendly, and then we are welcome to his rich repasts. " Eat, O friends ! drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved ! " Wisdom spreads the table, bids the guests, and attends the company. Under his shadow is sweet delight ; over our head is the banner of his love, and the bread of life is the wholesome food.

But we must drink of the wine that wisdom has mingled ; a little love, and a little of the waters of Marah. We shall find his blood to be drink indeed ; but temptations, desertions, afflictions, crosses, and disappointments, inward corruptions, and bodily afflictions, will be the ingredients which are mingled with, or else succeed, these soul-cheering entertainments. Bitter things create an appetite ; they are wholesome, useful, and profitable ; but not pleasing nor palatable : yet the good Physician knows what is best : the leaves of the tree of life are for medicine, the fruit for food, and both good in turn. Farewell ! God bless thee. My love to all friends, and above all to the Ambassador.

Yours to serve in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

LIII.

Cricklewood, Sept. 4, 1800.

LAST night I came home weary, and almost melted with the heat of a crowded audience; and this morning I found my kind friend and affectionate brother's sympathetic epistle, for which I thank him. It has long been my lot to be standard-bearer where Satan's seat is, and where the devil keeps his court; and it is no strange thing for a standard-bearer to faint. Near thirty years ago the devil advised me to conceal my religion, build a clay cottage at the corner of a large common, go to day labour, and never more associate with the world; insinuating that, if I persisted in preaching, he would pursue me with unremitted violence; which soon after begun, and has never yet ceased. My venerable and most pious godfather has cleaved to me with full purpose of heart, and I question if he has ever lost sight of me in any one sermon preached by him during the last twenty-six years. And I firmly believe that he has been forced to tell a thousand lies in the name of God, only to blacken my character, and to render my labours useless. But what honour can redound to God, or what good can accrue to the souls of men, by such ministrations, is more than I can make out; and therefore must conclude,

with David, "Let him curse, for God hath bid-
den him." And I find it hard work to believe
that God has led my soul through the confines
of hell, and then set me down on mount Zion,
in the open visions of God, and given me a sight
of the King in his beauty, for no other purpose
than to furnish impostors in the pulpit with re-
proach, and fools with sport.

I seldom walk the streets without overtaking
some who in general appear dead or flat till they
perceive me, which is sure to change the scene,
as they then point, grin, laugh, and entertain
themselves at the sight of the ass. I know
that there will be an end to these things, and
that my expectation will not be cut off; but
while it lasts I must agree with the poor asses
of old: "And now we call the proud happy;
yea, they that work wickedness are set up; yea,
they that tempt God are even delivered." Mal.
iii. 15. To see the proud the most happy, the
workers of wickedness the most promoted, and
such as tempt God continually delivered from
trouble, is a lesson not to be learned at the
school of reason, nor by adhering to the law in
the members. Sometimes I cannot help smiling
to see the devil's grin in their faces; sometimes
I wonder at their enmity and contempt of the
Almighty; and at other times I comfort myself
at the thoughts of the great day, when it will
be seen, and must be acknowledged, who is the

fool. But, after all, these cruel mockings and vile insults are not joyous: the contempt of the proud, and the scorning of them that are at ease, are harder burdens to the mind than violence is to the body. Sometimes I have been much indulged with access, freedom, boldness, and strong confidence of being heard and answered; when my heart has glowed with love, my soul melted, and such movings on my soul as if heaven itself was in motion for me. But still I am in possession of, and encompassed with, every natural or sinful infirmity. I suppose you have seen my reply to Onesimus, against his eternal faith and hope. Last Tuesday evening hand-bills were distributed at Monkwell Street Meeting doors, beginning thus —“Faith and hope in heaven, and the divinity of Christ defended against Mr. Huntington’s Answer to Onesimus; by J. B. E.” You see the cunning of the devil, to represent me as an Arian. However, I am at a point about the subject, and have no doubt of winning the field; and I know that my warfare is short, according to the age of man: and sure I am that I shall never wish my days lengthened, or one past hour repeated; for I neither lend nor receive upon usury, yet every one curses me. I was born as a man of strife and contention to all the earth; and, as the devil never faints, so his children never tire. I get old and feeble, but

my enemies are strong and lively; and under this long continued warfare my rebellion adds to the affliction. I have no timidity or fears about courts of law, or imprisonment in jail for life; these things fret me not. But to see the smiles of Providence that attend the enemies, the rebels, and the liars; and the frowns, trials, and keen sensations, that attend the other side of the question; is what flesh and blood never can acquiesce in, or submit to.

I long to see you; but L. is not come, and I am afraid to ask B. again so soon. God bless thee.

W. H. S. S.

LIV.

April 9, 1801.

Dearly Beloved, wishing grace, mercy and peace to thee and thine, through Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love.

Notwithstanding all the opposition we have met with, from whatever cause, such crowds attend us still at Providence chapel, that we may well bless God, who giveth testimony to the word of his grace, and causes wonders to be wrought in the souls of poor sinners by the name of his holy

child Jesus. In the wilderness Israel was obliged to look after God in the tabernacle, and upon the mercy-seat; and in Solomon's days they were to look and to direct their prayers to the temple; nor could the people get there but only by their representative, the high-priest, who bore their names on his breast; nor so but once a year; and when he pulled the vail aside and went in, it closed again, so that there was no open way left. "The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest was not yet made manifest." But we can now look higher: our High-priest is entered into the true tabernacle, the holiest of all—into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us. This is a new way, and the old one is stopped up. If any but the high-priest entered the other, it was death; but this is a living way. The vail of the temple was rent at Christ's death; and the vail of Christ's flesh was rent and torn to pieces: and so the way is open, and we have boldness to enter by the blood of Jesus. And, what is still more, he admits our thoughts, hopes, hearts, faith and affections, into heaven now, and to the right hand of God, where Christ sitteth.

Dear friend, adieu!

W. H. S. S.

LV.

October 16, 1801.

Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus, grace and peace;
 be multiplied through the great, the glorious,
 and only Mediator.

I HAVE had a bad cold, which I believe I caught in Mr. H.'s barn. A cold in the head is bad; a cold in the stomach is worse; but a cold in the heart is worst of all. At the dedication of the tabernacle a fire fell from heaven and consumed the burnt offering: that fire, by the order of God, was never to go out—the incense and the lamps; the one was to be burnt, and the other lighted, at that holy fire. Hence: priests were to wait and watch day and night, that the flame of God might not go out; and the poor Gibeonites hewed the wood to feed the hallowed fire. But, when the living tabernacle was to be dedicated, and to stretch out her cords and curtains, the Holy Ghost, in a cloven tongue, came upon the first stones in the holy city, and kindled the sacred blaze; they, with this divine heat, purged Jerusalem with the spirit of judgment and with the spirit of burning. They kindled a smoke in the smoking flax, and the cloud of incense went up; so that upon all the dwelling-places of mount Zion a cloud rested by day, and the flame of holy fire by

night; for upon all the glory God appointed this defence. Jealousy was another spark from this holy fire. The Lord went forth as a mighty man, and stirred up jealousy like a man of war; till he stirred up the blind ones to follow him in a way that they knew not. Zeal is another ingredient of this most holy flame: it is a composition of indignation at the works of Satan; revenge against sin and all opposition, attended with fervent love and undaunted fortitude. These things made them not only burning and shining lights, but also a flaming fire. By the fire of his Spirit, and by the word of God, which is the Spirit's sword, did God begin his last battle with the Jews. By fire and by sword did he plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord were many. Hence the awful declaration of war: "For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire; for unto us a Child is born." Wherever this holy fire comes, if the light be hated, and the heat resisted, the fire of wrath enters: he believes not, and the wrath of God abides on him. Hence "the Light of Israel is for a fire, and the Holy One for a flame:" and it burns and devours his thorns and his briers in one day. Isaiah x. 17. These are the fuel, the other the fire; and blessed be God who has brought us to love both the light and the heat. "Did not our

hearts burn within us while he communed with us by the way?"

Dear friend, adieu! May this flame never go out! all besides is strange fire; but this live coal comes from the altar of burnt offering. God bless thee.

W. H. S. S.

LVI.

Dec. 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE lately received a letter from G., and I think he seems to be coming on in the old track; watching, waiting, hoping, fearing, doubting, halting, mourning, and rejoicing; sinking, and soaring, despairing, and triumphing: and this was long my way. The old man dies hard: crucifying is a lingering, painful death to him: the nails gall him; he loves ease, indulgence, gratifications, and harmless amusements; a cold form of religion of his own devising, and a few of the precepts of men. But for the old man to be denied daily, under a painful cross; to be put off with his deeds, and to see a more honourable one (the new man) put on, as a rival to him; to be mortified through the Spirit; to find the grace of God curbing and holding him in, and reigning through righteousness in his stead; is very

degrading both to him and to his father. : But the new man shall have the preeminence, though in his infant state; for "better is a poor and wise child, than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished." Grace shall reign, sin shall not have dominion. "For out of prison the old man cometh to reign, whereas he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." Eccl. iv. 13, 14. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." The old man is nothing but the image of the devil. When the Spirit was in Adam, God's image was upon him; but, when sin entered, the strong man armed took possession, and set up his own image in him, which God despises. The image of the devil in man is not wisdom, but blindness; not righteousness, but guilt and condemnation; not holiness, but sin; not glory, but shame and reproach; not love, but enmity; not a shining face, but a fallen countenance; not delighting in the things of the Spirit, but in the lusts of the flesh: not savouring the things of God, but those that be of men. Between these two lies the narrow path; and the struggle between these makes the gate of life so strait. This is the saint's warfare; it is a company of two armies, called Mahanaim. "With my staff I passed this Jordan, but now I am become two bands." So may all believers say, 'By the staff or sceptre of the King of kings I passed the

river Jordan,' which signifies judgment. By the power of Christ we pass from death to life; and no sooner is this done than we become two hands. The soul is armed with the graces of the Spirit, and the flesh with its deceitful lusts, which war against the soul. And so the law in the members, and the law in the mind; the fruits of the Spirit, and the spawn of the serpent; the Lord and his seed, the devil and his fruit, oppose each other till death ends the conflict. But, if faith has the last word, and deals the last blow, the victory is gained. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." My kind love to dame, while I remain,

Yours in faith and love,

W. H. S. S.

LVII.

June 4, 1602.

Dear Brother in Christ, perfect peace, and at such a time.

I SEND these few scraps to thank you for your kindness to the most unworthy of all the royal family; nevertheless, I am a living witness of the truth of this passage—that "He raises up the poor from the dust, and the beggar from the dung-hill, and sets them among the princes of his people, and makes them to inherit the throne of glory." But there is a deal of humbling and

debasing work in the dust; and much doubting, fearing, sighing, and sobbing, on the dunghill; and putting the mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope of the throne of glory, before we can be brought to expect it upon solid and sure grounds: for the poor soul, who knows the evil of his own heart, is so jealous and suspicious, that he cannot entertain a good opinion of it, even when God hath made it good.

In this debasing work upon the dunghill, it is God's will that we should only see one side of him—wrath, anger, terrible majesty, holiness, justice, and the just Judge as a consuming fire. But that which alters the scene is another, and a better prospect; and that is the name of the Lord, “the Lord God, gracious and merciful, abundant in goodness and truth, pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin.” A believing view of this works the change, and wonderful it is, as not one of the aforesaid terrible attributes appears in all the proclamations of this name. The former works self pity, sullen stubbornness, and hard thoughts of God: but the latter works abhorrence, and begets a love to the Almighty; and this is a live coal to work energy, and affords a spur to diligence. And the weakest believing view of the tender pity and compassion that appear in this name, which name is now found in Christ, is that which I

believe it to be—the landing of the soul on the right side of Jordan, or the first step it takes towards the heavenly country. And so saith the prophet—“Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, and obeyeth the voice of his servant, and walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.” Where observe—when God had proclaimed this most blessed name to Moses, he promises to send his angel before him, and bids him not provoke him, “for he will not pardon your iniquities, for my name is in him.” Now to be enabled by the word to believe this is the turning point.

When we are under the yoke and rod, we firmly believe in his anger, wrath, justice, and terrible majesty; and indeed we firmly believe nothing else. But, when we are enabled to believe in the pity, compassion, love, favour, and mercy of God, this is the landing of the soul on God's covenant name; the face is turned Zionward, and the dismal prospect gets behind. Terrible views beget terrible meditations; but merciful views and prospects melt and dissolve us. This is obeying the voice of his servant; and God himself owns and claims such for his own.—“Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God.”—His God, though he walks in darkness and hath no light—No light of joy, of love, or of comfort, whereby

he can see his interest or his pardon; no, nor the light of God's countenance. Well—be it so; yet let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God. “Ye believe in God, believe also in me.” This, Joseph, is good news from a far country.

In humble and thankful acknowledgments for all favours, I subscribe myself, yours to serve for his sake,

W. H. S. S.

LVIII.

Feb. 4, 1803.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

FELLOW soldier, and fellow invalid; fellow sinner, and therefore fellow sufferer for sin; I am at this time closely pursued with a troop of harbingers, all loyal and staunch to the king of terrors; I mean an assemblage of the infirmities of old age. But let us bless God that all our strength has not been exhausted in the drudgery of Satan. Grace has changed our hearts, and divine power has made us willing to come over to the royal standard; and, though we have cut no great figure in military prowess, yet they that are not against us are on our side, says the Captain of our salvation.

Noble warriors, and the feeble infantry; those that go forth to the battle, and those that abide by the stuff; all that favour his righteous cause, and those who are in alliance with him, have their muster in the book of life, and are enumerated in the camp of the saints. But, as for poor me, this winter has tried me not a little; and I am ready at times to conclude that I shall never be able to stand another campaign. But is there no portion or inheritance in our father's house? Yes, both a mansion and a pension; and, when the last enemy is conquered, (and that conquest must be gained in weakness) a man hath no "power over the spirit, to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war;" Eccl. viii. 8; but the crown awaits it.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In this last onset only the feeble can go to the wall; on the soul the second death can have no power. But the stronger will help the weaker; a man's spirit will sustain the infirmities of the body. These are both united; and yet the fall of the one is the rise of the other; the outward man decays, but the inward man is renewed day by day; death works in the one, and life in the other.

But what is the armour for this last conflict?—First, the shield of faith; "I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."

Hold fast this shield, for "he that believeth shall never die," only sleep in Jesus. This shield purifies the heart; Jesus is a fountain opened, and his blood cleanses from all sin. "O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin;" but "God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

2. The breastplate of an imputed righteousness. Christ's obedience to the law justifies many, and justifies from all things. By the imputation and application of this the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us, though not by us: "The strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

3. A good hope. This is an anchor of the soul in crossing the river Jordan to the heavenly country. "The righteous hath hope in his death;" and, as the anchor is sure and steadfast, so the vessel is secure and safe.

4. Peace with God through Christ. "By sin came death." Death is sin's undertaker, and an enemy to us. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." But, being conquered by Christ's resurrection, he has lost his power as a king, and is reduced to a state of servitude to the saints. "All things are yours," whether life or death. Death is a porter to set at liberty the prisoners of hope, and to put a

final period to the war in the members. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; the end of that man is peace."

5. But who is to make our bed in sickness? God says he will. Love is the best pillow, faith in Christ's arm the best support, and submission the softest feather. King of kings is the Lord's name, and right and righteous is his sceptre, and therefore he will swallow up death in victory. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He is and must be faithful to his crook, in leading his flock out of one pasture into the other. He gives grace and glory, the latter of which is as sure as the former.—
 "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" thy kingly sceptre and pastoral rod shall feed, protect, and deliver me. As a sheep of such a Shepherd, I cannot perish; as a loyal subject of the King of kings, I cannot be conquered. It is faith's business, and her last act of kindness, to close the eyes to this world, and all beyond is open vision. "These all died in faith." By her persuasion we have lived in hope upon things not seen, of which faith is the substance and evidence. "We are saved by grace, through faith."—
 Faith's end is our best beginning; "receiving the end of your faith, the salvation of your souls."

Thus, my friend, I am come before hand to anoint thee to thy burial. In this I have done what I could, for most likely I shall be gone when this work is to do. About the time you had the gout I had a fit of it, which lasted for some time. At Lewes it began to swell, and since my return it has got into the extremities, so that it is going off apace. I have had a good deal of fever with it, inward heat, heart burning and heart rising; and I had hard work to keep it from breaking out about the mouth. And now I long for a little new wine, and wish I could obey Paul, "Drink no longer water," the waters of Marah; "but a little wine, for my stomach's sake, and for mine often infirmities." I believe this is good for the present distress, both in your complaint and mine; but, as it is more precious than rubies, a drop must suffice. Ever yours,

THE DOCTOR.

LIX.

March 10, 1803.

I RECEIVED my dear brother's puzzling epistle, in which I find some things that seem to entangle and stagger him, the which must not be viewed by the eye of reason, nor can they be made out, cast up, or made straight, by human

judgment. God's word, and his providential dealings with others, are the only line, reed, rule, and plummet, to which these crooked things must be laid; he lays judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; his word is precept upon precept, line upon line, to try his own work by, as the Spirit's work always lies straight with God's word. Spiritual things must be compared with spiritual words. Soul troubles are intended to make discoveries, and to bring iniquity to light; not that God may see and know it, but that we may. If bodily afflictions be added to soul trials, this, with respect to us, brings the evil day near: the former gives us an appetite, the latter adds to the edge, and makes it keen, and us earnest. Convictions plow up the ground, and discover the soil; bodily afflictions help to parch the dry ground; the least encouragement, by power, by hope, or by expectation, is receiving the seed, attended with some sensible refreshings, called watering, which breaks the clods and moistens the soil. But unexpected calamities, and repeated frowns and rebukes, upon the back of this, harrow the seed in, and give it deepness of earth; so that what operated on the mind and will now affects the heart and conscience.

God's testimony of Job is, that he was per-

fect in Christ, upright in love, and equalled by none in all the east; yet upon this came all the train of afflictions. He is so concerned for God's honour, and his family's welfare, that he sanctifies all his children every morning by ten burnt offerings, and continues at this till a wind from the wilderness smites the house, and kills them all at their elder brother's entertainment. And yet all ends in such a deliverance from spiritual captivity, and in such a view of Immanuel, as is hardly to be found in the Old Testament. God tells Moses that he had looked upon the afflictions of Israel; that he had a respect unto them; had heard their groans, and was come to deliver them: yet after this comes the double exactions of bricks: the taskmasters' scourges, and gathering of stubble instead of straw. God was with Hezekiah in all he put his hand to; yet afterwards he was left, that he might know all that was in his own heart. Peter makes a short, but noble confession of Christ, and is pronounced blessed, and a man taught of God, and obtains a promise of the keys of the kingdom of heaven; yet soon after came Satan, the sieve, the awful denial, the oaths and the curses. And, were I to relate to my friend all the losses and crosses, the troubles and trials, with which my faith has had to encounter during this last winter, he would see

that all the frowns fall not to his own share,
but some on the back of

His affectionately in the furnace,

W. H. S. S.

LX.

1803.

I WAS rejoiced, my dear brother, at the reception of yours, because you adopted the best method in all the world. Carnal reason and human contrivances contribute nothing to our good, nor to God's honour. You read of one in the scriptures, a king, who in his sickness sought not to God, but to the physicians. This is written to his dishonour, and he went on till his bowels fell at his feet. But we have a God to go to; and "who (says Moses) have God so nigh to them as the Lord our God is to us, in all things that we call upon him for?" When stung with fiery serpents, all that looked to the brazen one lived. When the plague broke out, then stood up Phinehas with an offering, and so the plague was stayed. So at the waters of Marah, when the thirsty souls could not drink them because they were bitter, (being an emblem of afflictions, and of the heart knowing its own bitterness under them) then Moses was directed

to a tree—a type of the human race. And he was to cut a stick from it; which, in the figure, was the rod from the stem of Jesse, that, when cast into the waters, healed them, and they drank thereof. It was the water that was healed. But pray take notice what God says to them, and how wonderfully he places the words. Read the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, and see where the healing is applied; “I am the Lord God that healeth thee.”

Follow up this profitable and honourable calling, for this branch of godliness is great gain. When the intercourse is open, when the door of hope and gate of life are displayed, when a throne of grace is accessible, when indulgences are granted to us, these are our court and levee days, when the King of kings sees company, and receives our addresses, considers our cases, and redresses our grievances. At other times, with respect to our feelings, it seems otherwise; seeing we are commanded to knock, that it may be opened unto us. Some have complained that he keepeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it; and others have said, “When I cry and shout he shutteth out my prayer.” By all which it appears that there is such a thing as entering by the door, which is Christ, and of going in and out, and finding pasture. But whether the door appears shut or open, and whether we get

in or are kept out, according to our apprehension of things, let us be sure to be found waiting at his gates, and watching at the posts of his doors; for he that findeth him finds life, and they are not to be put to shame that wait for him. Sometimes we are kept out, and at a distance, when others go in and out in our sight smiling, while we hate their souls and their smiles too. This is to provoke us to jealousy, the flame of which is the same in us as the summer fly is to bullocks, which is sure to move them: and, if any thing short of hell will move us, jealousy will. Sometimes afflictions are sent on the body, to keep the world from destroying the soul, and to give us leisure to cast up and settle our books, and to see what conscience has filed against us. Sometimes we are clogged with corruption and temptation, which is laying us in the stocks by the heels. This kept Paul from pride, and Hezekiah from carnal security. Sometimes we are shut up in the dark hole; "He brings us into darkness, but not into light." This teaches us to prize the light of his countenance, and makes it more precious when the eyes again behold the sun. At other times we are shut up, and cannot come forth. This makes us cautious and careful how we use our liberty, and teaches us to prize it, and to distinguish between law and gospel, and shews us the workings of both. All these, be-

sides feasts and fasts, melting indulgences and cold neglects, have been appointed for me, and many such things are with him.

Excuse haste, roughness, and all blunders, for the King's business requires haste.

Ever yours in the Lord Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

LXI.

October, 1803.

DEAR FRIEND,

THE long, dark, cold winter is begun, and my constant infirmities intimate and confirm the same thing. I have had the rheumatism in my loins and hips, which at times quite bowed me together. If October handles me so roughly, what will January, February, and March do? But this consideration counterpoises these bodily afflictions—we are not shut up under the law, in unbelief, in legal bondage, in hardness of heart, nor in carnal enmity and rebellion, as was once my dreadful case and state. The Surety has discharged the infinite debt, the great Creditor has accepted the payment, and Justice himself (by the blood of the covenant) has sent forth the state prisoners out of the pit in which was no water. The thick and dark

clouds of our transgressions are blotted out, and removed; for these, these were the clouds that made our earth iron, and the heaven brass, Deut. xxviii. 23. But God has looked propitiously through that cloud, and dispersed it; and the light of his countenance shining in Christ's face hath dispersed it, and scattered the whole host of accusing and reproaching devils that attended it. His angry countenance against our accusers has driven away their backbiting tongues, Prov. xxv. 23; the Advocate on high has undermined all their charges, whether false or true, so that they have no foundation against the elect of God: for, although they seek after the sins of Judah, they cannot be found, for there is to be none, the mouth of the Lord has spoken this. The light of God's glorious countenance shining in the face of Jesus, is our saving health, our shining path, and that perfect day which we have got in hope: it makes rough places plain, crooked things straight, and turns the shadow of death into a morning of joy. By this light we walk through darkness, even when surrounded with it on every side; the darkness of ignorance, of superstition, and will worship; the gross darkness of the world; the darkness of idolatry, of errors, and heresy, and all the works and workers of darkness, practised and performed by the sons of Belial. By his light we have walked through all these; and often

walked in confidence, and in safety, when we neither saw our own way, nor the dangers that awaited us. For I have often thought that if we could see the prince of the power of the air, and his innumerable hosts of evil angels, which our Lord calls the fowls of the air, Mark iv. 4, 15; and all the damnable heresies that await us on every side; the malice conceived in the hearts of our adversaries; the numbers that watch for our halting, and that watch for iniquity; the snares and traps with which this world abounds; the unfathomable depths of the human heart, and the innumerable seeds of inbred corruption; the shortness, the weakness and imperfection of the best of frames in the present state; the spiritual desertions; the darts of Satan; the secret arrows of the ungodly; all which constantly attend us in our way to the kingdom;—I say, if every child of God's family had got rid of the old vail entirely, so as to be perfect in knowledge, and to discern all these things as they really are, I think he would crawl into the flesh, and venture abroad no more. But whether we see them or not, we are sure to feel them all in turn. Farewell; peace and truth be with us.

THE DOCTOR.

LXII.

Dec. 23, 1803.

To my beloved Friend greeting, with perfect peace,
and at such a time.

THE Countess of Huntington has got the gout; her brother in Dorsetshire fell sick, and wished to see her; she went, but he died the day before her arrival. She expected he had some money, but it is so hid that none can find it. She went out with fourteen pounds; and, being obliged to bury him, came home with a double infirmity—the gout in the foot and in the pocket: and I think the gout, as well as the law, worketh wrath. I recommend patience, but I have no such thing to spare; I only give my advice, and that gratis. I have been this morning early pondering over the many infirmities that I am subject to, and many of the remedies that have been of use to me in them. For a swelling in the mind I have found a thorn in the flesh of great use, as it serves to let out the wind when I have been puffed up, and feeding upon vanity. And, when my stomach has been so nice and delicate that I have been almost ready to lothe the honeycomb, bitter aloes have proved an excellent stomachic; it has strengthened it, promoted appetite, and helped digestion. “With bitter

herbs shall you eat it:" "All his garments smell of myrrh and aloes:" and sure I am that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and "to an hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." The plague of the heart is preferred to carnal ease; but for every species of the gout there is nothing so effectual as mustard seed and sweet oil: mustard seed is of a warm nature, more so than flannel; and the best and most skilful Physician that ever was in this world has declared that faith, like a grain of mustard seed, would move a mountain from the earth, and why not a swelling from the foot? Sweet oil is good against peevishness and fretfulness, which often attend sick beds, especially when a patient is first seized with pain: this medicine is intended for the sick and afflicted, as it is written, to give them "the oil of joy for mourning." Against an ague in the heart, or when the affections are chilled, and love waxes cold, and carnal security has followed upon it, the most effectual medicine that ever was applied to me in this case has been the coals of juniper, or the flames of spiritual jealousy, springing up from the supposition of injured love: this is as effectual as the fly is to a sluggish bullock. For the lethargy, or a sleepy devil, that is always calling for a pillow, the furnace of affliction, or a journey to Horeb, to behold the earthquake, the wind, and the fire,

has performed wonders. I have known some patients under this disorder who could not keep their eyes open by day, yet have been so awakened as not to be able to close them by night.

At this season of the year infirm people feel their inward seeds of mortality. Damp fogs and keen frosty air search after the gouty matter, and call it up into motion, which causes pain, and pain calls for rest from labour; and confining us is putting our feet in the stocks; and being laid by the heels keeps us from running to mischief; and when the carcass is confined we fetch home our thoughts, desires, and affections, to keep us company, and to entertain us in our solitude: this shews us what is neglected, what is run behind, what is out of joint, and what is off the hooks: it is a time to take stock; take down the files, overhaul the books; to see what is standing against us, what stock there is in trade, what the credit amounts to, and whether we have lost or gained by trading. This my advice is all gratis, therefore it is hoped no umbrage will be taken at the Doctor, who subscribes himself

Yours to serve, under every influenza,

W. H. S. S.

LXIII.

April, 1805.

Dearly beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ,

HAVING a few minutes to spare, I am coming once more with a scrap to my friend, wishing much to know how you do. The last time I saw you, you seemed much altered in countenance, and not a little shaken in frame. This is not alarming, if the inward furniture be but in good repair. "The outward man perishes," says Paul, "but the inward man is renewed day by day." The enlightened understanding is the eye of the new man, which is renewed in knowledge; and, if the path shines more and more, this member of the new man increases. The appetite of the new man is a principle of divine life in the soul, craving the bread of life. When this cries out, "When shall I come and appear before God?" and "as the hart pants for the brook, so my heart and flesh cry out for the living God," it is well. The feet of the new man are the actings of faith, by which we walk, and not by sight. When these are not clogged with doubts and fears, nor left to stagger with fits of unbelief, we make straight paths for our feet: faith purifies the heart, so that nothing lame is turned out of the way, but healed by the word, in answer to faith's prayer. The

compassionate bowels of the new man are charity; this makes the soul tender of God's honour, and causes compassion, mixed with grief; when the old man struggles, and rebellion rises up, and is the true spring of all godly sorrow, and real repentance. The mind of the new man is peace: "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me." The labour, toil, and hourly exercise of the new man, are bearing the cross with patience, and looking out in hope and expectation of the great reward of inheritance. These, my dear friend, are some of the members, features, and traits of the new man, who is much talked of, but little known. If these things be in us and abound, we shall not be barren nor fruitless in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

God bless thee: so prays

Thine in him,

S. S.

LXIV.

April 15, 1805,

Beloved in the Lord, grace and peace be with thee
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I MUST confess that since I saw you last you have been much on my mind, as you appeared to me to be much worn down, greatly altered,

and in constitution nearly as old as myself, though in years much younger. God grant, my dear and kind friend, that our last works may be more than the first; that, instead of leaving our first love, we may be enabled to follow after charity; and to hug, embrace, acknowledge, and cherish every ray, every spark, and every live coal that comes from the altar of burnt offering. "Covet earnestly the best gifts," says God. Life and love are the marrow, and fat of our passover. A feast of fat things is promised to us, and wines on the lees well refined. Nothing, Joseph, cheers the soul like these things; set thy heart upon them, and follow hard after them by constant prayer, watching and observing the work of grace within; and the work of Providence without. Reading also lays in a stock to feed the busy mind, which will and must be employed; and for every favour or token for good furnish the thank offering. You know not how well pleasing these are to God, when they come from the heart, and pass through the hands of a Mediator.

The incense under the law was composed of different aromatic spices. "A pure incense (says God) shall be offered to my name among the Gentiles;" meaning prayer, and other spiritual sacrifices. And I believe that the spiritual meaning and gospel sense of those spices are these seven. First, the grace of life quickens

us, that we may feel our wants, and approach God with an appetite. 2. The grace of light discovers to us, as Paul says, "the things that are freely given us of God." 3. The grace of faith enables us to call upon God in confidence. 4. The grace of hope expects an answer. 5. The grace of submission leaves it to the will of God to grant or withhold, as seems best to him. 6. The grace of patience waits his leisure, while, 7. The grace of love is the coal from the altar, that sets all the others to burning, or to smoking at least. If the fire burns, it is a burnt offering with the fat; but, if it only smoke, it is fervent desire, but not joy; and even this encourages hope, for "the bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench, till he bring forth judgment unto victory, and the isles shall wait for his law." "With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt," says God. "Let your words be seasoned with salt, that they may minister grace to the hearers," says Paul. "Have salt in yourselves, and be at peace one with another," says Christ, "for every sacrifice shall be seasoned with salt." This is the salt of the covenant of our God, which is not to be lacking in our offerings: and these are the spices of which the pure and holy incense is composed. The altar is the Godhead of Christ, which sanctifies the gift; the human nature the sacrifice: Immanuel, God with us in both natures, is the

priest, and the Spirit of all grace furnishes the household with incense; so that "upon the tabernacle there is a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night, for upon all the glory shall be a defence." God bless thee!

Ever thine,

THE DOCTOR.

LXV.

May 10, 1805.

The Doctor, farmer, and grazier; to the Farmer, grazier, and butcher, sendeth greeting.

THIS is fine showery weather for us graziers, and I have found my soul at times grateful to God for it; and, when this is the case, the inside and out-door crop increase and move in concert together. Goodness passes before us, and faith and gratitude follow after; the former helps the latter, and the latter is enlivened by the former. The business of faith is to follow God, to watch his hand, to observe his footsteps, to go on errands, and bring in fresh supplies; to attend and help beggars at the door of hope; to carry petitions and other messages; to kindle the fire upon the altar at the time of incense; and to wait the returns, and apply the answers. In fine weather, when the sun shines;

and in peaceable times, when there is no war; she is much abroad; going often out, and is in much exercise. But in the midst of dangers, and when beset on every hand, as was the case of the disciples on the sea; "Where is your faith?" Not abroad, not in exercise: No, it is within, keeping house, and propping up the heart against overwhelming fears. Let a good word come in, and make the heart glad, and then it will go out. "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" "Thou hast seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee;" and out it goes—"Lord, I believe; and he worshipped him." We live by faith, and thus it is that we go in and out, and find pasture. This principle, called faith, when dormant as an habit, is always attended with a fast; but when active, and in exercise, feasting is going on. Deadness attends the former, but heavenly mindedness, with life and peace, attends the latter. The heart contracts when faith stays at home, but always enlarges when faith goes abroad. Watch these things, and I have no doubt but you will find it so. Out of all the graces which the Holy Spirit plants, there are but three that labour hard in an active way, so as to contribute towards the food of the soul. Patience is to bear weights and burdens; meekness to soften the soil; and humility to submit to God's will. But faith

of the dry weather, when these words came to my mind—"Ask of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so shall the Lord send showers, to every one grass in the field." Before I begun the devil set in. Will the Almighty hear a poor corrupt worm like you, so as to order the clouds to bring rain? When these words came, "Elias was a man of like passions with us, and he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not by the space of three years and six months; and he prayed again, and the Lord sent rain." And how was I enabled to persevere in it; and how glad on Sunday morning to see it was come! This suits us graziers.

Farewell, my dear friend; the Doctor, the Coalheaver, bids thee God speed.

W. H. S. S.

LXVII.

August 23, 1805.

I HAVE just received my dear friend's letter, and thank him for it. I have been a long journey, and a laborious and wearisome round; but not in vain, I am fully persuaded. One poor old farmer came a hundred and forty miles to meet me, and was brought out at Helmsley, where he resided; so that he did not seek in vain; and not a few more fared as well. God

still owns his poor, self-abased, and much despised servant. Though I have been so long absent, and so fully employed, as not to have written to Lewes, yet the same faces have come to me when upon my knees as heretofore: and I hope, in return, they do not forget me. I came home with my strength, body, soul, and cruse, not a little exhausted. But life divine is a springing well, to feed the gift, to fill the heart; and to furnish the mouth: while meekness and love melt the stones, soften the clods, settle the furrows, and crown the springing well. "Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it." A sleepy devil is like the marsh ague; it loves rocking, soothing, dandling, and nursing.—No remedy but prayer, do I know of. Without Christ we can do nothing. Satan works in the head, and makes men frantic; in the bowels, and convulses; in the muscles, and cramps us; and in the blood, to make us lethargic. But he is worst of all in the heart, which is the seat of the old man, and the throne of Satan. Faith and prayer, importunity and watchfulness, will drive him, and all his attendants. Excuse haste, the post time is up.

W. H. S. S.

LXVIII.

Sept. 3, 1805.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

THE contents of your last comforted me. God has promised to renew us in the spirit of our mind; that is, as I conceive, the labour, toil, and perpetual workings of the mind, are called the spirit of it. Hence we read of the carnal mind, and the enmity that works in it; of the worldly mind, and the anxiety of that after worldly treasure; and of the vanity of the mind, it being defiled, and of its vain workings. But, when the Spirit renews it, and makes known the laws of the Spirit, which are written in the mind and the conscience, then we are said to have the mind of Christ respecting ourselves. Conscience at the bottom doing his office, the mind is obliged to attend to its dictates, and to meditate on his reproaches, or on his testimonies, while heavenly things in the mind bring life to the soul, and peace to the conscience. It is with the mind, as far as I am enabled to discern, that God is pleased to commune by his Spirit: and, as this faculty of the soul cleaves to, reclines on, and rests in God's word, dictates and counsels; so in proportion is the mind composed, fed for meditation, and entertained

with fresh discoveries; as it is written, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me, and will save him, because he trusteth in me." Frequent reading and frequent prayer feed the mind, and afford it matter to work on; and, as it works, dives, and plows into the mysteries of redemption, so it affords matter of wonder to the understanding, and matter for love to the affections. Hence Paul says, "So then with the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." Meditation greatly encourages and strengthens faith; and a full persuasion in the mind is no less than the assurance of faith—"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

I am not a little delighted with the contents of yours; nor have I been permitted to leave the throne without acknowledging the goodness of God to thee in my poor way, and with some degree of gratitude to him, which springs from his own love. For, to tell you the truth, I used to think that you did not come up to the standard of Christ; namely, that you had not arrived at that state which fixes and assures the heart, and consists in these four things. First, such a compliance with convictions, as for confession and prayer to move in concert with them. 2. To come out of the furnace with that submission to God's will, which sanctifies afflictions, and brings peace. 3. To be at a point of cer-

tainty about the goodness of your state. And
4. to delight in God and in his ways, which is
called joying in God, (Rom. v. 11.) or the joy
of hope.

Farewell! Grace and peace be with thee.
So prays

S. S.

LXIX.

October 25, 1805.

THE Doctor's respects to his old companion in travail. How goes on my fellow citizen of no mean city? Christ is the way of life, and the gate of life; and the chief blessing promised in the heavenly Jerusalem is this—"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city." Here are his commandments.—And what are they? Why, they are not grievous, but joyous; namely, that we believe on his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment. Blessed are they that do them. And what is God's blessing? Life for evermore. And he that believes hath everlasting life; and he is passed from death to life who loves the brethren—There is life in the blessing, life in faith, and life in love. And what is the tree of life? Christ in us the hope of glory. "Hope de-

ferred makes the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life." The believer carries Christ crucified into heaven with him; for Christ crucified is the tree of life for faith in this world, and Christ glorified is the tree of life in heaven.

Another blessing of the heavenly Jerusalem is liberty.—The heavenly Jerusalem above is free, and she is the mother of us all. "So then we are not children of the bond woman, but of the free." "Open the gates, that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in." "Receive the truth," says Christ, "and the truth shall make you free; and if the Son make you free, you shall be free indeed." And Christ says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" and every one that is not in the truth, nor of the truth, is without the gates, through which nothing shall enter that loves or makes a doctrinal lie.

The third thing of this adorable city is righteousness. This holy city which is the bride, the Lamb's wife, is clothed in white linen, which is the righteousness of the saints. God granted to her to be arrayed in white raiment, that she might match her bridegroom. And what gates are those which lead to the enjoyment of this righteousness? "Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go in unto them; this gate of the Lord, into which the

righteous shall enter." This righteousness is Christ; he is "the end of the law for righteousness to all that believe." As our Mediator, he is the gate of life, that leads to the tree of life. He is the gate of truth, that leads to the freedom of this city; and he is the gate of righteousness, that leads to the enjoyment of the white linen, which is peculiar to the citizens of that free city. These three gates are open east, west, north and south, and so make twelve. "Go through, go through the gates; cast up, cast up the high way; lift up the standard," &c.

I have some suspicion that my friend is low, dark, and bewildered. So I think, and so I believe; and that these scraps will come in due season, which I must submit to your judgment.

THE DOCTOR.

LXX.

August 8, 1806.

BELOVED,

I was sorry to hear last week that thou had been so ill, because no sickness of a saint is a single affliction. The whole army of corruptions take advantage of such times; for Satan is a present, a very present plague in every time of trouble, and musters up all his legions to obscure, confound, and perplex the soul, when

God is about to purge the branch. But in these trying times we see the devil and his malice; corruption and all its works; and the holy law of God, and the bondage it genders. But, as soon as the gentleness and meekness of Christ operate, we see the better king, the better crop of grace, and the better covenant; and by these means are we taught to distinguish the old from the new.

There is a need for a fire in Zion, and a furnace in Jerusalem. God will build up the throne of his dear Son to all generations, and you know that his throne is in Zion, and it is charity that edifieth, buildeth up, or raiseth an edifice. And he promises to circumcise our hearts to love him. When love waxes cold his throne totters, and the subject is halting or wavering betwixt two. The furnace is to purge this dross; and when his delivering and renewing power is felt the soul melts, kisses the rod, submits to his will, confesses his just deserts, and embraces him again with the most cordial affection, begging it may never be so again. But as long as there is desperate wickedness in the heart, so long the fire must remain in Zion, and the daily cross be borne by all that will follow the Lamb. Body and soul are both God's work, but sin is not. Body and soul, even to the hairs of the head, shall be saved, for these are given to Christ; and of all that is

LXVIII.

Sept. 3, 1803.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

THE contents of your last comforted me. God has promised to renew us in the spirit of our mind; that is, as I conceive, the labour, toil, and perpetual workings of the mind, are called the spirit of it. Hence we read of the carnal mind, and the enmity that works in it; of the worldly mind, and the anxiety of that after worldly treasure; and of the vanity of the mind, it being defiled, and of its vain workings. But, when the Spirit renews it, and makes known the laws of the Spirit, which are written in the mind and the conscience, then we are said to have the mind of Christ respecting ourselves. Conscience at the bottom doing his office, the mind is obliged to attend to its dictates, and to meditate on his reproaches, or on his testimonies, while heavenly things in the mind bring life to the soul, and peace to the conscience. It is with the mind, as far as I am enabled to discern, that God is pleased to commune by his Spirit: and, as this faculty of the soul cleaves to, reclines on, and rests in God's word, dictates and counsels; so in proportion is the mind composed, fed for meditation, and entertained

north winds, and by the fogs and the frosts; all of which are so many warnings and ejections before the earthly house of this tabernacle be untiled and dissolved; and, when reduced to its origin, it will be raised up again, and be clothed upon with our house which is from above. To prepare for this change, to lay up a good foundation against that day, is the most important and the most weighty business that belongs to the workmen, and to the workmanship of God in us; which is intended to quicken, to animate, and to give us spiritual affections for heavenly things; and sensations also that we may feel them, know them, be assured of their reality, and live in the enjoyment of them, and be constrained to a loving and grateful acknowledgment thereof. And these are intended to give us motion; also that we may breathe, pant, and long after them, and move towards them, as to our centre and chief good.

The feet of that soul are faith and affections: these move the soul as they feel, bear, and carry the body. Hence the saint is said to walk by faith, and idolaters to doat and follow after their lovers; and to understand these footsteps, (called the footsteps of the flock, and a treading in the footsteps of the faith of our father Abraham) is what is meant by the feet slipping, and the steps being almost gone. The whole

is nothing else but faith failing, love giving way to enmity, and the affections being alienated from God; which is, and must be, the case with all apostates; who fall not down now into trouble, nor from their first love, or from their own steadfastness, but who fall away. "He that believeth shall not make haste." He cannot put forth his own faith into action; nor can all the thundering preachers in the world drive it. Faith is the holy Spirit's work; it is a fruit of a grace of his planting; and the mind and heart are the seat, the life, and motions of it; while the acts, exercises, and workings of it depend solely upon the operations of the most holy Spirit of God. Hence faith moves by fresh discoveries or rays of light; by different changes, feelings, and sensations; and under different operations; and acts and moves from one foot-hold to another; as God is pleased to visit or make any discoveries of himself to the soul.

The sinner, awakened, alarmed, and quickened by the Spirit, lays fast hold of the justice of God; his truth, holiness, and immutability; while faith, by this view and this sense, purifies us from our strange idol—I mean, a God all mercy; which is a false and lying opinion, unworthy of God, and dishonourable to him. But when the mercy of God in Christ appears, and melts and softens the envious mind into contrition and com-

pliance, this produces repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Upon this hope springs up, and a peaceable calm succeeds; which, whether known or unknown to the soul, is the fruit and effect of imputed righteousness, and of justification by it; for "the righteousness of Christ is to all, and upon all that believe." Next to this a reconciled Father is apprehended in Christ Jesus, and sonship is made manifest by faith in him. And upon this love, in some degree or other, enlarges the heart. "We have," (says John) "believed the love that God hath to us." From these experiences the steps of faith are taken, just as enlargement with God in prayer, or refreshment from him in the means, or deliverance from trouble, appear; or as encouraging promises are spoken; or as comfortable visits and indulgences are granted.

I have run on at an odd rate, but you will excuse

W. HUNTINGTON.

LXXII.

Nov. 28, 1806.

To my old companion in soul travail, and dearly beloved in the Lord, the Coalheaver sendeth greeting.

THE gout in the body, and that which is peculiar to the pocket, do operate different ways; and what is good for the former is of little use to the latter. I have been free from this epidemical disease all this winter, though I do not believe that I have one near relation in the flesh that is ever free from it, either in the winter or summer, it being a family disorder, constitutional, and hereditary. But yours lies in the vitals; mine in the extremities. However, there is one sovereign remedy, that is irresistible; which neither cold nor heat, ague nor fever, chilling damps, nor parching winds, can ever withstand—and that is faith in, and prayer to, the all-wise, divinely-skilled, and omnipotent Saviour of helpless sinners. And I have at times thought that, if there is a worthless worm in the British isles who can assert this with confidence, the presumptuous rebel (as I am often called) and the despicable, stinking Antinomian (as some call me) can with all boldness affirm this. No disorder or disease;

no foe without or foe within; no bodily or ghostly enemy; no corporeal or spiritual infirmity; could ever withstand, much less repel, the force of believing and persevering prayer, put up to the great Physician, or to the Father of all mercies in the great Physician's name. And the more this holy way to the throne is trodden, the more smooth and easy it becomes; the more faith is employed in this way, the stronger and bolder she grows; and the more our poor petitions are repeated, the greater are their returns; yea, these proceedings assure us of divine audience, of attention, and of redress. This is the new navigation, opened for the vessels of mercy, where all wise merchantmen should seek their goodly pearls. The worst diseases in this world are the leprosy, the plague of the heart, the dead palsy, and that of being born blind. The blood of sprinkling cures the first, sovereign grace the second, the promise of life the third; and he counsels us to buy eye-salve of him to expel the deadly and dismal gloom from the mind and understanding.

I wish you was as free from your gouty habit as I am from mine, that I might congratulate you on your happy recovery. However, the new man is incapable of all this train of diseases, and of the infections of the old man, the sole cause of them all. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and we know that

divine light and life, faith and hope, love and joy, peace and comfort, are of God; nothing can be added to these, nor any thing taken from them; and God does this work that men should fear before him; and the fear of the Lord is his treasure. But, though these things are begun, they are not complete. There is room for more love, more joy, more light, more life, and more peace. But Christ is ascended on high that he might fill all things; that is, that every treasure of grace might be filled with glory; and this he promises to do: "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment; that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures." This will be the accomplishment of the good work begun; and this being set before us leaves room for appetite, for desires, longings, and cravings, which I believe will never cease where the Holy Spirit once sends his divine influence through the soul; until we are filled with all the fulness of God. Many, many earnest, pledges, tokens, foretastes, first fruits, &c. are given by the way, to assure us of this sociable and all satisfying banquet; after which we shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more. Adieu!

THE DOCTOR.

LXXIII.

Dec. 22, 1866,

I do not expect my beloved friend to answer every scrap that may fly to him from me; he has much on his hands. At times I find a few leisure hours, when I send a few fragments of the bread of life to those who are quickened to feel an appetite, and whose perishing state has changed their vitiated stomachs to relish and savour of the bread of heaven and the passover offering, which choice fare seldom goes a begging. You complain of being a dunce, and of ease, &c. The Laodicean church wanted eye-salve; and for want of this she was all fulness, all wealth, all sufficiency. But the unction is to make her appear wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked; that faith, the wedding robe, and the ointment of Christ, might be embraced. In this view we have both our beggary, and the true riches; and I believe that the Spirit of divine revelation, in the knowledge of Christ, will never let the child of God finally lose sight of either of these. A sight of self counteracts pride, and Christ's fulness forbids despair.

I often feel myself in your dead, careless, unsavoury and ungrateful frame. But, being conscious that by terrible things in righteous-

ness I must be brought out of the lethargy, and of the rickets, which my cowardly soul much dreads; as soon as I find it, I plead hard, though with little life, and tell him how he finds fault with those who have a name to live while dead; with the preacher who did not strengthen the things which were ready to die, and how much I am indebted to his grace; likewise of his promise to water us every moment, that our life should not wither; and of being fruitful in old age, to shew that God is upright; then again of his promise, that those who scatter shall increase, and they that water shall be watered also themselves, &c. I persist in this, and am sure to feel an alteration whenever I adopt this method. And, finding this, I continue to offer thank offerings, and try all day long to watch and observe, that no undeserved favour may pass unnoticed or unacknowledged, knowing that these are all the tributes of his empire, and the only revenues of his realm.

These things, my dear brother, are weighty matters with me, to which I attend every day of my life; and they are now become so customary and habitual, that I find my account in it, and therefore hope, by God's help, to be unwearied and indefatigable in these poor simple offerings; which I know come up with acceptance on God's altar, nor do they return empty

to the gentile Levite. All our fruit is found in him; and both the incense and the fire must be obtained from his fulness by the prayer of faith, before they can be offered up. Daily experience teaches this. All the sweet things with which the soul is nourished are conveyed to us from his treasure, while our grateful acknowledgments are his sweet repast. "I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey, I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat, O friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O my beloved."

But now to business: I have a desire, if God should permit me to die a natural death, to lay my bones near to those of his Excellency; and James and old Peg B. would like to sleep by me. I have children enow in London to fill the vault at Petersham, who perhaps will not be able to convey themselves further off. I wish therefore to know whether a bit of ground can be obtained, and what the expense of such a vault would be. Do, if time will permit, set some friend to examine and estimate it, and you will much oblige, dear brother,

Yours in the best of all bonds,
with love to dame,

THE DOCTOR.

LXXIV.

Jan. 1, 1807.

BELOVED,

ONE appellation given to the church is that of an army with banners; and, when faith is at work and united prayers are ascending, it is more than all the forces of Persia, Rome, or Greece. How often have I seen the spirit of Satan chased out of all the company of the saints, and out of all their prayers, hearts and affections, when the tares, the children of the wicked one, have been sown among the wheat; which have sometimes appeared in disaffection, sometimes in pride, dissension, discord, contention, scorn, heresy, sloth, or slumbering, or dead sleep. Two or three, getting together in prayer, have pursued, chased, driven and beaten Satan out of all his coverts, till he has been obliged to quit the regions of consecration, and all the borders of holy ground, and his adherents with him; insomuch that not one of his seed has ever appeared among us again; but, being discovered and cast forth as a branch they have withered away; and men, wicked men gather them into their company, which dries them up, and makes them fit fuel for Tophet. Isaiah xxx. 33.

The sleepy devil came on me first at Ewell,

when I had scarcely any flesh on my bones ; and, not suspecting to find the devil administering opium and rocking the cradle, I strove, bowed, cried and prayed—but all in vain; the moment I bowed my knees, or took a book, I was in a sound sleep. When I wanted, in the morning, to be up at prayer, and to work, down I was lulled, and all the senses I had were locked up, and all life and motion were gone; and at this I laboured till I was all but mad. To remedy it, I went to bed at six in the evening ; but twelve hours rest afforded me not the least satisfaction. At length I suspected something infernal, and prayed accordingly; when eventually I gained a little ground, for which I thanked God and took courage; and soon after put to flight the devil, and all the sleepy, drowsy, slumbering army of these aliens. Next came the same complaint from a poor man, who had in like manner been invaded. We went the same way to work ; when Satan's abode there being soon discovered, and he routed, he went to one or two more. And not long since he attacked L. S. but could not get himself confirmed in his lodgings. Since that he has fled to and seized Mrs. M. and gained such ground as to lull her to sleep on her knees by the bed-side, till in the morning she has been almost frozen; and there he kept his ground for nine or ten months, but is now routed from thence; and I know that

neither the king of pride, nor the prince of hell, can ever stand before the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in us, and the intercession of our High-priest in the holy of holies, eternal in the heavens: and this is evangelical, sound, and divine speech, which cannot be condemned.

I wish you to build the vault, if not offensive to the flock, and as close to his Excellency as may be; for one house is better well filled than two spoiled; and, as devils are plagues to others, they do best together. My kind, sincere, hearty and Christmas love to Dame, and accept the same yourself from the

COALHEAVER, S. S.

LXXV.

22 Jan. 1807.

I RECEIVED the letter of my companion in travail and companion in trouble. What he hints at, I mean the works of the devil, is true. Satan lives upon five sorts of provision. Dust shall be the serpent's meat: upon the sins of the flesh and blood he feeds, flesh and blood being but dust and ashes. But his choicest dish is that of wreaking his vengeance on the meek, lowly, and childlike, disciples of Jesus; these lambs being in his bosom, and these little ones being his chief care and concern, and which have no

other weapons than the simplicity of the gospel, he waits every opportunity to vent the spleen of his infernal rage upon them; but out of the mouths of these babes God has ordained strength to perfect praise, that he might still the enemy and the avenger. He is the eternal enemy of God for his banishing and cursing of him; and labours to avenge himself on the Almighty, by venting his desperation upon the feeble favourites of heaven, whom he knows God loves. His third diet is pride; hence called a king over all the children of pride; he works in the rich to be proud of their wealth; in the pharisee and bond child to boast of their profession; and in the unguarded believer to be proud of his gifts, his attainments, and even of his comfortable frames; if a spirit of meekness, contrition, and self-abasement do not counteract it. The devil's fourth dish is lying; he sets up false gods, and represents the true one in a false light; he furnishes false prophets with false doctrine, and leads them to trust in a false heart, and to persevere in false worship, which is walking in falsehood. Fifthly, murder is his bent, both body and soul; he seeks whom he may devour, and to the most faithful servants that he hath he is the most cruel; witness Saul, Abithophel, and Judas; none of whom the devil killed, for this would have been his own sin, and have added a fresh link to his chain; but he

When I arrived in the chapel on Saturday eve, I had an account of the struggle of the catholics labouring to get loose, to swallow up Zion. Then came Satan, and beat to arms, in order to alarm, awaken, and muster up his legions of inbred corruption; and, when the prince of this world cometh, how many of these does he find in me? I had little sleep, and in the morning was so cold and dead, so backward and inactive, so stubborn, perverse, and refractory, that I murmured, fretted, and complained bitterly; but when I went into the pulpit, and began to open my mouth, the salt, the cruse of oil, the springing well, the fountain of life, and wisdom's flowing brook, seemed all in motion together; light, life and love, joy and peace, spread their fragrant incense, and odoriferous perfumes all over the spouse's robes. No Doctor, no Rev. Mr. Huntington was there. "Wisdom killed her own beasts, furnished her own table, prepared her own bread, mingled her own wine, bid her own guests, and entertained her own friends. "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." And since that time I have soared aloft, and flown my kite almost out of sight; so that I was in danger of breaking the string. But all this is now over; the Lord is gone on his way, and I am returned to my place, to bewail my fate, lament my loss, and to reflect upon times past. How trying are

these continual changes, always craving; but never full! How transient are our visits! How short-lived are our joys! But you and I get old, and I have no desire to be young again. "The end of a thing is better than the beginning, and the day of death than the day of one's birth." A chosen vessel is born to trouble both at his first and at his second birth; but death ends it. These cold days and nights have shrivelled the Doctor quite up; and it is too cold and chilly to venture out.

Farewell! the best of all blessings be upon thee.

W. H. S. S.

LXXVII.

March 26, 1807.

BELOVED,

I CANNOT help sending you a few lines upon the present prospects of Zion's calamity. I have, from the first appearance of Satan's coming down among us with great wrath, (by the instrumentality of Tom Paine) seen the spirit of the disaffected in a most awful and perilous light. They have all along appeared to me as persons completely taken and entangled in that hour of temptation: and I have watched not a

few; but never yet have seen one, whether professor or profane, either prosperous or in peace. And true it is that one sin never comes alone—"Man knows the beginning of sin; but who bounds the issues thereof?" says Spirah. These disaffected ones will, I doubt not, be the means of bringing in the man of sin; though I believe that this was far from the thoughts of many of them, and even now many of them do not wish it; but, being united in the same spirit, and having once wished them God speed, they shall and will share in all the evils they do; and must be partakers of these men's sins.

The different passages of scripture, which appear to me to point out the future progress of popery, are the following. "And when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people all these things shall be finished," Dan. xii. 7. These holy people are in this island, and I believe there are but few elsewhere. The catholics are now labouring, and the jacobins with them, to get into the army and navy, in order to influence both. Next they will get into the houses of parliament; and when once they can carry their point there the outer court will be given to the Gentiles, which means the Romans, Rev. xi. 2. When they have got possession of this, mass will be read in the churches, and popery in all its branches will be the established religion of

Great Britain. And, as for our dead formalists, the Arminians also, and all the old dead and dry dissenters, these must unite with them; for "all that dwell upon the earth shall worship the beast, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," Rev. xiii. 8. Having thus gotten possession of the outward court, the established church, and grasped all power, civil, ecclesiastical and military, they will then abolish the act of toleration, and scatter the power of the holy people; when they will get at the temple and the inward spiritual worshippers, and put a final stop to all real worship, and silence the witnesses of God; which are called two, including both churches and ministers. And, when they have finished their testimony, the beast that ascended out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them; "And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city. And they of the people, and kindreds, and tongues, and nations, shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves," Rev. xi. 8, 9. This seems to be the last effort of the man of sin.

The death of these witnesses seems to be a political one, or slaying them as witnesses, that is, silencing them all together. And then the pope "shall plant the tabernacles of his palace

between the seas in his glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him," Dan. xi. 4, 5. "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince; and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation;" but the elect shall be delivered, Dan. xii. 1. And when Michael stands up the Holy Spirit will descend. This time of trouble will last three years and a half. "And after three days and a half the Spirit of life from God entered into them," (the slain witnesses) "and they stood upon their feet, and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up in a cloud," and appeared once more a cloud of witnesses for God, Rev. xi. 11. And under this display of power, from this cloud of witnesses, the man of sin will be discovered, by the light, and be consumed by the spirit of the Lord's mouth; and the ten kings in Europe, which now help the whore (being converted), will then hate her, strip her, and burn her, Rev. xvii. 16.

Our poor, honest, and faithful king seems to be the breath of our nostrils, for under his shadow we now dwell among the heathen; but when he is removed the prospect will bear a more gloomy aspect.

Farewell, the Lord bless thee! Ever yours,

REYNOLDS

W. H. S. S.

LXXVIII.

May 8, 1807.

I DROP a few lines to inform my dear friend that next Sunday I shear my sheep, and the Sunday following is ordinance day with us. I generally leave the table about five o'clock, at which time I intend to set off from the chapel door in a post chaise; to sleep that night at Godstone, and to dine the next day at the vicarage. Poor James and old Peg accompany me; and I hope I shall come in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace. I long much to see my old friends, as I now feel that I get old, feeble, and soon tired. But the anchor of hope within seems firm, and keeps me watching, waiting, expecting, and looking out for the promised reward of inheritance, though of all creatures the most unworthy of it. But the gifts and calls of God are without repentance. God has repented that he made man, and often repents of the evils denounced against man; but he never repents of giving him life, nor of calling him either to grace or glory. He takes pleasure in all that fear him, and in all that hope in his mercy. I should wish this kept secret, that the vicarage be not crowded with boarders and lodgers when I come.

God bless my friend.

THE COALHEAVER.

forth and attends prayer, and exercises itself upon her own Father and his fulness. Hope watches, waits, and expects her welcome return; when Love embraces the supply, and sends up her grateful acknowledgments to her most bountiful supplier and provider. "Awake, O north wind! and come, thou south! blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out, and send up their spicy fragrance and odorous perfumes as a sweet-smelling savour to our God."

God delights in his own implanted graces, and takes notice of every grace and fruit that his Spirit produces. "The fear of the Lord is his treasure." He "takes pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy."—Faith also.—"Well done, good and faithful servant." Love.—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him; I will set him on high, because he hath known my name." Humility.—God dwells with the humble and contrite heart.—Meekness. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly." "The meek will he guide in judgment; the meek will he teach his way." Self-loathing.—"You shall lothe yourselves in your own sight when I am pacified towards you." Submission.—"He repented and went," and did the will of his father.

These, my beloved, are the Lord's own plantation; upon these the heavenly gales blow;

clude matters are at a low ebb with you. I have been for some time past watching the motions, actings, goings out, and returnings of faith. When my mind is serene, calm, and composed; and conscience in undisturbed peace, then faith goes forth and works among the invisible realities of the world to come; she fetches back past experiences, past providences, and past deliverances; and this encourages and animates the soul. She looks within, and the heart is fixed; she looks around, and the blessings of providence and grace environ her about. "With favour wilt thou compass them as with a shield." But, as soon as Satan begins to move (which he is sure to do when the Author of all real peace seems to withdraw), then he puts fresh vigour into his inbred corruptions. He calls up unbelief and carnal reason to assist her. He stirs up enmity, legal bondage, and slavish fear, to assist them. Then comes on the old, dismal, gloomy vail, to obscure every evidence and every token for good. At such times as these it may truly be said, "Where is your faith?" I observe that at such times she stays at home, to prop up and support the heart; to hold fast and keep carefully what we have got: and I have at times wondered to feel how firm the heart has remained, while the seven-fold storm has beat on the mind and head. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed,

the furnace God promises to acknowledge us for his own, and that we shall claim him as ours. There is nothing spiritual or divine but what will stand the fire or the water. Grace is an incorruptible seed; and gospel blessings are the divine nature, which no matter can touch, no corruption can taint; these live and abide forever. Job never lost one promise, one blessing, nor one grace, in all his trials: he came forth as gold more pure, more rich, more mighty, and more holy. Neither God's testimony nor his own integrity, neither his faith, his hope, his patience, nor not one ray of light, nor one breath of life, nor one branch of knowledge, nor one prophecy of future enlargement, was missing at Job's enlargement; without fail he recovered all. The furnace is intended to purge off the dross and the tin. The base metal, and not the real God, purges off, and when it is purged away, faith and truth, Christ and holiness, come the closer together; such there are; the days of the Son of man, but they are of short duration; for the old stock soon works itself, and solicits its fresh burden; and hence it is that the fire must remain in Zion, and therefore nace in Jerusalem. But it will not be always so; grace shall not only reign over sin, but shall outlive it. The incorruptible seed shall terminate in an incorruptible harvest; the body

LXXXIII.

The Cabin, on board the Providence, bound for the Fair Havens, the Cape of Good Hope, and Trinity Bay, in the New-found-land.

April 2, 1808.

SAMU'EL is often dangerous in fine weather, when we are apt to get too secure. I had a sad storm yesterday, and difficult work to manage the helm. Satan stirred my old man up at a most awful rate; and they were raging and cursing below deck till I trembled above. I could not find my log-book, and visitors crowded in upon me continually, till I grew wretched, and Satan advised me to let down the boat under colour, and so flee out of the ship, desert the service, and leave the crew without a pilot. O, what a creature is man! Of all the fearful conceptions that ever I have conceived of death, the king of terrors, and the worst imagination that ever I imagined of ghosts, devils, savages, bears, tigers, lions, ~~and~~ wolves—put them all together, and paint them in the most fearful, frightful, or formidable light—all never terrified the doctor so much as a real sight and sense of William Huntington has done, when I have seen him in God's light. And I do believe that I can say with reverence, the Lord knows that I lie not in this confession. These views, in the light of an angry God shining in a broken law,

send the vessel of wrath to the bottom. All false hopes, false faith, human righteousness, false notions of a God all mercy, &c. &c. he goes through these briars and thorns, and burns them all together. This is the last gasp of free will, and the eternal death of legal hope. But this death is attended with new life; we rise to newness of life: the dead, "the dead hear the voice of the Son of God and live." After the sad storm of yesterday was blown over, and I had been exercised with many texts, striving one against the other, the last verse of the xxvth of Matthew's gospel abode with me, and I was long in it, and ted through with a high hand indeed. And now I am in a strait betwixt two, not knowing which to wonder at most; the badness of the doctor's heart, or the unfailing goodness of God's dear Son! *God for ever bless thee, fellow invalid.*

Adieu!

LXXXIV.

1808.

My friend is did by the heels, I suppose to keep him from running into mischief. And as the ox, when he is over his fodder, you will not despise a turn while confined to the crib.

Had you been about business, I should have deferred an answer; but purging draughts call for confinement and attention, and a little caudle at such times is a cheering draught. I am still rheumatic, which serves to keep my thoughts at home, to empty the vessel of its dregs, to make roots for a better treasure; that in the same life the outward man may decay, and the inward man be renewed; and, in the Lord's work, death may work in the labourer, and life work in the husbandry. When the snares of death and the harbingers of the grave pursue, they sap the foundations of all future schemes, and overthrow all the castles built, or intended to be built, in the air. Death, the grave, judgment, and the future inheritance, are all at home, and uppermost. The best time this for settling accounts. The day book, the waste book, and the ledger, are taken down from the shelf, and examined, adjusted, and put in order. Conscience brings in her daily neglected score; the scriptures shew us our inattentions, deficiencies, shortcomings, and imperfections; and the book of life shews how much we live below our election of God. And, when all these are attended to, by examination under the inquiry of heaven, and are balanced by a renewed act of faith on the Son of God, and the grace that flows from a persuasion of an interest in him, after humble confessions, petitions, ac-

knowledgments, and earnest entreaties, we go
 forth with all accounts balanced; matters are
 squared, peace is renewed, and a fresh grant of
 enlargement is given. Affections are warm, con-
 science is tender, God precious, his hand is
 watched, and every appearance of evil is thun-
 dered, detested, and abhorred. All this good-
 ness, however, is transitory; and, as the early
 dew, in two or three days it passeth away;
 when we have neither power to resist the
 world, nor to pray to God against it. We de-
 crease these things, but they are not established
 unto us; we purpose, but our purposes are all
 broken off; even the thoughts of our hearts
 and this is the solution of all—"Without me
 ye can do nothing." "Thy will is present with
 me;" and therefore must end; for doing is God's
 work, and thou canst not do it. Mrs. M. your daughter, crawled into my
 heart long ago, and I liked her conversation
 coming from so much; but since her marriage
 have seen nothing of her, yet hope to remember
 her. The seven lights in your dream you may
 see in Zech. iv. 2; Rev. i. 12. Light, know-
 ledge, faith, love, joy, reproof, and comfort
 seem to be meant, as they are said to be sent
 forth into all the earth, Rev. vi. 17. From these
 lamps all real holiness distils. When Mr. O. said
 Doctor Bowyer at the vicarage, I wrote a long
 letter, describing my inward conflicts, and the

workings of my mind for the last twelve years; to which I never received an answer. Get that, and you will see my dreams.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

LXXXV.

I BELIEVE that this unusually cold weather is no more friendly to my friend's gout than it is to my rheumatism. I have had more of those pains this month than I had during all the other part of the winter. A complex creature, however, made up of three men, must expect changes. The outward man decays, the inward man has some renewings, and the old man is a plague to both. He never sweats nor tires, nor ever fears or faints; but works without intermission, striving for the mastery, and calling for obedience; and is dotingly fond of lenity, indulgence, gratification, and a mantle of corrupt charity. This, however, I can see in the Lord's light—that the outward man is the work of God's hands, given to Christ, and is by no means to be lost, but raised up at the last day. The new man is the new creation, created in Christ Jesus, and must both live and reign.

The old man has the devil for his sire, and was begotten on Eve's mind by faith in a lie, of which Satan is the father; and the conception is enmity, seated in a carnal mind. With this fleshly mind the law of sin is loved. "It is not subject to the law of God, nor can be;" but to the law of sin alone. This is the root, from which malice, hatred, envy, rebellion, and stubbornness, all spring. And, as for the root of the new man, it is love.

The clearest and fullest account of these two principles, that I have yet discovered, is in Exodus xx. 5, 6; where you will find internal hatred, and love in the Spirit, to be the two principles, the two roots, and the two real earnestnesses of hell and of heaven. One was completed in the Jews when Christ pronounced these words, "They have seen and hated both me and my Father;" and the other will be completed when, as Christ says, they shall be made perfect in one—in one Spirit, in one principle, in one crowning grace; and that is to be made perfect in love. And these two principles become mature and ripe, and fill each vessel, the vessels of mercy and those of wrath. The one is filled, fitted, and ripened, by hating the saints, and the power of God in them; the other by loving the children of God, and the pure gospel of Christ. In the former, the Jews filled up the measure of their fathers, and by

the latter the saints passed from death unto life. Envy in the adversaries is the evident token of perdition; and to be hated for love is an evident token of salvation, and that of God. And these are the two places for the two vessels; heaven and hell, in a saint's compass.

But I must conclude this subject, and turn to myself; concluding that, if this sharp weather lasts much longer, I must send to Lewes, and engage some of his Excellency's mourners. Read Jeremiah ix: 17, 18, where you have a sweet account of these sympathizing souls.

Farewell! Grace and truth be with us.

W. H. S. S.

LXXXVI. of the
Feb. 7, 1809.

It is true that I did not expect to hear any more from my old friend, though the cause I knew not. In your sickness I did long to see you, because from report you was going off the stage, and I heard that your joys were great, which is an indulgence that I never was favoured with but once in all the sicknesses that have fallen to my lot. I wonder not at kind Providence passing before thee, which is our encou-

vantage to follow after; and is, and has long
 been, a choice entertainment for my faith,
 when the contrary is, as Naomi says, *marah*, a
 bitter purge, but, no banquet. Whatever God
 has in store for us the Holy Spirit knows, for
 he searches the deep things of God. He then
 kindles a desire after it, which is called hearing
 and answering us before we speak, and while
 we are speaking, "the desires of the righteous
 shall be granted." And again, "Wait upon
 him, and he shall give thee the desires of thine
 heart." Speaking our desires is the fruit of the
 lips: and, if fluency of speech, energy of soul,
 and a degree of confidence attend this incense,
 I always conclude that faith is the substance of
 the thing hoped for, and according to my faith
 it will be unto me. But there are three spices
 more to be mingled with this offering of in-
 cense. Trust in God ~~to~~ fulfil his word and
 honour faith. Patience to wait God's time.
 "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me."
 Submission to his will, whether it come or not,
 with a persuasion that it shall end in our good,
 whether it hark or no; at this time it is sure
 to come. This has been ~~more or less~~ the ex-
 perience of the ~~God~~ heaven for thirty-five years,
 and is not finished to this day. ~~about a bold~~
 Some time ago I dreamed that I was at the
 head of a large party, with a much larger party
 drawn up against us; and we were disputing

Had you been about business, I should have deferred an answer; but purging draughts call for confinement and attention, and a little candle at such times is a cheering draught. I am still rheumatic, which serves to keep my thoughts at home, to empty the vessel of its dregs, to make room for a better treasure; that in the soul's life the outward man may decay, and the inward man be renewed; and, in the Lord's work, death may work in the labourer, and life work in the husbandry. When the snares of death and the harbingers of the grave pursue, they sap the foundations of all future schemes, and overthrow all the castles built, or intended to be built, in the air. Death, the grave, judgment, and the future inheritance, are all at home and uppermost. The best time this for settling accounts. The day book, the waste book, and the ledger, are taken down from the shelf, and examined, adjusted, and put in order. Conscience brings in her daily neglected score; the scriptures shew us our inattentions, deficiencies, short-comings, and imperfections; and the book of life shews how much we live below our election of God. And, when all these are attended to, by examination under the inquiry of heaven, and are balanced by a renewed act of faith on the Son of God, and the grace that flows from a persuasion of an interest in him, after humble confessions, petitions, ac-

Whether this was the whore of Babylon, or a pimp of her's nearer home, time may tell. But this I say, whatever may have intervened, that in honesty and reality I remain yours in Him,

THE COALHEAVER.

The lanthorn is still with me.

LXXXVII.

Cricklewood, March 1, 1809.

To my dear Friend, greeting.

YOur epistle and its contents came to hand, and I thank you for it. This cold winter has been attended with continual rheumatic pains in my old tabernacle. But, blessed be the Lord God, he does not forget the seed of his dear Son, nor the rainbow of his covenant. His promise of life is fulfilled in us, and his bow remains a faithful witness in the heavens—that he will no more deluge the world, nor drown his children in destruction and perdition; both which are confirmed by oath; and this oath is for confirmation, to put an end to all strife between us and carnal reason, and between faith and unbelief; that the heirs of promise “may have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope God hath set before them.” And blessed be God for ever—

more for such rich and noble security, which makes the promise of life sure to all the seed. How are we encompassed with the benignity, and with the divine provision, of our God! God the Father loving us, because we are enabled to love and believe in his dear Son; Christ in the holy place ever living to make intercession for us; and the Holy Spirit in us helping our infirmities, and making intercession for us also, according to the will of God. And, for my part, I know not which is the greatest wonder of these three—the Father's everlasting love to us, his choice of us, and good-will of purpose and of promise in Christ;—the incarnation of Christ, and his finished salvation for us;—or the inhabitation of the Holy Ghost, and his regenerating and renewing work in us. These are most wonderful things to me, and were settled and ordained before the world unto our glory. But the last of these three is the nearest to us; the two former being already completed, immutably fixed, and sure and steadfast for ever. But our concern lies chiefly with the Spirit's work. We must make our calling sure; election and redemption being as sure as heaven can make them. Nor can the logic or cavils of Satan gain any credit with us against these. But against the Holy Spirit and his work in us; against our sonship, our faith and interest in these things, he labours with all his might.

Besides, in heaven Satan has no allies, though he has a large party of the disaffected in our hearts; I mean darkness, enmity, evil lusts, and unbelief. Hence the need of our attention to the Spirit's work, especially to him as the Spirit of adoption. He makes our sonship manifest by believing; "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." He cries, Abba, father, in us, when his cry and our faith agree: he bears his witness to our adoption, and makes conscience also bear the same testimony: he seals us with the fullest assurance, and anoints us with a joy that springs from love. My hands getting weak, and shaking, I have got my dame to copy this.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

LXXXVIII.

May 27, 1809.

I AM coming to congratulate my friend upon his exit out of this world, because he has had no hands nor pains in this death; his strength has been firm, his children are not fatherless, nor his wife a widow; nor is he taken from the evil to come, although he is dead. I die daily; but it is to sin, to self, and to the world. Yet this is only when I am under the smarting rod;

and when it is first taken off I am quiet, meek, lowly, humble, submissive, peaceful and grateful; but, when this dew is dried up, then I get into ease, which is the resurrection of the flesh, the world, and self; then I pray to be quickened, stirred up, and revived. These prayers are answered by terrible things, in gall and wormwood; in searching of heart and trying of the reins; and fresh life lies at the bottom of these, if we can believe the king of Judah—"O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." And I do believe that the death of the old man enlivens the new; that the old man is put off by the new man being put on; that sin is mortified by comfort under the Spirit's influence; and that self is denied when the Saviour is embraced. Faith, hope, and love, at times seem to be lost and buried in the workings of the whole mass of corruption; but, when the stirrings of these subside, and their stinking savour abates; when the hurry and bustle appear to be hushed into a calm; then all our good old friends—faith, hope, love, meekness, humility, peace, and submission, appear again; and glad I am at my soul to see them once more; for, as the Lord God of hosts liveth, except these abide in the ship we cannot be saved.

These are the salt that seasons all; this is the oil that swims upon the top; these are the incorruptible seeds that counteract corruption;

and they are the kingdom of God, that undermine the empire of Satan, and the little soldiers that war with the flesh; in every storm, in every furnace, in every conflict, I keep my eye upon these little strangers: and, if one of them be missing, I am like Joseph and Mary when the child Jesus tarried behind. For I know that there is no carrying on the war without these holy troops. Christ is a shield to faith and a helmet to hope, and love makes us more than conquerors; for "whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world," and nothing else ever can. These little warriors are God's host, yea, God's army. And every saint is a company of two armies—The fruits of the Spirit against the fruits of the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other. But every grace is royal and loyal, and in alliance with God. They come down from the Father of lights to us, and return in us to the Father of lights again. They are born from above, of heavenly extraction; are incorruptible, and of eternal duration. Over these is the Captain of our salvation, and next him the Holy Spirit mustering the host of the battle, marshalling the troops, leading them on, bringing them off, and giving much joy on the victory.

Ever yours,

THE COALHEAVER.

Jenkins would like to see this.

LXXXIX.

May 1810.

DEAR FRIEND,

EVER since my return from Bristol I have had a sick house. From the various influences that roll over me, and the continual changes that are upon me, I seldom remain in the same frame half a day together. Enmity, rebellion, impetence, and infidelity, are too often present with me; and, although the better crop is not idle nor inactive, nor imperceptible, yet the former appear more conspicuous, more predominant, and more violent in their strife for the mastery. But the Holy Spirit is omnipotent; he defends his own implanted seed, which is incorruptible, unconquerable, and cannot be frustrated. Between these contending parties, these contrary principles, how is the soul rent and torn, tossed and tumbled! Sometimes upon the waves of disquietude, and then hushed into a calm; sometimes driven by a hasty Spirit, like the lunatic, into the wilderness, and then at Christ's feet in its right mind.

The rebellion that has spread itself through Priestley and Tom Paine; the oppression and monopoly that appear rampant; the endless war, and the perpetual demand for taxes; the perplexity in making out the papers that are

sent; the dishonesty that abounds; the advantage that every class of men take wherever they can; the displeasure of God that hangs over the land; are so evident, that "a fruitful land is turned into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." I say this is evident; for I never saw the wheat so bad as it appears to be this year in all the counties through which I have passed. "Ten acres of vineyard yield a bath, and the seed of an homer yields an ephah." And a continual east wind comes every spring when the trees are in bloom, which with the frost destroys the fruit of the trees; so that the curse of God is visible upon the work of our hands. And, as the nation gets worse and worse, so will the land increase in its barrenness.

These things make my soul sick of this world; for the devil keeps his court in it, and his courtiers are all but mad upon the service of their sovereign, while "they that depart from evil make themselves a prey;" and to indulge any reverence or fear of God, is an occasion of the utmost scorn and reproach. The accustomed weather of May comes in March; and that of June appears in April, while March weather comes in the middle of May. This seems to puzzle and perplex even the birds of the air, for the pewit has ceased from its song, and the cuckoo from its music. I can but ob-

serve these things; for where there is the least hope, the reward in hope attracts, the disorders of the world drive, and both work for good to the lovers of God and truth.

Remember me to dame and family. God bless you! so says

THE COALHEAVER.

XC.

1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my return a cold, a fever, and the rheumatism, came on me all at once; so that I soon became an invalid, more fit for the baggage waggon than the field. In my lonely ride around I was not a little indulged, which is not often the case with me. I did enjoy my God; his presence was with me, his countenance was lifted up upon me, and his glory was fresh in me. All nature looked gay, and to me there appeared more beauty in a flower, a field of corn, a bird, or a tree, than in all the artificial works of man, or all that I could imagine of the seven wonders of the world. God's presence, and a comfortable frame under it, cast a lustre upon the whole creation; whilst a gloomy and a dismal one will begloom and stain it, and make the rays of the sun as black as sackcloth of hair.

I mourned over him; I melted at his presence; I revered, admired, and adored him, and loathed myself; his glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. I could willingly have continued to ride post on the forest till the last penny was gone, had this visit been prolonged. These are days of the Son of man, which are to be desired, but not continued in our country. But these visits, though transient, at least with me, preserve my spirit from concluding that he is gone for good and all; though, like a wayfaring man, he turns aside, and tarries but for a night. However, the most distant view, the faintest smile, or the most imperceptible approach, is highly prized, being much needed, though undeserved.

My pilgrimage is attended with a continual looking out; for, if I am indulged, I look for desertions; and, if my meditations are sweet, I expect the wormwood and the gall to be at hand; and I am sure to be right in these things. Continual exercises keep the life of faith and hope in motion, when a freedom from changes brings indifference, careless ease, and slothful neglect. As for myself, I daily feel my need of food or physic; the dross must be purged, and faith must be fed. A cheering ray from his blessed countenance; a sensible visit, a smiling providence, a blast upon the counsel of our enemies, God's judgments upon scorers, a word sent

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JAN. 10, 1900

they came to make full proof of their assurance, it failed; and not less than five are in real beggary. If our dear Lord and his truth will not satisfy them, they shall spend "money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." If you have any jacobins, if any sons of presumption, pride, arrogance, or ignorance among you, he will have them to a man, unless the devil should spare one or two to breed, and spread the gangrenous infection, and keep the fermenting leaven at work.

Before the devil was suffered to raise that man up, I had several hanging about the chapel doors whom my soul hated; but, as soon as this son of Satan displayed his banner, they were gone to a man, nor have I seen above one of them ever since. When I saw this I was thankful to God, seeing it among the all things that work for good to them that love our dear Lord. Abide we by his truth; this is to be our shield and buckler; and, when impostors and hypocrites seem to triumph, we are to stand still and see the salvation of God, not forgetting this promise, "The just shall see their fall." Providence often smiles on a child of wrath, and frowns on an object of love. Job sat in sackcloth, and so did Hannah, when those that hated them exulted; but at the issue judgment returns unto righteousness, and all that are upright in heart must follow that. It is not the

faith of Dives, but of Lazarus, that must bring the doubting soul to a point.

I am very rhuematic this cold weather, but have no small success in the good work. Should God spare me till the spring, and permit me to come, I hope to see you, but at present I must abide by the stuff, for I cannot go over the brook Besor.

My dame sends her kind love to you, and Mrs. M.

THE COAL MERCHANT.

You see I rise in the world.

XCII.

Dec. 4, 1810.

Dear Friend in the Lord Jesus,

It has been my intention to publish some of our poor friend Jenkins's letters to me, and some of mine to him, together with the sermon; and to give the profits to his little niece Winifred, who is at school with your daughter. I sent a letter to you, requesting your attendance at times on Mr. J.; your observations of God's dealing with him, and of the different frames he appeared in (with which you kindly complied); as I wished to know if my judgment of him, and of the work on him, was just, or whether I had

been duped by the devil. What made me desire this was, it had been circulated abroad in many parts that our friend was in despair, and without hope. Who reported this I know not; but I think they belied the Holy Ghost, whoever they are. But to the point.

The letter to you, in which I made the above request, I have no copy of, and my work will not appear straight without it. Will you be so kind then as to put that fragment in a cover, and send it to me. I have, in your answer to it, the account of your visit with Mr. H.; but this will appear strange without mine preceding it.

Our poor pious king continues ill: he has been a nursing father to Zion, and I know of no other king that is so in all the world. And it is a satisfaction to me that I have not been suffered to rebel against him, nor the rulers under him. What hangs over our head is not as yet made known, but the beast will struggle hard: his time, however, is short, and his master knows this. The wo is to the inhabitants of the earth (not of Zion), for the devil is coming down to them in great wrath, because he knows that he hath but a short time, Rev. xii. 12. And God says the beast shall come to his end, and none shall help him, Dan. xi. 4, 5. And I believe in my heart that Antichrist hath not fifty-five years to reign. I am diving into these things, and getting all the information I can

about them. The good Lord keep us by his power, and permit, encourage, and so indulge us, that we may cleave to and abide in him, and make him our refuge, and our sole and whole delight! and his presence shall abide with them who abide in his service. Tender my love to dame and the family, and to Mr. H.

Yours in Christ,
most respectfully,

W. H. S. S.

XCH.

Dec. 14, 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNOW not what to say, nor how to express myself, for your kindness and generosity to me, and towards our new chapel. I never asked it, nor could I find a heart so to do, knowing the expense you have been at in raising your own. At the first news of its being burnt I was unmoved, not knowing what was the mind of God, and believing that this was among the all things that shall eventually work for good, I found my mind composed. But, when I heard of the crowds and public newspapers ridiculing Divine Providence; and of such a triumphant mob assembling daily round the ruins, that the

peace officers were obliged to go in person to disperse them, I could not help feeling; however, considering that the triumph of the wicked is but short, and the afflictions of the just are not for ever, I bore it pretty well; but not so as to exclude the voice of Satan, of murmuring, or of unbelief; for, if I take counsel in my own heart, these are sure to be heard. I verily believe that neither Satan, nor hell itself, are half so detestable, in the conception of sinners, as that chapel was. But the standard is now removed from that spot, and "Wo unto them, (says God) when I depart from them," Hosea ix. 12. Indeed their unparalleled hatred, their scorn and contempt, their derision and cruel mockery, are such as it would be grievous to bear, were it not for this—we know there is a judgment, and that we "shall return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not," Mal. iii. 18; in which day God's wrath shall burn as an oven, the wicked shall be as stubble, and the saints shall appear to be God's jewels. Take away this, and we are (says Paul) most miserable wretches.

I thank you and the friends for this their kind help; and, when the weather shall favour me, I will (if God permit) spend one Sunday with you, to return my thanks in person. I do believe that poor Jenkins was sent among us to be

undeceived, and pulled down; to undeceive some others, and to draw out and exercise the christian charity of many. And these exercises are fruits that will one day turn out to your account, and to the account of others, and that more than many are aware of. He certainly was, in his spiritual stature, a little one; nor have I a doubt of this. And whatsoever is done to the least of these is done to me; and verily a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward, if given to such, says the Saviour.

Our chapel is going on; but we were obliged to dig very deep to get at the original soil for a foundation. Our walls are about four feet above ground, and the weather for the brick-work is favourable at present. Tender my love to Mrs. M. and the large family; while I remain,

Your much obliged in Christ Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

XCIV.

Sept. 10, 1812.

DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have acknowledged yours to me before now, but I have been busy with a work for the press. My success is great, as you will

see in what is coming out; and I perceive that great success is attended with various trials: the branch is purged, that it may bring forth more fruit. This purging in former days used to be succeeded with much indulgence, some sweet access in prayer; and much enlargement of heart, boldness, freedom, and familiarity; which seemed to make all up, and set all clear, fair, and straight; and it made him more precious than ever, as I used then to consider all my books as settled, and all my accounts fairly adjusted from that day; and much comfort followed upon such considerations, the peaceable effects being then enjoyed. But I have nothing of this now; I fall into fits of unbelief, bondage, wrath, and bitterness; and then come out just like Solomon's fool brayed in a mortar; neither humble, submissive, nor resigned: but rather into ease and carelessness; with no constraints to prayer, nor fervour at it; and of course the mind is not relieved, which makes me more indifferent still. Soon after this I am tumbled into the same dark cells again, and then a little dead ease succeeds as before; which is such puzzling work as I cannot unravel; it makes me fruitful in murmuring and rebelling; but in nothing else, unless it be in the pulpit, where I have in the general much liberty, attended with no small degree of power. But that the ministry should be fruitful, and the

minister dry, barren, and dead, is a harder puzzle to me than Samson's riddle. However, this is the way that I go on; and I am as contented with it as the devil in chains.

Fault is found with some for having left their first love; and I have striven, and striven lawfully (I mean by prayer) to recover mine, but never could; nor do I believe that it is recoverable. I have pleaded, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will love you freely;" but the fervent love of former days I never could regain, nor any thing like it. With others fault is found for having a name to live when dead. I have done all, I think, that can be done with that text, in order to obtain life; but to this day I appear in my own soul dead as a wool-pack; enmity, rebellion, unbelief, and carnal lusts, are still alive and lively; but nothing else that I know of, unless it be discontent with a lifeless life. I have now emptied the dregs of the cask, and all the rusty scraps of the budget, by which you may guess at the abundance of the heart, as I have kept nothing back; for I cannot, will not, act the hypocrite.

Tender my love to dame, and Mr. M. and his wife Nanny.

JONAH under the booth, near Nineveh.

XCV.

Sept. 12, 1811.

The Coalheaver, with his kind respects to his old
Friend.

I HAVE of late been but poorly with a bilious complaint; and it requires but little disorder to enfeeble one who is already feeble with age. It is not common with me to be indulged with much comfort in bodily afflictions. This favour has seldom fallen to my lot, though afterwards the peaceable fruits of righteousness have appeared. But in this last shake given to the old tabernacle I could not help telling my wife that 'I felt my God go and come,' which led my mind most sweetly into this short text—"That they also may be one in us," John xvii. 21. And it entertained my mind the whole eight days of my confinement; so that when I came forth again I preached three sermons upon it; and, having fetched it out of the furnace, the matter was weighty, and did not savour so much of the earthen vessel as it does when we are at ease. I considered the oneness of the Divine Being, which the scripture calls "nature," Gal. iv. 3. "Essence," Exodus iii. 14; which is self existence. "Substance," Prov. viii. 21; Heb. x. 34; the Lord being our por-

tion, and our exceeding great reward. "God-head," Acts xvii. 29; Rom. i. 20; Col. ii. 9.

The essence, nature, substance, and God-head, are but one; "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." But in this divine nature are three persons. Christ is called the express image of the Father's person; Heb. i. 3. And so is the Son. "For your sakes forgave I it; in the person of Christ, 2 Corin. ii. 10. And the Holy Spirit can be no less, as our bodies are his temple, and he is the witness of our adoption; and what can bear witness or record but persons? These persons are distinct: the Father was not incarnate, nor the Spirit; but it was the essential Word, the Son of God, that was made flesh, and dwelt among us. We must not confound the persons, by putting one for the other; nor divide the substance, by making a plurality of Gods. "He that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in him." He that believeth is in Christ, and Christ dwells in his heart by faith. This is coming "to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant," Hebrews xii. 23, 24. The Spirit cries, "Abba, Father;" and bears his witness to our sonship. Such "shall continue in the Son and in the Father," 1 John ii. 24. And the anointing, which teacheth us all things, and is truth, and is no lie, as it hath taught us, we shall abide in him, 1 John ii. 27.

This, my dear friend, is our firm standing; this is the grand mystery, even the mystery of faith, which must be held in a pure conscience. These are our "wells of salvation," Isai. xii. 3. The one God is our peaceable habitation; see Psalm lxxi. 3. The Trinity are our sure dwellings, and our quiet resting places; Isai. xxxii. 18. Take the testimony of the faithful and true witness—"And now, behold, the Lord God, and his Spirit, hath sent me," Isai. xlviii. 16. And this you may see fulfilled at the river Jordan, Luke iii. 22. Wilful erring and denying here is damnable heresy, and making shipwreck of faith, by which the vessel of mercy must sail in this broad river, Isaiah xxxiii. 21.

Ever yours,

THE COALHEAVER.

My hand shakes; it is badly written, but you can copy it. My love to dame.

XCVI.

August 11, 1812.

DEAR FRIEND,

MAY mercy and peace be with thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. God is the Saviour of mankind to his poor despised family, and true to every word of his. I still "prophecy upon

the thick boughs," and God works by the most hateful of all labourers; which causes great joy and much bitterness; joy, to think I am so honoured as to turn sinners "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God;" much bitterness, to empty me of self, and to exercise me in deep waters, that I may fetch up and bring out some new things to mix with the old; to get more meekness and brokenness of heart, to enable me to succour, swaddle, suckle, and sympathize; and to add fresh sparks to the zeal, fervour and energy of my heart, when it is too careless and too cold. This keeps me low, sorrowful, sad, and disconsolate, from day to day; which has been much my unhappy case of late. But it certainly is a truth, that "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of our spirit." For they will never settle on their lees, get rickety, sink into sloth or carnal ease in Zion, nor grow careless, indifferent, or carnally secure, who are under perpetual changes, and are tossed up and down like the locust with inbred corruption boiling like a pot, and the devil labouring by bitter curses to bring them under his own sentence. We may say to such, "Sleep on now and take your rest, if you can: for, under such circumstances—it there be a breath of life in the soul, if any claim upon God, if any interest in the Son of man, if a grain of faith, or a shadow of hope, if one

plea in the mouth, or one word in the mind—all, all are called up to engage in the business. Such a soul will fight rather than flee, resist rather than yield, cry rather than sink, believe rather than cast away all confidence, hope sooner than despair, beg rather than starve, plead rather than lose the cause, and cry day and night sooner than be overcome and lose all. And this is faith's fight. And what can keep up all the movements of this army but life? What can put all this valour, this courage, this fortitude, into action, and bring us off more than a thousand times victorious, but he who dwells in the heart by faith? "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of our spirits," Isaiah xxxviii. 16.

It came on my mind this morning to write to my friend; so I sat down and began, and followed my own thoughts, which furnished me out of my own abundance; but whether it will suit you I know not. However, he that knows the plague of his own heart needs no other glass to see the hearts of others. My dame sends her kind love to you and Mrs. M. and so does Parson Sack.

Ever yours,

S. S.

XCVIL

The Coalheaver's Duty to Father and Mother G.

As he cannot come, and take his tithes in kind, has sent his father a few small offerings of the first fruits. I am heartily glad to hear that my poor father is able at times to sit up. Faith, hope, and patience, perform wonders, for they engage the great Physician, who brings down and lifts up, who wounds, and his hands make whole. In affliction he shews his omniscience; in supporting under it his power is displayed; in attending the affliction with his pity, it is sanctified and made bearable; in reviving the good work, we see his faithfulness and truth; and in giving us comfortable submission to his will his tender love appears: and thus we "see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living;" while faith subscribes that "he hath done all things well; for he maketh the blind to see, and the dumb to speak," that they may glorify the God of Israel.

With duty and love,

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

XCVIII.

July, 1802.

I AM glad that my old acquaintance, old customers, and old companions, came yesterday, that matters might be cleared up. Bless the God of peace, the maker of peace, giver of peace, and the restorer of peace; I found my mouth and heart much enlarged for you this day, and wrestled hard with many tears. Much of God is with us, and surely Satan knows it; for never did he labour much harder at any little camp than he does against the despised tents at Providence. "Raze it, raze it!" was the ancient cry; "but the Highest himself shall establish her, she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early." Her very foundation is infinite divinity; life is in all her stones, salvation her walls, and God himself the inhabitant; and who can finally prevail against such a fabric?

Father and Mother, adieu!

Accept the duty of

W. H. S. S.

XCIX.

1802.

I THANK my friend for her kind epistle of good tidings. It gave me great joy; and sure I am that God will ever own, honour, bless and revive his own work; for he knows his own abode, and the broken and contrite heart is his eternal residence, his own workmanship, and his own favourite sacrifice. His goodness to my soul, that he shews in the liberty which he gives me, in the power that he displays, and in the multitude who flock from all parts to hear me, has humbled me not a little. Bless God, O my soul! My success seems to be great. Here are some in this town now who have followed me upwards of seventy miles; and indeed all starving souls agree that the food God sends me to hold forth is a portion of meat in due season; and their language is, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." They much wish me to turn itinerant, and so never to continue in one place. This I do firmly believe, that if God should spare my life much longer—from Providence chapel the word of the Lord, and the true light, will go forth into all this land. I am surprised how my books gain ground. I cannot find a soul that has either light, truth,

or hope; but what God has given them by my books. Once more, bless the Lord, O my soul!

The corn is very fine universally; but here is much rain, and I have my fears about the hay at Cricklewood, as it is spoiling in these parts. I am to preach ten days more before I return.

Farewell! excuse haste: my love to all in the vestry, and in the seats.

W. H. S. S.

C.

Ely, May 12, 1803.

DEAR BELLA,

I AM now up early, and it is a fine morning and very pleasant. I have preached three times to a very crowded assembly, and the good Lord has been with me, which is proclaimed aloud to me by the countenances of the people. Some weep, some smile, some wonder, some appear to long, and others seem to embrace what they hear. And these are the outgoings of God from heart to heart, from mind to mind, from love to love, and from light to light. When I had done my Sunday morning's discourse, I concluded by saying, "I am very glad to see you again;" which seemed to win their hearts, and their very eyes blessed me. The ties, the bonds, and the union of kindred souls, are soon dis-

covered, if there be no talk to each other, and though there be no shaking of hands. But I shall long to be at home ere my work is done in these parts; though I find the Lord's presence is the soul's home, be where it may. He is the rest and resting-place, the strong tower and house of defence, and the soul's sure dwelling; where it finds its food and physic; its best apparel, and sweetest ornaments; its only repose, and its fullest satisfaction; its greatest wealth and choicest treasure; for "Christ is all in all:" and this thou knowest, and so does the Coalheaver, for we are one in him. When it is well with thee, remember me, that my bow may not return empty, but that I may have my quiver full of them who shall speak with their enemies in the gate.

God bless thee!

W. H. S. S.

CI.

July 4, 1801.

Dear Sister in the Lord Jesus Christ,

I AM authorized to tell you that, when the first Adam cast off his obedience to God, the dominion of this world returned back again to God, who is the Creator and only proprietor of

it. And that ever since our Saviour's time, after he had assumed our nature and died in our room, to redeem us to God; yea, as soon as he rose from the dead, all power in heaven and earth was given to him; and that he is now appointed heir of all things; and that all things are put in subjection to him, both angels and men; whether thrones or dominions; whether things in heaven, or things on earth: and he is the head of all principality and power, and head over all things to his church, and has power over all flesh; together with all judgment, all grace, and all glory, which are put into his hands. And that all things are ours in him, and every promise yea and amen in him; and in him the promise of this life, and of that which is to come. And he comes to his own, and his own elect receive him, and to them gives he power to become the sons of God, and power to claim it; power to cry, "Abba, Father." And this is given to all that believe on his name, for "we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus: and, if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." By this faith the just must live—live upon the possession of the heir of all things. And sure I am that faith is a diligent, an industrious, a bountiful, and a liberal supplier of the necessities of the poor and needy; for all that she can credit, get, apply, or beg, she gives to the soul.

She never says to the poor and indigent, "Go, be ye filled, and be ye warmed;" but she lays hold of the bread of life, and puts on the robe of righteousness, which is unto and upon all that believe on the Son of God.⁵—And many a crumb, many a sacred scrap, many a sweet morsel, and many divine rays and glorious glimpses, does she bring in to cheer the spiritually poor in his distress.

Faith is a good housekeeper, and a good doctress: she applies the bitter herbs, to strengthen the stomach, promote appetite, and help digestion, as well as the roasted lamb; that the heart may know its own bitterness as well as its own joy. All Christ's garments smell of myrrh and aloes; and with myrrh and aloes he was embalmed when dead; and these two attend all that share in his death.

"Fight the good fight of faith." Faith is a warrior; the word of God is her sword, the promises her encouragement, righteousness her breastplate, and God is her shield: "By faith they subdued kingdoms." Our heart and flesh often fail; and we often faint, tire, cast away our confidence, and give all up for lost: but faith renews the attack, maintains her hold, brings in fresh strength, and carries off both the banner and the crown. Faith works by love, and overcomes the world; "Whatsoever is born of God overcomes the world; and this is

the victory, even our faith." Born of God.— How high her extraction, and how strong her alliance! "All things are possible to those that believe." Every fresh view, every renewed act, every full persuasion, every confidential influence, is one step in the narrow path, and in the way to the kingdom. "We walk by faith, and not by sight." Her last work in this world is to give us a perspective view of "the king in his beauty, and the land that is very far off," and a full persuasion of a safe arrival there; and she calls up her little sister charity, to cast out all fear about it, and "charity never fails." "All these died in faith," and the end of faith is the salvation of the soul. This is her last kind office to a child of God; for the crown follows. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." After this we hear no more of her, she "being the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," when the object of hope is enjoyed, and a covenant God seen, enjoyment succeeds persuasion, faith turns into sight, hope into full fruition, and love into flaming fire. "My little sister, God bless thee. Tender my kind love to your spouse and brother, and to all that favour the righteous cause of the Son of God.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CII.

April 7, 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

A MINISTER of Christ can preach pardon, peace, faith, righteousness, and love; and these are the things which accompany salvation. And what is all religion short of this? No more than the sensations of a rebel and a criminal, detained as a prisoner before the Lord; knocking at Mercy's door, and hoping and expecting a pardon. But the doctrine that brings poor souls out of this must be, not the ministry of the letter, nor the bondage which attends the letter, for that killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. God will never enlarge a soul by me while I preach chains; nor administer love from an heart pregnant with wrath. God gives testimony to the word of his grace; and what grace is may be seen from God's voice, and the church's echo to it; Jeremiah xxxi. 2, 3; taken from Deut. xxxiii. 3.

It is common for souls kept long in bondage to hug their chains, as ricketty children do their ease, and in time get proud of them, and dream of merit in them; and by every means of grace, which they legalize, they labour hard to pacify a legal conscience, and to keep it

quiet, while destitute of the voice of the atonement; and of the pleasing rule, authority, dominion, and power of free, sovereign grace; which alone can make us serve in newness of spirit, and make the Lord's service perfect freedom to us. Nor is a conscience thus hushed, soothed, and composed by legal performances, or by legalizing evangelical means, furnished or fortified to meet God; it is just as much afraid of death and damnation as ever it was, and will tremble and quake at a feather, because the King of Zion is not in full possession of it. God doth not send forth his dear Son in his triumphal chariot to drag his elect in chains at his wheels; but to dispense the words of truth, meekness, and righteousness. Truth makes us free, meekness makes us submit, and righteousness makes us just. And thus he rides in glory and majesty. Majesty displays the empire of his grace, and glory the earnest of heaven. The latter is the reward that is with him, and the former the work that is before him.

All preaching that settles a soul in bondage keeps it from the bridegroom; and without a match with him that is raised from the dead we cannot bring forth fruit unto God. All the legal labour above described began to work strongly in me before my deliverance came; but not one branch of my performances ever came up to God's standard, or could be called

those works that God requires, which are "the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ;" with such service God is well pleased, and conscience completely pacified. The pure undiluted gospel of the Lord Jesus is the power of God unto salvation; and, wherever the power of God is put forth, in an application of pardoning love through Jesus Christ, in the sinner's conscience, there, and only there, is the real gospel of the dear Redeemer known. All the revelations of wrath, attended with lashes, stripes, terrors, fears and torment, are intended to kill us to the law, self, and the world; that we may be raised up together, and be quickened together with Christ in his resurrection; and receive by him the same spirit that quickened him; and so be planted together in the likeness of his death, and in that of his resurrection, being made to have fellowship with him in his sufferings, and, in a spiritual sense, conformable unto his death.

God be with thee.

W. H. S. S.

CIII.

May 14, 1798.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS much surprised to hear, by a letter from you to Mr. O. that Satan had paid you a visit in the person of his ambassador. Had you not been upon your watch tower; had you been all asleep; the enemy had sowed tares among you, and then gone his way. How diligent is that enemy of all righteousness! But he becomes a sore burden to those that once favoured him, who would be glad to get rid of him, but cannot, unless they could palm him upon some poor flock of lambs, who cannot well discern a wolf if he comes in a sheep skin. You may well be thankful for such a narrow escape; for I think that man is one of the completest traps that ever the devil set, or baited, to catch the simple and unwary. We had need on all occasions to seek wisdom, and ask counsel of God; that we make no league with these foreign ambassadors, who come with their clouted shoes, mouldy bread, and old bottles; for so completely does the devil furnish them, that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. But the Lord knows them that are his, and "those that fear God shall come forth of them all."

I have lately seen a letter from your sister at Leicester, very simple and pretty. It shews that her eyes are opened, and the common cant of the day, called gospel, will not go down with her any longer. The lamb, the bitter herbs, and the good old wine, make us rather nice in our food, nice in our hearing, and nice in what we commit to our minds to feed upon. When we eat the little book and digest the contents, and find it to be sweet as honey, though afterwards our bellies are often bitter; yet we find that the bitters strengthen the stomach, and create an appetite, and make the honey go down the sweeter; nor do we desire any other food, nor any new wine, for we know that the old is better.

I will, if possible, make Mr. L. pay you a visit when he returns from Sussex. I have been informed of your brother's intention of coming to town, of which I much approve, and have no doubt but it will be for his spiritual advantage. Tender my love to all friends—and excuse haste, as I am correcting and republishing several books.

Adieu! Thine in the Lord,

W. H. S. S.

CIV.

Oct. 8, 1798.

BELOVED OF GOD,

THINE came safe to me, and that of thy sister, whom till this morning I did not know; nor could I remember that I had ever seen a sister of thine named Fanny. I am still in hope, and in great expectation, that we shall have a breeding, a fruitful, and a flourishing sister church at Grantham: but I know the devil will try hard against it; and, if he can do it by those within the pale, that will shew his wisdom, and is his highest craft. Hence the Lord's caution, "Wo to him through whom the offence (or scandal) cometh."

The lion and the bear must lie down together, and a little child shall lead them, if they will go in God's ways. I know that our little sister at Grantham hath not been without breasts for some time; and milk she must have if she grows. The covering and vail upon the heart are the doors of the shadow of death. When light shines upon them that are in darkness the understanding is let out, but not the heart: but when the door of hope is opened, expectation flows out; when the door of faith is opened, confidence comes forth; "Lord, I believe, and

he worshipped him;" and, when the gate of praise is opened, love flows in, and repentance flows out, then fear and torment give way, and from that day forward we "go in and out and find pasture," for the door of mercy is never closed again.

God is setting before you an open door, and none can shut it; and the word will sound out from you into all the region round about. It will run, both by the evil reports of enemies, by the wounds of the sick, and by the joys of the saved; and God will be glorified. It will grow and prevail, even over prejudice, envy, hardness of heart, unbelief, blindness of mind, guilt, the reign of sin, over the power of the devil, and over reprobates and avowed enemies, even to their confusion, their ruin, and their endless destruction. My soul travails hard for you; and my hopes and expectations are raised high respecting Grantham; that God may bring them all out of prison, and say to them, "Go forth, and to them that sit in darkness, shew yourselves." My soul rejoiced when I saw sister B.'s letters, which informed me of a little nest at Leicester, who begin to "look out of obscurity and out of darkness." That blind guide, that enemy of divine power, will not be always hid; he shall walk naked, and the just shall see his shame; he shall be made manifest, and appear to be a zealous affecter, but a sworn enemy to the

Bridegroom and all his bridal friends; for those who see through him his soul will abhor; and this is hating the light, and the children of it: but the small one shall become a thousand, and God shall hasten it in his time, in spite of men and devils.

A little while ago I wrote to poor Mr. Jenkins; God blessed the letter, and knocked off his fetters; and "mighty works do shew forth themselves in him." O! bless my God for evermore! You have heard of the defeat; God has given Egypt for our ransom, and he that was coming to destroy us is now starving in the land of Ham. God Almighty bless you all; and give my best love to brother L.

W. H. S. S.

CV.

Feb. 5, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER,

AM sorry to hear of your spouse's sad disaster; but "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." I hope he will in mercy support you; and in his good time restore her. I have written a letter to L. of which I will send you a copy. The letters you sent to Mr. O. I have seen; and must confess they contain such confusion and blindness as my eyes never before beheld. I would advise

you to have nothing to do with them ; and, as for A. I would keep him at a proper distance, for I think that God will discover them soon. Let them go on, and do not interfere with them, nor say any thing about them ; but cleave close to God, read his word, and call upon his name ; and you will soon see them scattered in the imagination of their hearts. Nor would I suffer any of them to come to trouble me. I should forbid them my house. I am so vexed with Z.'s conduct, that I would never have any thing more to do with him, except it pleased God to bring him back, and bring him out, which is what I think you will never see, for they are sinning with a very high hand indeed.

To call private prayer legality is dreadful. Legality, according to the common acceptation of the word among christians, is the wrath of God, and the sentence of the law working upon a guilty conscience : but this can never be the influence of a spirit of prayer. God makes a distinction between the bondage of a quickened sinner, and the spirit of prayer that operates upon him ; "they shall come after me in chains, and with supplication and bitter weeping will I lead them," Isaiah xlv. 14 : compare with Jeremiah xxxi. 9.

Their prophesying of a sifting at W. and my not dying deluded and undeceived, convinces me that they are got very high ; but I think

they want light to see their own ignorance before they should pretend to discern what is in the womb of Providence. Nor do I believe that I am compassed about with worse hypocrites than they are; for I will never believe that any real child of God will cleave, in the bond of divine love, to any man that dares to speak against the operations of the Holy Ghost. They are certainly ascending the scorner's chair; and it is my real opinion that God will soon strip them of all their religion. I would almost as soon have a man in my house infected with the plague, as one influenced with legal pride; the former is not more fatal to the flesh than the latter is to a godly soul: and I never saw one more stuffed with it than poor H. nor is it possible to be much blinder: and I believe that Mr. L. got his bondage from him, for it is as epidemical as the pestilence; it walks and works in darkness. Let us know now and then how they go on, and whether they do not wither, and get parched; for, if a branch abideth not in the true vine, it soon gets dry; men of no grace gather them into their company, and they perish at last.

Tommy, farewell; grace and peace be with thee. So prays yours in Him,

W. H. S. S.,

CVI.

(Enclosed in the former.)

March 17, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

GRACE and peace be multiplied to thee through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. I am very sorry to hear that the adversary of God and man has gained such an advantage over you. Satan is old in devices, and thou art but a young soldier; and I have no doubt but thou wilt see in time that the whole of this bustle at G. is his work. God is not the author of confusion. "This wisdom cometh not from above, but is earthly, sensual, and devilish; for where envying and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work." James iii. 15, 16.

Your conduct with Mr. B. is unwarrantable by the word of God, and I hope that the Lord will let you see it. If brothers have a private wrong or injury in debate among them, they are in private to settle it; if they cannot, two or three more are to be called in; if these cannot, the church is to be informed of it; and he that neglects to hear the whole body is to be deemed an heathen. But nothing of all this is to be done from the pulpit. If a man get into heresy, he is to be rejected after the second admonition; and, if a member of a church sins

openly, brings a public scandal upon the cause, and gives an occasion to the adversaries to speak reproachfully, he is to be rebuked before all, that others may fear.

I do not find any charge of error or immorality laid to Mr. B. and yet he has been pointed at from the pulpit. As to Mr. A. I think his conduct towards his friend has been scandalous: "He that has a friend must shew himself friendly; but he that renders evil for good, evil shall never depart from his house." I think Mr. B. is as far before him as Paul was before me; for never sure was any man more blind, nor more filled with legal bondage, than poor A. for he has leaven enough in him to leaven the whole lump, or to bring a whole church into perpetual bondage. Nor can there be a worse influence than the sour, bitter, swelling fermentation of pharisaic leaven. Our Lord cautioned his disciples against it; and well he might; for no peace, rest, love, joy, gratitude, praise, or thankfulness to God, can live where that spirit reigns. It is a composition of guilt, wrath, fear, bondage, death, hardness of heart, pride, and unbelief; and these are all the ingredients that a soul in chains can communicate, and are all opposite to every branch of spiritual service, which are called "the works of faith, the labours of love, and the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ:" and without

charity (or love) a man is nothing but a tinkling cymbal.

Is it possible, friend L. that any man under heaven could be so blinded by Satan as to say that "the old man loves private prayer?"¹ Do you know what the old man is? Adam's transgression is five times called the offence. Read Rom. v. God was offended with man for his disobedience, and, God resenting it, man became offended with God. The enmity of the mind is the main branch of the old man, even as love includes the whole of the new man. Read 1 Cor. xiii. And dare you or A. to say that enmity loves to commune with God? Your preaching and railing against private prayer is speaking evil of the covenant of God, wherein he promises renewing grace and temporal supplies; but not one thing promised will he give us without prayer be used to bring it in. Read Ezek. xxxvi. 24—37.

To speak against prayer is to rail against the Holy Ghost, who is a Spirit of supplication. Under the law incense was to be offered morning and evening perpetually, Exod. xxx. 7, 8; and among the gentiles, under the gospel, "In every place (says God) incense shall be offered unto my name," Mal. i. 11. Not literal incense; for he that offers that is as abominable as he that blesseth an idol, Isa. lxvi. 3. Private prayer is meant.

The following assertion from your own pen is awful; I think it borders upon the great transgression. "And what do you think that barrenness consists of? It consists of all the works and labour of the flesh; such as prayer; reading, hearing, talking, thinking, wishing, longing, to be nothing but emptiness and without profit." I have obtained more from God by prayer in one hour than you have gotten from him in all your days. As to reading—it is Christ's command to "search the scriptures;" and "blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear, the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein," Rev. i. 3. And, as to hearing—"they that are of God hear God's word, and they that hear it not are not of God." And sure I am that some hundreds have been brought to Christ, and have had their pardon sealed, even by hearing me; and three thousand at one time by hearing Peter; so that there is profit in that, yea, great gain: and so there is in talking—for they that fear God speak often one to another, and God hears it, and remembers it, and says they shall be his "when he makes up his jewels." And so there is in thinking—"In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul," says David. And so there is in wishing—Elihu was, according to Job's wish, in God's stead. And so there is in longing—for God

"satisfieth the longing soul, and replenisheth the sorrowful." To palm these things upon the flesh is awful. You confound things, and "darken counsel by words without knowledge."

Your letters to Miss B. are sad confusion; and stirring her up to be faithful to her brother (as you call it) is scandalous; it is sowing discord, and separating very friends, which God hates. Besides, I think Mr. B. is far before you, and A. too, according to your present conduct. Nor will God suffer such things as you advance to enter the hearts of them that fear God; they will never work effectually only in them that perish: those who love God will soon shun you, while such as are rotten at heart will cleave to you: and it must be so; for "those that wander out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead"—not the living. I am afraid that God is discovering you, and A. too, and, before ever you are aware, you will both walk naked, and others will see your shame. "The works of the flesh are adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance," &c. Gal. v. 19; and not reading and praying.

Your insisting that the closet is the heart, and faith the door, is not our Lord's meaning; a man cannot walk into his own heart; prayer

comes out of the heart, and by prayer a man draws near to God. Christ is opposing the proud scribes, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men; to which he opposes the secret closet, where none can see but God: and, as the world's applause rewards the former, God's grace shall reward the latter. The heart is called a palace, but never a closet. Nor have you any warrant from God to say that not all Mr. B.'s family, or any other family, shall be saved. The family of Lazarus, and I believe that of Philip, were all saved. When God says he "will take one of a city, and two of a family," the Israelites are meant, and not a household; for a city consists of many hundred families, or households: but by family he means a tribe, for one tribe had many cities.

Your conduct has caused me much grief, as it will open the mouths of all the enemies of God's power. I am sick of preachers. The Lord teach you better, is the prayer of

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

CVII.

Sept. 12, 1800.

Dear Friend in the Lord Jesus,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, and thank you for it. When God brings a prodigal to himself, and sets him down at his own feet, clothed and in his right mind, such an one will not sit down in the highest seat before the Prince of peace, but take the lowest room. He will not arrogate all wisdom to himself; but become a fool, that he may be wise. L. certainly outruns us all; but it is the last that are first in God's account, and he that humbles himself as a little child is greatest in the kingdom of God. He that thinks he knows any thing, knows nothing as he ought to know; nor shall he ever have the approbation or testimony of God with him, till he can learn to esteem others better than himself. These are God's characteristics of a true disciple of Jesus, and these shall stand fast when that great and wise man shall (with shame) take the lowest room.

I have been arraigned and condemned by many of those who are inflamed with zeal through pride and envy, and blinded by Satan; but it has had so little effect upon me, that I am ready to say, with David, "Let them all curse, but bless thou." G. and S. both levelled

at me in public, and gave out that they were the only two witnesses upon earth; but God kept me bearing my testimony when both these went mad. It is not he who commends himself, but whom the Lord commends.

I am now busy, and next week expect some friends from Sussex. Afterwards I will, if God permit, visit Grantham. Though I dare not promise, lest I should not be able to perform. I have this day received an epistle from the little woman at Leicester, which I intend to answer. Give my kind love to your spouse, and to Betsey, James, and all friends. Faith and patience, prayer and watchfulness, be with thee. So pray the chief of all sinners, and least of all saints,

W. H. S. S.

CVIII.

June 17, 1802.

Dear Friend in the Lord,

I RECEIVED your kind epistle, and drop these few lines just to inform you that I do intend and hope, if my God permit, to preach at Newark upon Trent the Sunday after next. My health of late has been but indifferent; but

the inner man is often melted, humbled, meekened, and I may say renewed, though the outward man perish. Bless God for Jesus Christ! bless God for an everlasting covenant! and bless God for the invaluable gift of the Holy Spirit of promise, and for his sweet influences and operations! under which I am persuaded that, when I come to Newark, I shall come in the full possession of pardon, of peace, of a good hope, and of the sweet blessing of everlasting life. My kind love to dame and to Betsey.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CIX.

July 22, 1802.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ; Grace and peace be with thee, and much joy and comfort in believing.

I REACHED home in safety, through the mercy of my God, and was most cordially received. Many inquiries, and much longing and wishing for my return, were found among the people; and much complaining for want of the good old cheer. The place was amazingly crowded, and the good Lord led me through the hard day's

work with a high hand, and the people seemed to feed with an appetite. Bless God for the affection the people seem to have for me! and I must say that hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I bless God there is no dividing, nor scattering, nor evil occurrence amongst us. I have often thought of thee since my return, knowing that, like Elijah, thou must go in the strength of the meat which God gave thee for many days; but surely "the needy shall not always be forgotten, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." A broken heart and contrite spirit are our best sacrifices, when all others appear to fail, and seem to meet with no acceptance; at least we seem to receive no returns; yet, saith the Psalmist, "the broken heart thou wilt not despise."

I have been comforted not a little, at seeing thy poor dame abounding in hope, which has counteracted despondency. No fear of shipwreck in the faith, when God hangs the anchor of hope in the heart of the vessel of mercy. The simple account of poor James and Fanny comforted me not a little, and has encouraged my soul to remember with fervour the poor souls in the North. I often survey you all with pleasure, not doubting but the bond of the covenant is cast round you, which will hold us fast to the covenant Head, and to one another. Pass under the rod we must before we can be

brought into the bond of the covenant. "All that I love;" there is the bond; those "I chasten;" there is the rod. And surely it is good for us that we have been afflicted. God opens our ears in affliction, and our eyes in oppression. The rod softens the spirit, breaks the heart, and enables us to pour out our griefs with tears of sorrow to God when the hardened and stubborn spirit can only ease itself by murmuring, complaining, and muttering perverseness. And, when the spirit is once made meek and soft, a little of the rod will keep it so. Farewell! My love to dame, Fanny, Betsey, and all friends.

Affectionately yours
in the Lord Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

CX.

Cricklewood, Aug, 23., 1802.

DEAR TOMMY,

As your sister Fanny told me you was desirous of knowing when I should go to Ely; that there may be no mistakes, nor travelling in vain, I send a few lines to inform thee that I purpose setting off from home, if God permit,

on Thursday next, and am to preach at Ely on the twenty-ninth instant. I shall be at Mr. C. M's. where you will be welcome. You have been taking stock, and so have I, and am often convinced that I have run back, and am considerably worse than I was the last year; and never can get forward again, or get on the gaining side, but by a fresh discovery and fresh exercises of faith on the Surety of the better testament. But in taking stock there is not a little deception; for I am apt to overrate some old things in trade, that do not go off, and to put too large a profit upon others, to keep me from the perplexing cogitations of approaching insolvency. But, when these goods come to sale, I often find that I have only increased my debt, by overrating my goods.

O, Tommy, stand fast in redemption, and there is freedom; in the blood of the covenant, and there is a gaol delivery; in the atonement, and there is no exaction; and in the Surety, where there is nothing owing. All this is free, well becoming the riches of divine grace, and a gracious God, who is rich in mercy: and for lost sinners to receive this without money and without price, is giving God the glory, and is indeed all the revenues of his empire. But to this, proud, legal consequence and infidelity will not submit, which is the grand bone of contention between God and awakened sin-

ners. There must be a price in the hand of the fool to get wisdom, and God rejects it; telling us that he himself is the portion of our souls, and that no dead works can merit such an inheritance.

Your poor dame has been for some time at this business, striving to enter in at the strait gate. And, when once she can learn to receive divine alms with self-abased unworthiness, and with a thankful heart to give all the glory to the great benefactor, then—then she shall enjoy the royal bounty, and become a happy pauper upon the divine fulness. So I write; and so I believe. My love to her, and to peevish, fretful, nagging Betsey.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXI.

January 14, 1808.

I NEVER was under a more powerful influence of the Spirit of supplication than while I stayed at Grantham; I mean when in private by myself; and one day in particular, which day, and of my requests, I mentioned to you and old Sarah; and I believe you will see the promised returns. I now preach at the City chapel in

Grub Street, which will hold not less perhaps than two thousand people. My venerable god-father, who is moved with fresh choler against me, is to preach near our new habitation. God, our good Shepherd, when he puts forth his sheep, goes before them, and opens another door, which no man can shut: and the sons of thunder follow the sons of oil: they promote the storm, and we enforce the unction: the shining lights lead the van, and the troops of darkness bring up the rear: and thus the battle goes on with confused noise, with burning and fuel of fire. The offence of the cross is not ceased; where the power rests, there the offence burns; while "Lo here and lo there" make many to halt between two opinions. But, when the Comforter comes, he decides the controversy, and brings the halting soul to a conclusion; and, by casting the lot into the lap of the elect, contention in the mind ceases, and the Spirit parts between the mighty. Thus many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased. "The wise shall understand; but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand." And what we read of in the days of old, so have we seen in the city of our God.

My audience last Tuesday evening could not be much less than twelve hundred. Such

a concourse must greatly exasperate the infernal sire; and we know that the genuine offspring of that crooked parent must do their father's work, and the Coalheaver must bear the heat and burden of the day. But I am still the Doctor; and many, many accounts do I receive that God blesses my medicine; nor can all their rage drive the great Physician from my heart, nor from affording me that powerful aid and assistance in the work, which he has promised to all that labour in his vineyard. And I must confess that their unparalleled malice and unabated fury, and the unwearied diligence with which they pursue me, sit much lighter upon my mind than formerly; and I am not without hope that in time I shall glory in it. God has instructed me with a strong hand that I should not walk in their way, nor say a confederacy; but dare to be singular in these dark days of apostasy, universal hypocrisy, and empty profession.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXII.

March 17, 1808.

DEAR TOM,

I RECEIVED your epistle, pregnant, not with business, but with buildings and alterations. Build as plain as you can. To keep out wind and rain is all we want, because we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I wish to make no alteration in your plan; only let it be so contrived as to go out of the vestry into the pulpit; and, as there are to be no galleries, the pulpit should not be very high. This long, cold, sharp, easterly wind has exercised my old bones not a little. Every part of my old tabernacle has felt this severe winter, except the old man of sin, who is insensible of all pain; an utter stranger to all fear; never tires, faints, nor grows weary; nor is he ever absent when good should be done, nor inactive whether I am asleep or awake. Paul calls him the old man; but I am sure he is neither stiff, infirm, bowed down, decrepit, nor in the least decayed through age; for he is as alert as a stage player, as diligent as a miser, and as amorous as a boy of eighteen. He is a plague to me; but hell itself will never plague him, though it will plague his father, and all who have been constantly nursing him.

and upon her troubles, calamities, and afflictions, they feed. But in our prosperity, when we flourish, when we increase, when we are honoured, they droop; "they wander up and down, and grudge and grin like a dog, and go round about the city." The fame of our success going forth, it takes them: "Morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night; and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report."

I am big with expectation, that God in his wisdom will overrule the malice of this man, so that the wrath of man shall praise him, and that wrath which terminates not in his praise he will restrain. David expected that God would requite him with good for Shimei's cursing, and eventually he did. Our battles are not to be fought with confused noise, nor with garments rolled in blood; but we must carry on our warfare with burning and fuel of fire. Love, zeal, faith, truth, and grace, maintain the fight on our side: wrath and rage, false sparks and strange fire, maintain it in the opposition. But our fiery baptism from above, and the live coal from the altar of burnt offering, must never go out; many waters cannot quench these, nor can the floods drown them.

I hope our audience, and our success in this our next meeting, will be a fast to the serpent's seed, and a banquet to us. Yea, we have the

promise—"Behold, my servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry. Behold, my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty. Behold, my servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed. Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart, but ye shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for vexation of spirit; and you shall leave your name for a curse to my chosen; for the Lord God shall slay you, and call his servants by another name."

Farewell! The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

W. H. S. S.

CXIV.

Aug. 5, 1809.

DEAR TOM,

THE night I left Sleaford we reached Market Deeping, where we slept. The next day arrived at Peterborough fair, where we were beset on all hands with cattle and wood. Here we breakfasted, and took our leave of poor Charles and Mary, who parted with us in grief and sorrow. We next arrived at Stilton, and then at Eton, where, perceiving the poor horses were got faint with heat and dust, we left them, and travelled post from thence to Cricklewood,

where we arrived by seven o'clock on Monday evening.

This hot weather has relaxed me much, so that I have had no heart to work; but have been tenderly indulged in the pulpit, much attended, and the blessing of some that were ready to perish has come upon me. It is remarkable, and was much observed by me, when I stood in the pulpit at Sleaford, there sat two men, not far from each other, who seemed to be farmers, and I believe their souls were God's husbandry; for their hearts heaved, and their countenances rose and fell with the word; their bowels yearned, their tears flowed, and there was on their faces such pious grief, such heavenly sorrow, and the rays of divine love operating within, as are seldom seen; and I remarked that nothing seemed to wound so deep as the expressions of Christ and his sufferings; insomuch that I then thought, and said to my friends afterwards, that I had not a doubt but there was joy in the presence of the angels of God on that day over those poor sinners.

THE DOCTOR.

CXV.

March 22, 1811.

The Coalheaver to the Ragman sendeth greeting.

THIS has been a long, wet, and trying winter to me. I am in hopes, however, that ere long I shall be able once more to see your face in the flesh, that I may bless you before I die; for old age gathers fast upon me; nor can I put far away from me the evil day of death, for there is no discharge in that war, though we are made more than conquerors through him that hath loved us. Good and kind is my dear Lord to unworthy me; and once more, according to custom, I subscribe to the truth of our Lord's assertion—that Satan is the father of lies; for he has long told me that in old age my ministry would die, the power fail, and my joys wither away. Yet never have I had greater success than of late, for the power of God is present to heal indeed. And, though I dislike the place I preach in, yet God owns it in a high degree. I am made manifest throughout the city, and strangers flock continually to hear me. Those who wither away are Satan's own labourers; the springing well is not in them; being wells without water. I often think of the dream I had in your house the last time I was with you.

I saw myself at the head of a large body of people, and a much larger body opposing, filled with rage at me; when suddenly a large rock sprung up out of the ground, to which I pointed my enemies, who seemed dismayed, and gave way. I dreamt the same a second time, and awoke with these words sounding in my ears and heart—"Thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee."

God bless you all. Write soon.

S. S.

CXVI.

April 13, 1812.

DEAR FRIEND,

I BLESS, honour, and extol, the God of my forefathers in the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, for making me fruitful in my old age, which shews that my God is upright; for there are still sons born to Naomi in Bethlehem. Our place is much crowded, without the help of schools, organs, bagpipes, or singing men and singing women. The silver trumpet sounded by a free-born citizen of Zion, the harp of God, and the heart in tune by grace, make the best melody in the ears of the Lord God of sabaoth. My soul blesses him for having kept me from

superstition, human inventions, voluntary humility, will-worship, and all gaudy shew in the flesh; which is setting the ark on a new cart, and drawing it by beasts. The Lord's goodly horse in the battle is Judah, or Jew inwardly; and his state equipage is the chariot of his willing people: in this he rides with his sword girt upon his thigh; the girdle is faithfulness; his sword is his word; his bow is the tongue of his servants; his arrows are his reproofs; his sceptre is the ministry of the Spirit; his throne the affections of his people; and his loyal subjects, and the glory they ascribe to him, are his crown. This is our King, and these are the ensigns of his royalty. The ark was the type of all this, and Ezekiel's vision the antitype of the ark; and Christ, and the church under the gospel, the life, soul, and substance of all vision. And what call have we for a new cart, when poor sinners are so eagerly opening their hearts to receive him? And what call for oxen, when we have sanctified priests, whose shoulders are already bowed to carry both him and his cross, if he will but condescend to ride? Nor need we the arm of Uzzah, seeing the Spirit of the living creature is in the wheels.

Oh! what weights, fetters, and swaddling bands! what hoods and vails, webs, rust, and rubbish, have carnal men clogged the cause of God with! when every poor perishing sinner,

who obtains a manifestation of Christ in his heart, knows that he receives at once all the religion that he wants for time and eternity. This was my case; God revealed his Son in me that I might preach him among the Gentiles; and I find that infinite wisdom needs no architect, omnipotence knows no obstruction. My enemies all call me 'an original;' and I am sure that the religion of former days is better than theirs, and I believe that I have inquired wisely concerning this. The old outcry of 'Antinomian' is worn thread-bare, and the other scare-bird, called 'a bad spirit,' has no effect on the birds of Paradise, who flock like doves to their windows.

"They that honour me (says God) I will honour." God's darling Son is our sole delight; and the Father loveth us because we have loved him. It was the good hand of our God that burnt us out of the old chapel. We were to be no longer hid in a corner, nor kept in the back ground, but to go forth and shew ourselves; and we now seem a wonder to all about us, and a wonder to ourselves. The kingdom stands among us in the power of God; and it increases and enlarges on its own proper basis; while we see that all human pomp, intended to imitate it, and worldly policy used in the supply of it, visibly wither, fade, and decay; and so shall every worldly maxim; for "the

kingdom of God stands in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And, as sure as I am a sinner, the empire of the devil is now propt up, varnished, and set off and supported, by the sacred names of ministers, gospel, grace of God, and the name of Jesus; for these names are all they have. But, as for the ministers of the Spirit, a regenerated family, and that gospel which is the power of God to salvation, these are not easy to be found.

Our united love to Mrs. B. and yourself concludes me

Your affectionate friend,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CXVII.

January 6, 1813.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR son returning, I send you a scrap; but my hand shakes so much, that I have hard work at times to scribble at all. I thank you for the presents you sent to unworthy me. Many of our flock are sick, though not unto death, but for the glory of God. I am now very feeble and old, and yet "bring forth fruit in old age, to shew that the Lord is upright." In Christ is all our fruit found; and by virtue of an union with him grace is communicated to us, and by

as it buds, blossoms, and brings forth fruit in the world, to the glory and praise of God, who is the grand source from whom all good flows. Cleave close to the Head of influence, for without him we can do nothing, being a dead, dry, barren composition of all evil.

Happy they who stand by faith in the Lord's strength, that exist in his life, that shine in his light, girded with his truth, clothed with his robe, speaking with his mouth, engaged in his warfare, and walking with him in peace and equity. The Papists are now making their greatest, and I believe last struggle, in which the professing world will be tried. The outward court of the established church will be given them, and then the power of the holy people must be scattered. Arminians, letter-men, and hypocritical professors, may and will escape Zion's furnace, but not the eternal furnace of fire; for "all shall worship him whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life:"—that is their trap. This present war, the saints' trial, the beast's struggle, the revolution of France, the triumphs of the beast, his ruin, and the resurrection of Zion, are all in the eleventh chapter of the Revelation.

My love to dame, and to all that love us in our reverend and revered Saviour.

THE COALHEAVER.

CXVIII.

August 30, 1806.

My dear Friend, Grace and Peace be multiplied,
through our Lord Jesus, the Son of the Father,
in truth and love.

I HOPE you are not the worse, but the better, for my last visit. I am fully persuaded that God has planted his fear in thy heart, and no fruit of the Holy Spirit will ever be lost. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and its business is to bring distant things near; such as death, judgment, and the world to come; and, as these come near, so evil is departed from: because this grace presents God as present, watching over us, and observing all our actions; and this makes us stand in awe. To this grace hope is added, which is a looking out for, and expecting, some future good, which God has promised to poor sinners, and which the sensible sinner feels his need of. Under this grace the soul becomes stayed; for, although love and comfort, life, and the assurance of it, are much needed, yet the first stage of hope is of an inestimable worth, because it counteracts despondency, raises the soul up with support, which lightens the burden; and it blunts the arrows of wrath, and in a great measure makes us stand more firm against the

darts and accusations of Satan. And this, Sarah, is such a wonderful indulgence, that the prophet says, the sinner "puts his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope." For this indulgence, and for this saving grace, my dear Sarah, be not unmindful, ungrateful, nor unthankful; but acknowledge every indulgence, every revival, every gleam of hope, grain of faith, and dawn of love; knowing that we have forfeited every right and title, and every claim upon God, both for things spiritual and temporal.

; And do let me advise my dear sister in God never to be remiss in her duty—let me say privilege, for such God knows it is, and that with a witness. It is the method which I always unremittingly pursue in every time of danger, trouble, or distress—to pray without ceasing; to be short at it, unless uncommonly enlarged and indulged; and to go constantly, and tell him plainly, and without reserve, all that I feel, fear, or dread; all that is amiss; and aggravate every evil to the uttermost; pleading guilty, faulty, and unworthy to the last degree. And God, and God only, knows the success, the benefits and blessings I have experienced in this poor, simple way. And sure I am that the rebellion of my heart is of a most singular nature; for, though I pray against the power of it both day and night, yet still it harasses me.

But there is no discharge in this war, except by death; that, dear Sarah, is the last engagement, in which we are to be: "more than conquerors through him that hath loved us."

Give my kind love to Tom and Bess, and accept the same from

THE COALHEAVER, S. S.

CXIX.

June 12, 1806.

My dearly beloved Friend; Grace, mercy and peace be with thee, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I KNOW that at this time thou art in the furnace, which is the common lot of all: and when we are put into that fire many dismal things are presented to our view, and the worst of conclusions are drawn and imagined: but God's aim in it is to discover to us the evils of our nature; to humble, soften, and meeken us under them; and to break the spirit, and make it contrite. The fire discovers our corruptions to the bottom; and you may depend upon this, that the remedy will go as deep as the disease; and the abounding consolations will succeed the abounding afflictions. The heart of the saint shall know its own bitterness; nor shall

those who are strangers to this intermeddle with joys of the tried Christian.

The furnace, my dear friend, makes us fit temples for the Lord of hosts, who dwells with the contrite heart, and revives the spirit of the humble. And sure I am that the more we are broken and mortified under afflictions, the more shall we thrive and grow under the influence of the ever blessed Spirit of promise. Every character that Christ bears suits none but tried souls; for those that are full lothe the honeycomb; nor have they an appetite for the bread of life, or for the righteousness of faith. The whole-hearted need no physician, nor do the wise need instruction; the lost sheep, and perishing souls, are the Lord's charge; these are the creatures of his care, and the purchase of his blood; after these he goes; while he leaves the ninety and nine in the wilderness, to feed on the provisions of Sinai and Horeb, they being only sheep in name and appearance, but not in nature, for they are not the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

My kind love to Tommy, Bessy and Fanny, and all friends. Dear Sarah, adieu!

Yours affectionately,

W. H. S. S.

CXX.

Aug. 25, 1806.

DEAR SARAH,

I WAS glad to hear from thee, and bless my God for his goodness to thee. The communion of saints is an article of faith, and where there is communion there must be union. Love, Sarah, is the bond of all perfectness; and this cord comes forth from God the Father, and with the love of Christ becomes a twofold cord; the sovereign love of the Father, and the dying love of Christ. But, in the application of love by the Spirit, it becomes a threefold cord, and when bound to the heart it is not quickly broken. This bond, Sarah, is the cementing tie, the compacting brace of the whole fabric. Charity edifies, or raises up the whole building of mercy. Love purges us from all our idols, and dethrones the old man; whose soul, life, and limbs, are unbelief, enmity, and ignorance; which are the chief of the devil's image; but enmity is the worst: hence the worst threatening in the law is levelled at them that hate me, says God, while I shew mercy to thousands of them that love me. Love is the soul of the new man, which turns Hagar and Ishmael both out of doors; and with them wrath, strife, and debate cease. Nothing but anger, jealousy,

rage, evil surmisings, and a savour of the things of the flesh, prevail where this Egyptian bondmaid and wild man dwell.

God will be better to thee, Sarah, than thou expectest. When once the caul of the heart and the vail upon the mind are rent, and when once truth enters, the Lord often puts in his finger by that hole, and makes the bowels move, while the myrrh hangs upon the lock of unbelief, and makes it give way.

God bless thee.

W. H. S. S.

CXXI.

Cricklewood, Nov. 12, 1806.

The Coalheaver to his venerable and revered mother
Sarah, sendeth greeting, with perfect peace, and
at such a time.

HONOURED MOTHER,

I HAVE no doubt but thou art still at war with the grand enemy, and with his allies, the inbred corruptions of depraved nature. These things lying contrary to our best designs and best pursuits, furnish us with a daily cross, which the Captain of our salvation tells us to take up daily, and to follow him. All and every adversary

we have to cope with has been conquered ere we were born. "Be of good cheer," says the Lord; "I have overcome the world." And his victory is the cause of our good cheer, because our faith makes his conquest our own; "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

I am sorry to hear by Mr. H. that your health is so indifferent; but all things must and shall work together for our soul's good. And afflictions keep our thoughts at home, bring the end in view, and keep us from putting far away the evil day. In afflictions we labour to muster up every evidence that we can; and some small things and tokens for good, which passed unnoticed, as of little worth, and lightly esteemed, are in afflictions courted, embraced, and hugged; for "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" that is, the soul would sooner be under the rod, and feel his own sore, the plague of his heart, and his own burden, than be given up to ease, sloth, insensibility, and carnal security. And so, in times of affliction, weak faith, feeble hope, momentary joys, transient visits, sudden rays of light, meekness, submission, self abasement, humility; together with every supporting and encouraging word, and every enlargement of heart, or liberty in prayer, or apparent answer thereto, are all courted, called in, pondered over, and highly

prized, when the soul is in the furnace. In short, all of Christ, and every thing belonging to him, are of infinite worth to the sinner that is poor in spirit. And every grace within will stir themselves with all their energy and power in times of trouble; for by these things grace lives, and in all these is the life of grace discovered to the soul; for God's strength through grace is made perfect in weakness, and appears to be enough, and all sufficient, when our heart and flesh both fail, and we retain no strength. "To them that have no might he increaseth strength."

Come, Sarah, pluck up thy courage, and be of good comfort, for "they shall not be ashamed that wait for him." He deals out all our afflictions by weight and measure; and will never lay more on than he will enable us to bear. We are his own dear bought bargain; the purchase and inheritance of the Lord; and he will never lose one particle of what he has bought, neither of the body, nor of the soul: no; there shall not an hair of our head perish. Sin in us is Satan's work, and not God's, and this he will root up and purge out of his inheritance; so that "there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord."

Kind love to Tom, Fan, and Bess.

Ever yours,

S. S.

CXXII.

Dec. 8, 1806.

DEAR SARAH,

I THIS day received a line from Tom, dated from Lincoln, where he complains much of the badness of trade, as is the case in most cathedral towns; but he informs me that you are something better, at which tidings I was not a little pleased, having often begged the good Lord to remember poor old Sarah in all her afflictions. God abideth faithful though we believe not; and, as a faithful God has given us what little faith we have, so, if we want more, he must give it, as it grows not in nature's garden; being a grace of God, a free-grace gift from a Redeemer's fulness, a fruit of the Spirit, a manifestation of our eternal election, and a declaration of our sonship. We believe in God with his own faith; we hope in his mercy with his own hope; we love him with his own love; we fear him with his own fear, and worship him with his own Spirit and his own truth; and, as all these things come down from him, so all return to him again, in confessions, in prayers, in praises, and in thanksgivings. And these go by the name of water, as we are called dry land and dry ground; because they soften, revive, refresh, and replenish this mystical

earth; and afford meekness, humility, and self abasement, which things counteract hardness of heart and stubbornness of spirit, that cannot yield, bend, or submit, to the will of God. And I believe that all trials which are sanctified do yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby; and nothing adorns the soul more than a meek and quiet spirit, a submissive will, and humility under his afflicting hand. And sure I am that, the more we are tried, the more meek, the more access to God, and the more free and familiar with him. "Learn of me," says the Lord; "for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

Excuse haste.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXXIII.

Nov. 26, 1807.

Venerable and revered Mother, the son of thy vows
sendeth greeting, with perfect peace through
Jesus Christ.

WE were favoured with a fine day and a prosperous journey on our return, through the goodness of God; and found all well at home, blessed

be his name, who hears and answers prayer. In health I am purely, and free from cold, through the tender mercy of the Lord, which is what I prayed for; as the harvest is great and the labourers are few. I often think of David's words, and have taken great encouragement from them, "I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me," Psalm lvii. 2. And I am sure that he performs all things for me, for I carry all my complaints and wants to him; nor does he reprove or rebuke me for it. The sparrow, the lily, and the hairs of our head, are not out of his care, nor beneath his notice; much less the wants, griefs, complaints, and concerns of his dearly beloved and dear bought children. He has an ear to their cry, a bottle for their tears, bowels for their griefs, and a hand for their help. And let nothing deter my old mother from frequenting his throne, and paying her constant visits there.

The caul of thy heart is rent, the vail is opened and removed, the evil and plague of thy heart are not hidden from thee; and, although unbelief is the bar that bolts the hearts up against Christ, yet there has been at times a little myrrh upon the handles of that lock, which has made it give way or fly back; the Beloved has put in his hand (of power) by the hole of that door, and thy bowels have been

moved for him, as the spouse expresses herself. And when once truth begins to enter it will grow and prevail; it will disturb Satan's nest, and make him relinquish the fort royal; nor will he ever regain it; for, if truth enters, equity will enter also, and conscience, once enlightened, informed, instructed, and furnished with power by the Spirit, will act for Christ; the work will go rapidly on, and Christ will never give up the contest till he gains the heart. We are his, purchased with a price, his own portion and inheritance, and he will lose no part of it.

Kind love to Tom, Bet, and Fan, and accept the same from one that is better to thee than ten other sons.

THE DOCTOR.

CXXIV.

Dec. 28, 1807.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

YOURS came safe to hand, but it was long on the road; slow, but sure. You were the first to whom I wrote after my return, and the last that answered; but I spare you. It is true, my dear friend, God does regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise it. My poor, feeble, and defenceless soul bends herself with all her might at this most glorious of all privileges, be-

ing so truly sensible of the gains and profits that arise from so lucrative a calling. God has called us to the fellowship of his Son. True, dear friend, I have no doubt, but he does hear thy poor petitions; and, if one thousand go up, and no answer is returned, the time shall come when all shall be answered at once, like a flood or inundation, that carries all before it. "Every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth." You may believe me when I say I could most willingly lock myself up, and retire from all human society for ever, only to attend to this very thing—reading the word, and pleading suitable passages in humble prayer: This is my pleasing element, my court days, and my soul's delight; and I have followed it up till it is become most sweet to me, and Satan has laboured as hard against it; but no enemy to my soul under heaven has ever been able to prevail against it. When I received such vile treatment from T., to whom I had been the kindest friend, I was enabled so to prevail at the throne of grace against him, that I felt in my own soul the court of heaven was moved in defence of my cause; and he shall rue the effects of it.

Be honest, my dear friend, and act truly and uprightly with thine own soul, and suffer conscience to magnify her office. "Search me; and try me," said David; who was willing to

know the worst; he did not desire to have his wounds healed slightly, with a cry, of "Peace, peace." Whatever wild terrors, horrors, alarms, frights, and fears, hypocrites like Cain, Esau, Saul, and Judas, may have had, be assured of this, that none know and feel the plague of their own hearts but God's elect—the churches, not the world. "All the churches shall know that I am he that searcheth the reins and hearts," Rev. ii. 23. Therefore submit, and be willing to have the worst laid open. It is the true light which discovers the depths of the human heart; it is the omniscience of God that makes manifest the counsels, workings, conceptions, and productions, of inbred corruptions; and it is the life of God that gives all our longings, cravings, hungerings, and thirstings, after the provisions of Zion. God, my friend, is in all these works, "I wound, and I heal; I bring low, and I lift up." Yea, he killeth by the law, and maketh alive by the Spirit; "he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up." These are the sick which need the great Physician; and not the whole, the sound, nor the healthy.

None know the depth of man's fall, nor the foulness and filth, the uncleanness, the infidelity and enmity, hardness and impenitency, the rebellion and atheism, of our inbred corruptions, but those who are taught of God; and none but such will ever embrace, adore, and admire the

Saviour. Of all the spectres, ghosts, beasts or devils, whether in earth or hell, whether real or imaginary; not one ever appeared half so fearful, terrific, or dreadful to me as myself, when exposed by the application of the law! No free-will, self-confidence, daring presumption, false hopes, or head notions, can live, or maintain their standing, on this ground: and I bless God for their destruction; for when we are thus withered God revives us, and under his revivings a better crop is produced; faith and hope, fear and peace, love and joy, light and life, spring up; and this fruit shall never fade, wither, or die away.

Come, old girl, pluck up, take heart, be of good courage, and "he that shall come will come." The old man has got the dagger in him, and die he must. And Satan has lost the fort royal of thine affections, and shall never regain it more.

THE DOCTOR.

CXXV.

Cricklewood, Jan. 20, 1808.

To my ancient and venerable mother Sarah, of blessed
and everlasting memory, the son of thy vows
sendeth greeting.

LAST night I returned from labour, tired, dry
and weary; and saw the epistle of my revered
matron, but was too much fatigued to read it.
These last gales of the south wind have filled
the sails of love; thou hast weathered the Cape
of Good Hope, crossed the sun's line, and art
on thy way for the Pacific Ocean; "the bitter-
ness of death is past," and thou shalt never die.
"Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall
be a performance of what is told her from the
Lord." The contents of thine epistle moved
the compassion of my soul, and furnished me
with a tribute of praise and a thank offering to
my God, which I deferred not to offer in the
behalf of thyself, and the friends in the North.
O how does his goodness to thee endear his
most gracious Majesty to me! He always
causeth us to triumph in Christ; and delights
in us, because we confide in and adore his dearly
beloved Son.

Faith, my dear friend, is the leading grace
of the Saviour's empire; and like leaven it will,

under the Spirit's energy and influence, diffuse itself, and ferment the whole mass; it will powerfully discover that just one, for it is a seeing of him who is invisible. It bends, bows, and subdues our rebellious wills to choose and prefer Christ above every thing else, whether under or above the sun. It will wrestle, struggle, strive, and fight with every thing that stands betwixt Christ and the soul; it is the victory that overcomes the world. It will powerfully influence the mind; for it is a law that God writes therein; and, by the influence of the Spirit producing this grace, God is said to persuade Japheth. The last advance that faith makes is a descent into the heart, or rather the conscience; for it is with the heart that man believes unto righteousness; and into this principality faith will bring the atonement, for God purifies the heart by faith. Faith will sprinkle the heart from an evil conscience; it will work out all the sin and fear, guilt and shame, filth and fume, that defile us, and make conscience as white as the snow in Salmon. This turns scarlet into wool, and crimson into snow. Add to all this, faith will put on the wedding robe; "The righteousness of Christ is to all and upon all that believe." And with this wedding garment comes the Spirit, to bear witness with our spirit; "He that believes has the witness in himself." Now, when this robe

is put on, guilt purged, the justifying sentence passed in the court of conscience; when peace with God is proclaimed, and the witness of God's Spirit obtained, the devil will lose all grounds of charge and of accusation; for who can lay a charge against the elect of God? And sure I am that, if the devil had no other crimes, God would damn him for accusing the innocent, condemning the just, and for bearing false witness against his neighbour, or near dweller, for we cannot get far from Satan.

I believe that the power which abode upon me on the day to which you allude, the things prayed for, the words pleaded, the faith that attended them, and the firm hope of an answer, came all down from God, and unto God I sent them again, to be distilled in answers upon the bodies, souls and family of them in whose behalf my soul was engaged. And your letter convinces me that I did not travail in vain; for your faith grows exceedingly, and has already begun to work by love: and there are but two steps more for her to take; the first is to undermine all doubts, fears and unbelief, and to prevail above them; the second is to fill you with joy and peace in believing.

I beg you will not pay any more postage of letters; it is a disgrace to my cloth, and to my title also. My success in town is great; and my children grow both in town and country,

blessed be God. My kind love to all the saints, the Ragman, the Justice, the old Ladies, the honourable women, and all that love my best Beloved.

Adieu!

THE DOCTOR.

CXXVI.

Jan. 22, 1808.

HAVING this morning been much indulged by my invariable and eternal lover, I must visit my poor old Sarah again. I am truly in travail for the poor Ragman and his family, and am persuaded that I shall not travail in vain; and I believe that that immense and omnipresent Being, who fills all space, will make my poor old one feel the influence that I am now under. I perceive, by the contents of her last, that she is not sticking in the miry clay of flesh and blood, buried in natural affections, which are kept boiling by distrust and God-dishonouring unbelief—as if the church of God had no head, Zion no king, the children of men no parent, and the widows of God's habitation no husband. The devil transformed is the root of all such fruits, and the fountain of all this corrupt spring. Rise we up into the spirit, the faith,

and the love of God; and then, being enabled to prevail with the Lord, he will enable us to manage all things else, without bowing our shoulders to bear the burdens, which God tells us to cast upon him. I laboured for years in your old yoke; but, blessed be God, he has taught me better, and my soul delights herself in the Almighty, and God rules, cares for, provides, and manages all my family affairs and concerns; and, as David says, performs all things for me.

I hope my ancient one struggles hard, now while the labour is in hand. "Shall I cause to travail, and not cause to bring forth? Shall I cause to bring forth, and shut the womb, saith thy God?" Shall I exercise my children with legal bondage, fear and torment, and make them travail under wrath and guilt, and not shed abroad my love in their hearts, to cast out fear and torment? Or shall I cause them to bring forth life, light, and hope, and shut the womb of my secret decree? No: I have predestinated them to the adoption of sons, and they must and shall be born again. "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."—This is for thee; hear it, and know it for thy good. I did not mean that thou shouldest confess thy sins to any but God; it is against him that we have sinned, and to him confession should be made;

unless under any particular evil, which Satan suggests to be singular, and without a precedent, and unpardonable, in order to shut us up in despair; in such a case (read James v. 16) it may be proper. Such as know their own heart know yours also, and need no information upon that head.

I am this day looking out at the cold, frosty weather, longing for the return of the spring, when I hope my breath will be better; at present it is short enough, and keeps me looking towards that night when the labourers shall receive their hire.

Adieu!

W. H. S. S.

CXXVII.

May 27, 1808.

The Doctor to his dear and venerable daughter
Sarah.

SINCE my return I have received and read yours: but could return no answer till to day, Mr. Jenkins having been with me till this morning. I am made manifest in thy conscience, and all such are in my heart to live and die with them; their God is my God, and their people my people; nor will death itself part

thee and me. The stakes of Zion are not to be loosed, nor one cord broken. The love of God—Father, Son, and Spirit—are durable cords; in which we are bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus. It was these that drew us to Christ, and to each other; and they will keep us one in Christ, and one among ourselves, for evermore. Death has no power upon divine charity; it is as strong as death, and stronger too; for perfect love will cast out the fear of death, even in this our present state: and I am persuaded that neither life nor death shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." All grace is incorruptible seed, and must reign unto eternal life.

You know not how glad I was to see poor Tom and the Justice in the island; it was something like Paul's meeting the brethren in his way to Rome, when he thanked God and took courage. The Hebrews in that part of the country begin to come forth out of their holes, and those that sat in darkness shew themselves. I have long sowed, and now I begin to reap, which is the most pleasing part of the husbandry; the preparatory work is all in hope, but this part is reaping with joy. But the harvest home is before us, though now only in hope; when the Master of the harvest will appear, when the whole crop will be raised, and

all the sheaves and shocks be brought home, When the first fruits shall be seen, and the rest of the wheat shall appear with him, then the Master and the servants, the sowers and the reapers, will all rejoice together. We have in hope, Sarah, the earnest of all this. The same Spirit, which gives us the first fruits, will perform all that is yet to come. He is the pledge of it all, and in possession of us, to assure our hearts of this welcome, this blessed, this long looked for, and much desired end.

By the contents of yours there is a shaking among the bones at Grantham. I hope I shall be enabled once more to prophesy to the wind; and who knows but bone may come to his bone? Tender my love to Tom, to Fanny, the Justice, and all that love us in Christ Jesus.

THE COALHEAVER.

CXXVIII.

Nov. 25, 1808.

The Coalheaver to old Sarah sendeth greetings, with perfect peace, and at such a time.

OLD Sarah wants a crutch, and the Doctor a back-string. Nevertheless invalids are the most capable of sympathy; the lame may prop up the lame, as well as the blind lead the blind.

I have been very rheumatic in my hips, knees, &c. But this I firmly believe, that every cross is a nail, and every inbred corruption, especially unbelief and enmity, are as hammers to drive these nails home; and these together crucify me to this world, and keep me dead to it. Not one satisfying feast, not one cheering cordial, not one sweet morsel, from the dainties of nature, or from the breasts of creature consolations, will the Lord suffer me to feast upon. He pours his bitter draughts into every cup, except the cup of salvation. And surely he must have a respect unto us, or he would not so wear us from the world, follow us up with so many bills of divorce, and watch over us with so jealous an eye.

The old marriage covenant says, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart;" and the new covenant says, "He that loveth his own life better than me is not worthy of me." Every cross that galls the shoulders, every nail that pierces the old man, and every thorn that gores the flesh, weakens, wounds, and cripples some member or other of the old man of sin. By these things our idols get into disesteem; and this work must go on, however irksome or painful. "From all your idols will I cleanse you." No small lot of furnace work has fallen to my share; and, although these trials have not always been succeeded with love, joy, or comfort;

yet they have been followed with humility, meekness, life, and peace. The carnal mind crossed is the life of the spiritual mind; while the storms and rage of the old man precede the calms of the new. The elder must serve the younger; and he does so when his unhallowed motions make us sick of self, of sin, and of the world; and when his sore plagues drive us to prayer, and to relinquish all confidence in the flesh. We must not, my dear Sarah, look at the things which are seen, but at unseen realities. The way is mountainous, rough, and crooked, before us; but, blessed be God, it is level, smooth, and straight, behind.

I now salute old Sarah with a kiss of charity, sending two of the same sort to Fanny and Betsey, and one to Miss B. Success to the Ragman, and my kind respects to the Justice; not forgetting Mrs. S. and all the seed royal. The higher powers join with me in kind love.

THE DOCTOR.

CXXIX.

1808.

To my ancient and venerable daughter Sarah.

WHEN yours arrived with its strange direction, in the scholastic and flowery style, I said the hands are those of Esau; but, when I examined the contents, it was the voice of Jacob. My poor old daughter has been long in chains, long shut up, and deeply sunk in the pit of horror, and in the gloomy and dismal regions of hopeless darkness, of which I myself have been an eye and an ear witness. But "the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." The year of release shall come, the jubile trump shall sound, the state prisoners must go forth, and those that sit in darkness shall shew themselves; and such as cry in the closet must be rewarded openly, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. You have long lain among the pots, and they were the potsherds of the earth that attempted to get thee out; forgers of lies, and physicians of no value: but there is a set time to favour Zion, and that time will never be prolonged. For "though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow

gold." Few sink so ~~deep as~~ the Coalheaver, and few rise higher than I did when the eagle's wings were put on, and I began to mount. And I am fully persuaded that the joyful sound has reached thine ears, and thine heart too; faith moves, and conscience feels her feet. Faith always ventures abroad as soon as the bitterness of death is past; for believing is a passing from death unto life, and leaving all condemnation behind.

For the Lord's sake, slack not in thy diligence; tarry not in the place of the breaking forth of children: faith must have the victory; therefore keep the old man fast by the heel, and get out first, that thou mayest obtain both the birthright and the blessing. The mourners in Zion shall be comforted: as afflictions abound, so consolations abound also. Prosperity must succeed adversity; as we partake of the afflictions, so we must also of the consolations. God only knows what is before, and in reserve for, my poor old Sarah. The kiss, the robe, and the ring; the banner, the wine cellar, and the best robe; the shoes, the wedding vest, and the fatted calf; the best wine, and the joy unspeakable; are all before thee; and thou shalt know that I do not speak these things in vain.

My soul is engaged for thy welfare, and I have daily remembrance of thee, and of the poor flock at G. I hope in God that, when

this long, cold, dreary, dismal, and severe winter is past, I shall see my poor old Sarah once more. I am old, and never did I feel more from inclement weather than during this winter. My soul is still alive; but, when I come to stand for two or three hours, my strength is all gone, and I am a meer machine.

Tender my kind love to Tom, Fanny, and all friends.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXXX.

1808.

I RECEIVED the simple and savoury epistle of my ancient and venerable daughter Sarah, of blessed and everlasting memory. My soul travails for her, and she groans under my labour. There is no enchantment, there is no divination, against my ancient one: "blessed is she that believed." She, and the flock at G. attend me in all my prayers. I am very rheumatic, but hope, if I am spared, to see thy face once more, that my soul may bless thee before I die. Cast all thy cares and burdens upon Christ; the whole government is upon his shoulders. To grope and muddle in flesh and blood, is sticking in the miry clay, as David calls it: but my

poor one rises up into the Spirit, and into Christ; and my soul with pleasure sees the brightness of thy rising. Hold all hearts, family, circumstances, and every thing else, friends and foes, in the hand of Christ; he is the heir of all things, the universal ruler of all; and every deceiver, and all the deceived, are his: and be sure to keep them here, and thou shalt surely see his hand, and admire his wise, mild, just, and propitious government. He will speak upon thine heart, and actuate thy mind with the living law of faith, which will exercise itself upon his presence and promises; upon his sacrifice and satisfaction; upon his dying love and rising power; upon his mediation and intercession; upon his providence going before us, and upon his grace within us; and by these means he will draw thy heart and affections after him, with a thousand lovely cords of omnipotent sweetness. And thou shalt see it, admire it, and rejoice in it.

The Lord suffered thee long to lie as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit; as a wife of youth, refused by her husband. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer." And this I know, for thou art in my heart, held both in faith and affection, and my hope of thee is steadfast; knowing this, that, "as thou hast been

partaker of the sufferings, so shalt thou be also of the consolations;" and, as the former have abounded, so shall the latter also abound. God alone called me, and he has made choice of my mouth to call thee; and I have that love for thee and thine as is not to be found in nature, nor in all the corruption of it; because the salvation of thy soul is the only cause of the labour of my love, which constrains me to remember thee in every prayer of mine; and this is the bond of all perfectness. It knits the marriage knot between Christ and the soul, and makes them one spirit with the Lord. It is the quintessence of our obedience to God, and gives us an existence in him. It is the perfecting of our liberty, and makes us free indeed. It is the bond of the covenant, and is a perfecting of our enjoyment of all the blessings in it. It finishes the new birth and makes it clear, and casts out all doubts and fears about it. It is the crowning work of grace, and the perfecting of all real holiness: "God hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."

My love to the Ragman, and the girls.

THE DOCTOR.

CXXXI.

August 17, 1809.

SARAH,

I HAVE been very busy with my second crop of hay, or you should have heard from me sooner. I have had a sweet account, since my return from Ely, of a young man who was brought out during my last visit there; another of a young man delivered in London; and on Tuesday last I received a third. All which I intend immediately to answer, and send to the press.

I am glad to hear by Tom that poor Sarah mends. Afflictions are not joyous; but they make manifest what we are, and whose we are. If graceless, we wax worse and worse under them, have much sorrow and wrath in them, and are at last consumed by them; for, if we do not belong to God, he will neither own, support, nor deliver us, nor suffer us to lay any claim upon him; much less sanctify our afflictions, by causing them to work for our good. Nor will the Holy Spirit attend them with meekness, humility, or submission; much less help our infirmities in praying, believing, hoping, and waiting for the appearance of God. But, if God be for us, let our troubles be what they may, we shall find some of the rubbish,

dross, and tin, purged away from the heart : we shall find our nature more and more vile ; self will sink into disesteem, and faith and hope get more firm, the mind more sound, and the soul more fortified to hope and trust in God ; yea, we shall resolve to do it, come what may. And I know that Sarah gains by occupying business in these great waters. "What is man," says Job, "that thou shouldest magnify him—that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him—and that thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment?" Job vii. 17. This will be the case where God sets his heart ; and they that escape the furnace in this world have a worse furnace of fire before them ; so that a furnace is prepared for all.

My love to Tom, Bess, Fanny, and all the seed royal.

THE COALHEAVER.

CXXXII.

Feb. 25, 1809.

To my daughter Sarah, greeting.

YOUR kind epistles came to hand, and they are most truly welcome to me. But this cold and wet winter has turned all my flying pains into chronic ; and old age helps to fix and con-

firm them. This, however, is no more than the outward man, which must decay, because the leprosy is deep in the walls. It has been scraped and plastered, and the priest has looked at it again and again; but the fretting leprosy still remains, and therefore it must and shall come down; Levit. xiii. But the tenant within is not in the same predicament. There is in that better part an immortal treasure, that shall live and abide for evermore. All that are born again have this treasure in their earthen vessel: and I have for some years past employed my mind and thoughts upon this incorruptible seed, which will and shall remain when time itself is dead.

The word of our God shall stand for ever; it is never to depart from Christ, nor from his seed, according to the tenour of the covenant. "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven," Psalm cxix. 8, 9.

The quickening influence of God's Spirit is life eternal: by this death, in all the branches of his empire, is abolished, and we see and know that life and immortality are brought to light. God "is not the God of the dead, but of the living;" and he styles himself the God of their salvation, and claims them for his own, which are the offspring, or issues from death," Psalm lxxviii. 20.

The mercy of God is from everlasting to

everlasting upon them that fear him; and this mercy, when exercised in our regeneration and renovation, is productive of many good fruits in us, and of many by us towards others, which are a comfort both to ourselves and to them; and all these claim the Almighty for their God and their sire; for he is "the father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort," 2 Cor. i. 3.

The morning star, which arises in our hearts, is a sure prelude to the Sun of Righteousness; is an immortal beam, and will shine more and more unto the perfect day, being a ray of divine glory. "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of God is risen upon thee," saith the prophet; "and the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." These, Sarah, are the children of light; and all their good and perfect gifts are from above, and come down from the father of these children, called lights, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Furthermore, the least grace, or the most minute fruit of the Holy Spirit of God, is incorporeal, immortal, and incorruptible; even though it be no more than the meek and quiet influence which the Holy Ghost produces in the humble and contrite soul; and even these are ascribed to the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of

God of great price," 1 Peter iii. 4. Now, if the meekness and quietude of the Holy Spirit, with which he adorns the penitent soul, be incorruptible, and in the sight of God of great price, what must faith be, which receives the Spirit, obtains promises, attends prayer, gives glory to God, and overcomes the world? Why, it is a seed of God, it is born of him; is in alliance with him, receives all help from him, and gives all glory to him; and is the leading, warring, and all-conquering grace, that leads on all the other train of competitors to the holy war; so says holy writ—"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," 1 John v. 4. Now this grace of faith, which is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," will not continue beyond the grave in its labour, toil, or exercises; in its attention on prayer, mixing with the word, quenching the darts of the devil, and fighting with the world; yet it will remain as an eye; for even in this world faith is a seeing him that is invisible, a viewing the promise at a distance; and we walk by it, and not by sight. Yet all this is but a looking through a glass darkly, and must give place when we see face to face. Moreover, there is a spark of divine life in every grace; hence

called "the grace of life;" and an inactive faith is by James called a "faith without works," which he declares to be dead. And the Lord himself affirms that all who believe in him have everlasting life, and shall not come again into condemnation; with which the Common Prayer Book agrees in its Catechism, calling it "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ."

All these, my dear Sarah, are most undoubtedly the seeds of incorruption, which must live and abide for ever, seeing that sin, death, and corruption, can work no change in them, have no dominion over them, nor any influence upon them. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" John iii. 6.

Love also is among this list of incorruptible seeds, from which neither our sins nor Satan, life nor death, things present, nor things to come, neither height nor depth, nor any thing else, can ever separate our souls. Love is of God, and is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. It is sovereign and free; unmerited, unalterable, and everlasting; and is the seed of our divine Father, which is lodged in the soul through Christ. It is that charity which abideth for ever, and is the crowning work of the Holy

Spirit; for we are to be holy and without blame before God in love, Eph. i. 4. Again, on this subject of the incorruptible seed :

Hope. A living hope is one of the fruits to which the regenerate soul is begotten when born anew by the Spirit, as appears from holy writ; "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who of his abundant mercy has begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Christ from the dead," 1 Peter i. 3. This is a good hope through grace; has life and activity in it; and is lively in its nature, in its exercises, and in its influences and operations, being called an helmet, to screen the judgment from errors; an anchor that counteracts despair; entering within the vail of Christ's flesh, and centering in God through him; and is a looking out, a longing for, an expectation of, and a dealer in, things invisible, things good, things future, things much needed, things promised, and things sure and certain; and is a grace that is daily employed in waiting the returns of prayer, the income of promised mercies, and of all promised deliverances.

Joy is also an incorruptible seed, being a fruit of the Holy Spirit, and a grace from his fulness; "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." This is the grace that is to be our chief furniture when prayers

and tears, trials, and troubles, the work of faith, and expectations of hope, are to be no more; then praise and rejoicing, shouting and singing, triumphing and exulting, loving and adoring, seeing and admiring, embracing and enjoying, will be all in all; hence the promise, "the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads," Isaiah xxxv. 10. And, if it be everlasting joy, it must be an incorruptible seed, being a fruit of the Holy Spirit, and that lamp which never goes out, but will burn at the midnight cry, when the bridegroom comes, and will be the nuptial flame that will never expire.

Peace is another member of the new man, a ruling grace in the Saviour's principality; and of which little ruler he is the prince, being called the Prince of Peace; and it is peculiar to the royal city of Salem; "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces; for my friends and companions' sake will I now say, Peace be within thee." Upon the sons of peace this divine blessing comes, and upon them it shall for ever rest, Luke x. 6.

Filial and reverential Fear also, which has the goodness of the Lord, and not his wrath for its object, Hosea iii. 5. This grace is peculiar to sons, and not to servants; and is a fruit of the Holy Spirit; hence he styles himself, "the Spirit of the fear of the Lord." This little

sweet one is the beginning of wisdom; and often dwells richly in those who can discern little else in themselves, and who exercise it all the day long, when they can exercise neither faith nor hope. Yet even this God acknowledges as his; "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me," Jeremiah xxxii. 40. Yea, God claims this as his own; "The fear of the Lord is his treasure," Isaiah xxxiii. 6.

Rest is another fruit of the Holy Spirit, being the satisfaction and contentment of the mind when stayed on the finished salvation of Christ; and springing from a full persuasion of interest in it; "We that believe do enter into rest."

Delight is an incorruptible treasure, being the secret pleasure and comfort that the soul finds and enjoys in the love, the good will, and the gracious indulgences of God; heavenly-mindedness and sweet meditation often waft the soul into it. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul," Psalm xciv. 19. Again, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart," Psalm xxxvii. 4. And again, "The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace." Now, as the object of our delight is God, and comfort and peace are the ground

of our inward delight, this noble and enriching glee of the soul will rise higher in the next world than it has ever done in this, and therefore it must be incorruptible, because it never fades away.

The wedding garment, which faith now puts on, is incorruptible and eternal, and must be found, put on, and worn on the wedding day, when the marriage of the Lamb shall come. This robe must adorn the spouse, and grace the nuptial solemnity, for it is in this that "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun, in the glory of their Father's kingdom, for ever and ever."

I have now shewn you something of the incorruptible seed which is hid in the heaven-born soul. And where this treasure is not, all profession is nothing more than the adorning of corrupt nature, or metamorphosing the old man of sin; but this transformation differs much from the Holy Spirit and his divine grace. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit; corruption doth not inherit incorruption." The body, as well as the soul, must pass through the laver of regeneration, and there must be a latter as well as a former rain. Soul and body must both be quickened; the soul in time, the body at the end of time. "Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken

me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth; thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side," Psal. lxxi. 20. The same Spirit that quickens the dead soul shall also quicken our mortal bodies, (Rom. viii. 11), and purge them from all their corruption, dishonour, weakness, mortality, spots, stains, and wrinkles. Our vile bodies must be changed, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ, Phil. iii. 21.

Thus, Sarah, you see a little of the Spirit's work, who takes up his eternal abode in the chosen of God: and, as the Spirit of life and comfort abides with them for ever, and will reinstamp the image of Christ upon our whole man, and fill the treasures of grace with eternal glory; then joy shall be full, and love full, and knowledge full, and every craving appetite will be full; so that they shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, nor sorrow any more, nor cry any more. I might have sent you a few scraps of comfort, which by God's blessing might have been a refreshing morsel; but this will bear reading again, if you examine and compare notes properly.

I am very rheumatic, and my hand shakes, therefore must conclude, wishing you much of His presence.

W. H. S. S.

CXXXIII.

Dec. 10, 1797.

WELL, sister Betty, you have given me a long account of a very bad heart. It is God alone who searches, tries, and discovers it, and makes us feel the plague of it, and know its evil thoughts: and all this work is to prepare and make us fit objects for the great Physician, who loves to take desperate cases in hand, that he may exercise his pity and his skill where they are most wanted, and thereby secure the heart, affections, praise, and thanksgiving, of the patient to himself: "I wound and I heal, saith the Lord." We must be stript, Betty, and be brought down and humbled, which is the worst part of all the work; and it is by the wrath, terrors, bondage, and condemning power of the law, that this work is done; and "blessed is the man whom God chastens, and teaches him out of his law;" for "every one that hath heard and hath learned of the Father cometh unto me," saith Christ, "and he that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And when such a hunger and thirst are created in the soul after Jesus, as that nothing but himself can satisfy, the soul is moved out of its place; it is out of the flesh, and on the road to Christ. Thus God

met the prodigal half way, as soon as he was perishing with hunger. Besides, thou wilt find, if thou art diligent in reading and in prayer, that the further thou goest on in this way of seeking him, the brighter discoveries wilt thou have; for those that follow Christ shall not abide in darkness, but they shall have the light of life. Many promises will drop into thy mouth to plead, and into thy heart to prop it up; his garments will emit their fragrance more and more, as thou approachest him, and will smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia; and every word he speaks will make his blessed mouth more and more sweet. This, together with the savour of his good ointments, and a few words in due season when thou art weary, will make him "the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

Come, Betty, take courage, be of good cheer, receive no denial; but pray, and faint not; set thy cap at him; God has given him for a husband to poor sinners, and all other lovers are little worth. A longing, wishful eye, a craving heart, and a deep sense of need, when nothing will satisfy but himself, are sure to overcome him. He cannot stand out; he must yield; he must submit, according to his own promise; "They shall find me when they shall seek for me with all their heart." And sure I am that not a jot or tittle of his word shall ever

pass away unaccomplished or unfulfilled. Those little respites, and drops of comfort and joy, which thou speakest of, are foretastes of greater things; you may call them Gad, for a troop cometh; there are more behind. Our path is to shine more and more, and we are to go from strength to strength.

I hope to hear that thou gettest worse and worse; sick, sorry, languishing, faint, tired, weary, and determined to give all up; sick at heart, and dying for love: for, when our strength is all gone, when sick indeed, and wretched, than we shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live. Besides, these human lovers are rivals to Christ; for, when the soul is seeking him, they sometimes stand in the way, and are ready to carry off the thoughts and affections too much from him, who calls for the whole of our heart, having the greatest right to them, and who is alone worthy of it. But from all our filthiness, and from all our idols, he will cleanse us, and give us a new heart and a new spirit; the former shall love him, and the latter shall glorify him. I suppose by this time you are keeping the feast of tabernacles, and brother O. is with you. I wish you may keep it seven days. God bless thee!

Ever thine,

W. H. S. S.

CXXXIV.

Nov. 23, 1800.

DEAR BETSY,

I RECEIVED thine epistle, and am glad of the good tidings. The breakers are gone up before thee: the Lord has begun to break thy yoke, and to burst thy bonds; he cuts asunder the gates of brass, and breaks the bars of iron, and says "to the prisoners, Go forth; and to them that sit in darkness, Shew yourselves. They shall feed in the ways, and their pastures shall be in all high places," Isai. xlix. 9. Now, if you follow on to know the Lord, you shall know his goings forth to be from of old, from everlasting; and surely he will come unto thee as the early and latter rain, and make thy soul like a watered garden; so that righteousness, peace, and praise, shall spring up, like a glorious crop for God; then will the beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits; his love will make thine heart a flagon of wine, and every promise applied will be an apple of gold in a picture of silver. Then thou shalt suck of the breasts of consolation, bless the heavenly cheer, and grow up like a calf in the stall.

Be much in private prayer to God; and

often withdraw thyself to read and meditate; he that prays in secret shall be rewarded openly. This is the life and soul of real religion; this is communion and fellowship with the Lord, and our court visits to him; and surely the soul that is diligent in it shall be made fat. The day star is most certainly risen in thine heart, and thy path will shine more and more; and, though the Lord sometimes spreads a cloud upon his throne, and brings the soul under an eclipse, yet the day-spring will visit thee again, and guide thy feet into the way of peace; for the Lord is our everlasting light, our God and our glory, and surely our sun shall no more go down. Be a good girl, and mind your books; I mean the Bible and conscience; and perhaps the Lord may give you another penny when I see you again: our pay is a penny a day.

Tender my kind love to your brother and sister. Adieu!

Yours affectionately,

W. H. S. S.

CXXXV.

Dec. 16, 1807.

DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND thee a few lines in love and respect, hoping that my prescriptions may be of use to thy health, to strengthen thy stomach, and to relieve thine often infirmities. I find no physician in this world that is to be named in comparison or competition with the great Physician of souls. No means, medicines, care, or attention, like that of fervent and constant prayer; whether the disorder be ghostly or bodily, of long standing or of recent contraction, epidemical or singular; there is no stomachic like bitter herbs, which strengthen, and help digestion, insomuch that Wisdom herself avers, that "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." The passover offering was to be eaten with bitter herbs. Ezekiel's roll, and John's little book, were bitter sweets; sweet to the taste, but bitter to the belly. All the Saviour's garments smell of myrrh and aloes, and with these two ingredients was our Lord's body embalmed. And what smells sweeter than myrrh, or more bitter than aloes? If we feed on the roast meat, we must expect the salted provisions. "In the day of prosperity be joyful," it is a day of feasting: but in ad-

versity consider, it being an appointed fast; for "God hath set the one against the other." "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," which appears when the Bridegroom hides his face; "and a stranger intermeddles not with his joy;" that is, when the Bridegroom is present, for "the children of the bridechamber cannot fast in those days."

We are clogged with a body of sin and death; overmuch indulgence would make the divine bounties too cheap; for that which is easily obtained is not so highly prized. God will keep us short, that ~~he~~ may teach us to beg; and he will at times banquet us, that no provision may be compared or once named with his. If the penny a day seem to be withheld, it is to teach us to trust; and, when the dividend is received, it is to convince us that we trust not in vain. Whenever you are admitted into the guest-chamber, expect the dungeon next; the former shews us the goodness of God, and the latter that we are an hell without it. Job's glorious testimony from Heaven, given to his uprightness, was followed by a seven years' furnace, if what the Jews write be true. Peter's noble confession, and the Saviour's approbation of it, were succeeded by Satan's sieve. Our Lord's reception of the Spirit like a dove, and the voice of his divine Father from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I

am well pleased," were a prelude to his forty days' temptation, after which he returned in the power of the Spirit. The former are cordials to keep us from fainting, and to animate hope to expect another drop when the conflict is over.

Give mine honour to mother Sarah; love to Tom the ragman; duty to the Justice, and best wishes to all the faithful.

Miss Peevish, adieu!

Q. IN THE CORNER.

CXXXVI.

June, 1808.

MY DEAR BESS,

MEN, all men, are born to trouble, and they that love God are born again; and the second birth is to a daily cross, to self-denial, and to a mortifying of the sins of the flesh, or the deeds which the body relishes, feeds on, and delights in; the flesh loves the law of sin, the whole of which lies in these three things—love of money, love of pleasure, and love of lasciviousness; which work in the carnal mind, in unclean thoughts, and call for gratification: this is the soul of the old man, "which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts." Hence come

the daily cross, the internal war, and continual strife of flesh and spirit.

Old maids in a family are commonly the drudges of the whole household. Like the ass in the yard, they must yield the back, and bow the shoulders, to every one that brings the saddle or the collar. But the old man within has not half the indulgence, nor half the attention paid him, when the hands and mind are fully employed, as when we are at perfect leisure to attend to his deceitful cravings. The devil has no objection to idleness; and it is seldom that he complains of needle-work, for the needle may go on when we are enjoying a thousand bridegrooms or brides. The carnal mind must and will work, and our vain imaginations feed it; for neither the devil nor the old man can relish, savour, or feed upon, any one thing else under heaven but the corruption and pollution of our nature. O, how is Lucifer fallen! Once an holy angel, feasted with the love, joys, and presence of God; but now rolling, bathing, feeding, exciting, stirring up, and delighting in, the corruption of flesh and blood, which is but dust and ashes. "Dust shall be the serpent's meat." But God by his Spirit, from the fulness of his dear Son, has raised up in us an incorruptible seed, a better crop, flowing from the everlasting Father; which shall live, thrive, grow, and flourish, till these

corruptible bodies shall put on incorruption; and then shall all mortality be swallowed up of life.

Be content to serve, Bessy; the diligent in business is coupled with the fervent in spirit. Tender my love to Lucy, and accept the same from

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. S. S.

CXXXVII.

Cricklewood, March 3, 1804.

DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours, and am glad that you met with any encouragement from the word when in town. You most certainly have compassed mount Sinai many days, and are inured to legal bondage; though God gets but little glory from his children while they lie in irons; because such sons differ nothing from servants, though they be lords of all, their spirit being in a base, low, depressed state; which are the fruits and effects of God's anger, not of his love and good-will in Christ Jesus. There is in us poor, fallen, depraved creatures, a self-righteous spirit; we are born in it and with it; and it may be seen even in children. This

spirit is kept working and fermenting in us by pride, with which Satan leavens this leaven of the Pharisees. This is one of the principal high things which exalt themselves against the knowledge of God. And this spirit we are fond of, because it affords ground for boasting. Nor is this boasting excluded by the law; for, though the law works wrath in us, discovers sin, and ministers death and condemnation, yet doth it not humble us; self pity and hard thoughts of God; pride and consequence, with enmity against the Almighty, being all the fruits which will ever discover themselves in that soul wherein self-righteousness and the wrath of a broken law work. In the law the wrath of God, his justice, holiness, and terrible majesty, appear: but in Christ Jesus the love, mercy, pity, compassion, together with the glory and beauty of God, are seen.

The dreadful displeasure of God in a broken law, is intended to shake, alarm, and unsettle the soul from its legal bottom; but it is when God builds up Zion that he appears in his glory; and it is charity that edifieth, or builds us up, not wrath. It is charity, or love, and nothing else, that raiseth up the edifice of sovereign mercy; "I have said that mercy shall be built up for ever." And it is love that raiseth up the fabric of mercy.

Beware of hugging your chains, and of sup-

posing that there is any merit in being laid by the ~~heels~~, or that there is any thing ~~pleasing~~ to God in our sore ~~backs~~. God is not charmed with ~~our~~ groans, mournings, and complaints: love, faith, hope, humility, meekness, praise, thanksgiving, pious sorrow, submission, and repentance, flowing from a sense of pardoning love, are the choicest fruits in the gardens of grace, or the most valuable revenues of God's empire, with which he is well pleased.—And we derive these from the Mediator's fulness by the Holy Spirit; and under the Spirit's influence and operation are these spices made to flow out.

James, look a little more off from, and out of self. Pore and ponder no longer over the old sore: it is not fretting at the disease, but hoping in the Physician, that raises the heart of the patient. God has made his dear Son to be to us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; and we are complete in him, and in him without fault before the throne. Look a little more to Jesus, and see what that will do; we are changed into his image, from glory to glory, by looking, and not by shaking our fetters, or grinding in the prison.

Many thanks. But to write a sermon I want new eyes, and a new set of muscles. Grace, mercy and peace be with thee. So prays thy friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

CXXXVIII.

May 10, 1805.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been hard at work finishing my book, which has been permitted to swell in my hands; and therefore could not spare time to correspond with any. The fan must come; heresies there must be; and they that have not received the truth in the love of it are to have itching ears, and to be turned aside to fables; and this passage is now fulfilled before your eyes. I believe the church of God never was more filled with hypocrites and errors than in the present day; but the contrary part must and shall be made manifest. But, after all, real religion lies in communion with God; it is a secret between God, Father, Son, and Spirit, and the sinner's own conscience. It consists in being made nigh to God by the blood of Christ; in being reconciled to him by the power of the gospel, called the ministry of reconciliation; and in finding access to him by faith, and under the influence of the Spirit of grace. Such go in and out, and find pasture, according as faith is or is not in exercise. And such souls are furnished with the witness in themselves; and are kept within bounds by filial fear, which

has the goodness of God for its object; "they shall fear the Lord, and his goodness, in the latter days." The approbation of God, the light of his countenance, and the peace which he has ordained for us, are the inward satisfaction and support of the soul. Quickening, pardoning, and justifying, grace fixes the soul, produces a solid ground of hope, and richly secures the kingdom of God.

Be not thou carried away with strange and diverse doctrines; for "it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." Sensible sinners are repeatedly exhorted to wait upon the Lord; and, during their time of waiting, they often renew their strength; and indeed are pronounced blessed all the time they watch and wait at Wisdom's gate. And, as "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," so we are commanded to wait for his law. "The isles shall wait for his law." Here is the patience of the saints. Here Satan continually hurries them; and some have said, "Let him hasten his work." Others, "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" Others again are thus described: "The captive exile hastens that he may be loosed, that he may not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail."—"He that believes shall not make haste." Satan being a cunning adversary, he sends along a child of his in high, presumptuous confidence,

under which the devil works transformed. While they waited upon God he tempted, worried, and drove them, like a devil as he is; but now he acts like an angel of light. Such leave Wisdom's gate, and the blessing too, behind them. He sears the conscience, which makes their chains lighter. He ceases to tempt, drive, and distress, which brings a calm. He applies and works this bold presumption in them, which passes for faith; whilst the novelty of such whims and fancies affords a cheering intoxication; and those, who never tasted the good old wine of the kingdom, desire this, which is new.

This is the work that is going on at Leicester. But it will all fail when persecution unto blood comes on, and death stares in the face. Stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.

W. H. S. S.

CXXXIX.

July 17, 1807.

To the Son of my Vows greeting.

GRACE, mercy, and peace, be with my son, through our Lord Jesus, the darling of heaven, and the endless all of Zion. My outward man

waxes old, but the new man has nothing to do with time; he is not of the earth, nor earthy. The incorruptible seed is of the second Adam, the quickening Spirit, the Lord from heaven. Out of his fulness all grace flows, and is the fruit of a second birth; and every grace has spiritual and divine life in it; hence called "the grace of life," which must and shall reign till a life of glory takes place. From this divine principle we are denominated sons, which is an everlasting name raised up in the dead soul, "an everlasting name that shall not be cut off." And this grace of life lies in quickening the soul, and giving it feeling, sensation, and motion towards God, and affections to him and the things of him; in removing the sting and sentence of death; in justification unto life; in a lively hope; and in faith and love, which are in Christ Jesus. This divine nature is of the everlasting Father; and where this is, all such are the body of Christ, and members in particular. This is the inner man, the hidden man of the heart; and this poor wise child is better than the old and foolish king, that will no more be admonished; for out of prison he cometh to reign, whereas this that is born in his kingdom becometh poor. Find out that riddle, and attend to this new man; he is fed by reading, meditating, and prayer; by watchfulness upon the providence of God; by the

atonement, sacrifice, and satisfaction of Christ; by his righteousness and intercession; by the light of God's countenance, and by the influences of his Holy Spirit. Such things feed this new man; and he grows and thrives wonderfully upon a tender and pure conscience; and will be strong or weak, bold or timorous, high or low, lively or dormant, active or listless, according as conscience is kept and attended to.

If a man, like Paul, exercise himself to keep a conscience void of offence, such God says walk with him in peace and equity; "holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience." But, if conscience be neglected, faith gets lame by doubting and fearing; and shame following such neglect, the soul gets shy at the mercy seat; and then that which is lame is turned out of the way, and not healed; and such are ready to halt, having sorrow continually before them. Such, if they are cheerful in company, are sad in solitude, for, "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

Tender my love to your spouse, and all friends. Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXL

Dec. 3, 1807.

Dear friend; Grace and peace be with the few that escape the corruptions that are in this world.

ON Sunday we were much crowded; the good old provision being not unsavoury, neither out of favour or fashion. Bless God for evermore, there are a few that love the Saviour, and a few whom he dearly loves. By this we know that Christ still reigns, and keeps his throne, and he alone shall fill the judgment seat; and all his enemies shall see it, and pray to the mountains to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. But in his light we see him, in his strength we stand; and in his life, and by the faith of him, we live. As our physician, we enjoy his saving health; as our atonement, we feel his cleansing; as our prince, we feel his peace; and as our only hope of glory, we watch, wait, long, and expect to see him again, and that without sin, to finish the business of our salvation. All this is Christ in us; and, as sure as God made the world, the reverse of this is Satan in them, the evident token of perdition. And it is surprising, but even in the very centre of the law these two classes are couched; "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandment," which is faith that worketh by love. And here we can never love in vain, nor be left to smoke in jealousy as injured lovers. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

My love to your spouse, sister in law, and all the holy and beloved brethren.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CXLI.

Jan. 9, 1808.

DEAR FRIEND,

I AM heartily glad that your dame and sister are well; and also at the close and endless union, which has taken place between the zealous Boanerges and the converts of T. who are one in heart, and ought to be one in communion. There are but two bonds subsisting; the one is charity, the other the bond of iniquity. Peace leads to the first, and the gall of bitterness to the second. God has purged the floor, and you no longer stagger at the fan; your own eyes see the chaff and the wheat, and you know who has made the separation. Enmity is the bar in this world; and the great

gulf of God's decree will be the bar in the next; and there is no passing over either this or that. I know where they are, because I was once upon that ground; but they never saw the foundation on which we stand.

I long for the spring to come on, fearing my friends' zeal at Leicester will abate ere I can come to rekindle the sparks. They have reproached the eternal ordinance of God, the preaching of the everlasting gospel, which must and shall continue, and end, in the midnight cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." And in Leicester, where this ordinance, by speaking and writing, has been reproached, there it shall be had in honour of all them that love the Lord Jesus. Nor shall all their malice deprive me of my sacerdotal office—I am the Doctor still; and the holy oil, the anointing oil, the golden oil, the oil of joy, and oil of gladness, which I endeavour to mix with all my medicines, will be esteemed, relished, preferred, and admired, by all spiritual patients, when the spurious drugs and quack medicines of T. will be confined to wolves, bears, and dogs. So I believe, and so I conclude.

Love to all the friends.

W. H. S. S.

CXLII.

June 9, 1808.

DEAR FRIENDS,

MY kind friend T. having paid Leicester so long a visit, is intended no doubt to forestal my market. But my own God says, "I will work, and who shall let it!" His secret cautions against me will only excite curiosity. Besides, my work lies among the lost sheep, and the poor and needy; while his line of business is among the better sort, who never went astray. God is the husbandman, and the elect are his husbandry. He has ever made his servants threshing instruments; the mountains must be threshed, and the hills be made as chaff. These mountains and hills are only formidable enemies, swelled with pride and high conceit; all which must and shall be brought low, either into submission to Christ, or low in despair. Such men are the fan in the Lord's hand; for, when the force of truth beats them off from the wheat, and out of the floor, the wind is to carry them away, and the whirlwind is to scatter them. They are no sooner driven from among the just, but the wind of the fan carries them away. And, being incorporated into a new body, they look for a while formidable and terrific. But the prophet says, the

whirlwind shall scatter them, their bonds shall be broken, and they shall be dispersed. This is the prediction; watch the event.

How wonderfully did L. when he got into this false fire, winnow the few at Grantham; and, as soon as the accursed things were taken away, the rest abode, and have increased ever since. Friend T. has done the same at Leicester, and your union has been cemented, and has gathered strength from that hour. Truth goes before, and tells us how things shall be; while experience follows after, and sets her seal to the truth, that so we have seen it in the city of our God. Every branch in the vine, that has any grace or truth in it, shall be purged, and be kept fruitful. But every branch that has not these things shall be taken away; and when taken away, or cast forth from the body mystical, it withers; their joy, zeal, gifts, and abilities, soon fade, wither, decay, and die; enmity fills them with rage, when they grow into contempt; and envy at the just slays the silly one; his guilt rises up within, his countenance falls, his heart frets against the Lord; and such are driven further and further, till they stumble on the dark mountains; or, as the prophet says, "they shall be driven to darkness."

I know not when I have had so many accounts of the power of God displayed by my

ministry as lately; both in town, and at Ely, the last time I was there. The M.'s of Downham intend being at Grantham when I come into your parts, and then you will hear of the increase there. "The excellency of the power is of God, and not of us;" and God's power cannot be frustrated. The stronger the opposition, the higher we shall rise; and I expect that God will be with us in our intended meeting. God tells us not to fear the reproach of men, nor to "be afraid of their revilings, for the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool; but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished." In this prophecy they are compared to a garment, being all outside, all shew—outwardly righteous before men. The moth is the secret curse of God working in the self-righteous; who are compared to wool, having put on the sheep's skin, not the white linen of Christ's righteousness. The worm is the guilt of their own conscience. Read Isaiah lxvi. 24; where you see the worm and the curse of the fiery law both together. Hence, when any one tells me of some new enemy rising up, and raging at me, I always inquire how their countenance looked while they were at it; and, if it was horrid, I always conclude, that the moth and worm are already at work within; because the shew of their countenance

doth witness against them, Isai. iii. 9. I have long watched this, and never shall their countenance be comely until by real repentance they return to us; "Let them return unto thee, says God; but turn thou not unto them." It is surprising what I have discerned of this moth and this worm; they have not only appeared in the countenance; but, when they begin to eat the garment, and to nibble at the wool, I have seen them working at last upon their reputation in trade, in business, in property, and in the refractory family. Zechariah sets forth the same insects, but more plainly; his is a flying roll. The book of the law written on parchment, and rolled upon wooden pins, is what is meant by the roll. The contents of the roll is the curse that goeth forth—he that steals the word of God, not being sent of him, Jer. xxiii. 30; and he swears; as the Lord liveth; swears by the living God, when he himself is dead in sin. These are the men to whom the roll comes. Him that stealeth, and him that sweareth falsely, shall be cut off, according to the roll. "It shall enter into the house of such, and consume it, with the stones thereof, and the timbers thereof," Zech. v.

So much for the moth and the worm.

THE COALHEAVER.

CXLIII.

May 11, 1810.

DEAR M.

THERE is nothing in the experience described in yours that alarms me. Our heavenly Father's rod, his displeasure at our sin, his terrible lessons of instruction out of the law, the terrible majesty of God in the law, his contentions with us, his reproofs and rebukes, the arrests that he brings us under, the enormous debts which appear against us in the hand writing, and our fears, bondage, hardness of heart, unbelief and barrenness, which the law discovers; these things, yea, all these, are preparatory; and are intended to prepare us for the glorious reception of Christ. When the Saviour comes he has something to do; "his reward is with him and his work before him." The briers and thorns are all set against him in battle array; but he goes through them, and, in the discoveries of his love to sinners, he burns them altogether. This is his first work, and it is called purging Jerusalem with the spirit of judgment, and with the spirit of burning. By the first, the Spirit arraigns and brings us in guilty; and by the latter he inflames us with love, which burns up our idols. Do not expect the Saviour till thou art prepared and made ready for him. Our

business in the ministry is to make ready a people prepared for the Lord. The Physician will surely come when thou art sick at heart: he removes the stony heart, and gives an heart of flesh. This work belongs to him, and is a promise of his covenant, which he will most assuredly perform. You know what the state of the guests must be who come to the marriage supper of the Lamb; "they shall come that are ready to perish;" just fitted, as they imagine, for damnation: these shall come to the "feast of fat things; of wines on the lees well refined."

You complain of deadness; this is another qualification; it is the dead that shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and the life of faith, and a lively hope, shall spring up as soon as the sound of his salutation shall echo through the court of conscience. This voice shall silence all thine accusers, and bring life and immortality to light; and then thou shalt see that just One, as well as hear the voice of his mouth. I am ordered to "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees." I am bid to "say to the fearful heart, be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you." Then the eyes of the blind are to be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped. In this I have obeyed my orders; and

God will "confirm the word of his servant, and perform the counsel of his messenger." Christ Jesus receives his church from death and destruction, and from no other quarter. He turns men to destruction before he bids them return; and they must awake from their sleep, and arise from the dead, before they can come to Christ, that he may give them life. Be of good cheer, salvation is at the door; and the Holy Ghost will soon open thy heart and let it in; then the King of Glory shall appear with ten thousand perfections of beauty, attended with all the blessings of the covenant; a brilliant train of graces; clothed with vengeance to thine enemies; clad with zeal for his own honour; girded with faithfulness as our prophet, and an helmet of salvation upon his head, as King of Zion. I had freedom in prayer for thee ere I began this letter, and shall remember thee still. Do not expect to escape the furnace and the rod. There is a furnace in Zion, and another beyond death for the enemies of Zion,

Farewell, grace and truth be with thee.

W. H.

CXLIIV.

May 18, 1810.

DEAR M.

ON my return from town I found yours on my table, and have thanked God for the relief he has been so kind as to send you. Not a jot or tittle of his word shall fail, fall to the ground, or pass away unaccomplished. If God strips us, he will clothe us; if he wounds, he will heal; if he brings us to beggary, he will make us rich. He is as much in us when he searches the heart and tries the reins, as when he sets us on the mount. He dwells with him that trembles at his words, as well as with him that loves him with all his soul; only he lets us feel first one of his perfections, and then another, as we are able to bear the impressions. The man whom God chastens and teaches out of the law is blessed, as well as he that is clothed, at the feet of Jesus, and in his right mind. They that hunger and thirst after righteousness are blessed of God, and blessed with life; and they that are full are no more than blessed; though they may have more abundant life.

I have long believed, and do now, that there are some good things in thee toward the Lord God of Israel, which in due time will discover themselves. A bruised reed is nothing else but

a man who knows his own frailty, who is chafed in his mind by sorrow, and wounded in his conscience by sin and grief. Flax means the feeble, shattered faculties of the soul, made soft, meek, and tender by fears, doubts and distress. The love of God in hope, or love hoped for, is the little heat that makes the smoke ascend; and the fervent breathings and longing desires of the soul after the enjoyment of that love hoped for, is the smoke that shall not be quenched. "A bruised reed he shall not break, and smoking flax he shall not quench, till he bring forth judgment unto truth, and the isles shall wait for his law." Here you see what this reed and this flax wait for; namely, the justification of their persons, that they may pass from death to life; and, as God has promised that all Christ's children shall be made righteous; that they shall be the work of God's hand, that he may be glorified; justifying them according to his promise is bringing forth judgment unto truth. And the law that such bruised reeds wait for, is faith that worketh by love; this is the law of Christ.

Be of good cheer, "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." You have his promise, "He that hath my word and keepeth it, he it is that loveth me, and he shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and manifest myself to him." And, if any people under

heaven have the gospel preached to them, you have, and you have abode by it, and come to the light of it, though I know it has been searching, trying, and cutting work often to you; yet you know it is the naked truth; it holds you fast, and you hold it; to such the promise of manifestation is made; and it will not be long before you will see that just One, and hear the voice of his mouth. When your strength is all gone, when you are faint, and have no might left; when all refuge fails; when trouble abounds; then he will appear a present help, giving power to the faint, and increasing strength. Time will shew whether I am a true or false prophet. I continue to remember you in my poor prayers, and I doubt not but God will hear and answer in his own appointed time.

God bless thee! My love to all the friends.

W. H. S. S.

CXLV.

May 30, 1810.

DEAR M.

DEPEND upon it there is a day and an appointed time for every sinner and every saint. At the first birth a man is born to trouble; and by a second birth a brother is born for adver-

sity. Every grain of the incorruptible seed must and shall be tried. "The day shall declare every man's work of what sort it is; it shall be revealed by fire." And here is our wisdom, not to faint in the day of adversity; but still persist, in confession, in prayer, in watching, and in waiting; in these slacken not, faint not; but, above all, "let patience have her perfect work, that you may be perfect and entire, lacking nothing." Patience has had her perfect work when we submit and resign to the will of God. We must be joined to the Lord, and submission is the first joint. "He repented and went, and did the will of his Father:" one will served both. Our faith in God's power is another joint; and man's hope, and God's mercy, through Christ, form another; and it is a truth that one love between both completes the union. We love him, but "he first loved us;" ours is reflected from his; and, if deficient in this completion, do not despise "the day of small things." Be willing to know the worst. The brightest character in God's book is the spiritually poor and needy; and it is said of this character as is said of no other, "the poor heareth not rebuke," Prov. xiii. 8.

God delights in displaying the riches of his grace; and the poor and needy need it, and crave it. This is the man that needs a whole Christ, in all his offices, benefits, fulness, and blessings.

this I know by blessed experience. No furnace, no fire, will ever have any effect upon the hidden treasure of grace : " that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," being incorruptible and undefiled ; nor can it fade or lose its lustre. Every grain will shew itself, and appear more conspicuous, more strong and firm, more clear and bright ; so that you will be able to distinguish them. You will see and feel what faith can do ; and find out the toil and utility of hope, the motions and activity of fear, which is our guardian, to keep us from departing from God ; and meekness, which gives vent to grief, dissolves a hard heart, and pumps the vessel of mercy to empty it of its bitter waters, and makes way for humility to act. This humbleness of mind is the forerunner of patience, and a joint worker with it. The life of the Spirit is in all these, and these are good things towards the Lord God of Israel. With these we are furnished for every good word and work ; and these the devil labours to imitate in all hardened, presumptuous professors, who hate the power of godliness.

Our Lord calls this counterfeit work, garnishing the hardened soul. The house is empty, swept, and garnished. Empty ; that is, not filled with the Spirit. Swept ; not washed in the regeneration of, nor renewed by, the Holy Ghost. Garnished with voluntary humility, feigned

faith, hypocritical hope, dissembled love, legal pride, blind zeal, an external reformation, and head notions: but no sight or sense of inbred corruptions, the desperate enmity and rebellion of the heart, the filthiness and pollution of depraved nature, nor of the boundless demands of a broken law. By the former work, here described, Christ is formed in us; and by the latter the devil is enshrined in his own palace, and his goods are kept in peace.

None but God and myself know what I see of these things in the world.

Tender my kind love to all friends.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. S.S.



CXLVI.

July 5, 1810.

DEAR M.

I AM among the invalids, neither fit for marching, nor for the field of action, but for the baggage waggon. The rheumatism, which has long been in my shoulder, is now fixed in my right hip; which, though not very painful in bed, nor when I sit, yet renders me almost incapable of walking. But the inward man is not sick, though the outward man decays. I have not prayed as yet, nor can I find a heart to pray,

for the removal of this pain, though I firmly believe that God would take it away, if I entreated him so to do. But, being conscious that my soul flourishes under it, and fearing something worse will come on, if this cross were removed, makes me willing to bear it. What a man is enlightened to see, and quickened to feel, that he believes, let it be what it may. The ignorant infidel, described by Paul as being convinced of all, judged of all, and having his thoughts made manifest, reports that God is in the speaker of a truth.

To convince a person, is to make him sensible of his sins: to judge him, is to prove him guilty, and condemn him: all which is done by making manifest the evil thoughts of his heart. Whereupon he believes with the heart, and then makes confession with his mouth, that God is in the speaker of a truth. Faith persuades me of the truth of what I hear; the substance of which is, that "Christ came into the world to save sinners:" believing this, I watch and wait; and, when the word works within me, it makes me feel my need; and, when it describes my case, I believe that I am in the way, and that I am a sensible and needy sinner. To such the promises are made; and, believing God to be faithful to his word, I believe that he will, in his own time, fulfil his

promises in me; and will heal as sure as he has wounded me; for one is God's work as well as the other. "I wound, and I heal; I bring low, and I lift up; I the Lord do all these things." And these works of the Lord the elect believe, while others reject. "Behold, ye despisers, I work a work in your days, a work that ye will not believe though it be told you." Paul told many in the open courts of justice of his conversion, though it was rejected and disbelieved by most. That therefore which lies nearest to us is, whether this good work of searching and trying, wounding and healing, chastening and rebuking, is begun in us; if it be, it will be carried on till pardon comes with peace, and liberty with love.

Tender my kind love to all the friends at Cranbrook. I long much to know how the hops are; how the corn is; and what crops of grass appear. I think it will be a bad time for us graziers and hay-farmers. But our hopes are within the vail, and not in a meadow, nor in a corn field. Adieu!

W. H. S. S.

CXLVII.

1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your kind epistle, and am glad to hear of the unity that subsists among the believing, hoping few at Leicester: the Lord increase your faith, and the faith of the feeble few, and make the small number a thousand, and the little one a great nation. Marvel not at the world's hatred—God's choice of us is the bone which they cannot endure. "Because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you;" especially those professors who make a fair shew in the flesh, but are ignorant of the celestial adorning of the soul.

Man looks at the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart. A demure countenance, feigned speech, decent behaviour, voluntary humility, reproving others, straining at gnats, sighing under the word, turning up the eyes, prayer meetings, and learning to prate—pass current enough with many. But a deep sight and sense of sin, a wounded spirit, a thirst for the living God, self-loathing, humility arising from a sense of undeserved mercy, meekness, submission under the rod, compunction of soul,

a sorrowing after God, being stung with grief for past sins, repentance drawn forth by a believing discovery of the dying love of Christ, to rejoice with trembling, humble confidence, filial fear, cordial affections for the Son of God, and sympathetic fellowship with him in his dolorous sufferings, which make the King's daughter all glorious within—these are the spangling jewels which adorn the renewed soul, and which these outside adorners know nothing of, nor care for; and it is these that are in the sight of God of great price.

Whatever you do, be sure to observe the Spirit's teaching, his influence and operations, that you may understand his works, and glorify him for them. The Saviour says that the world knoweth him not, and therefore it cannot receive him; "but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Take notice of his quickening operations in dead frames; of enlargement in prayer, both in soul and speech, when he fills us with energy, and brings passages and promises to our minds to plead; when he strengthens confidence after many doubts and fears; when he emboldens us to look up and wrestle hard, after times of blushing, shame, and confusion; when he enlarges the heart after fits of legal bondage, making the mind heavenly, the conscience calm, and the soul to abound in hope: watching these

divers frames will lead you to know, to adore, to admire, and to acknowledge, the Holy Spirit's work. And surely the aid and assistance that he gives us in prayer, the witness that he bears in our hearts, the claims of our adoption, the secret comfort he brings, the promises that he applies, and the alarms in the soul that he stills, the accusations that he silences, are works sufficient to make him known and admired.

About coming down, my dear brother, I know not what to say, the distance is so far, the people disapprove, and curates of any value with whom I am acquainted are so scarce. However, tender my kind love to all the holy brethren. Cleave stedfastly to the King of the Jews, and all will be well.

Yours to serve in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON

CXLVIII.

Dec. 6, 1808.

MY dear friend's epistle came safe to hand, whereby it is plain that he has gained by trading. I have often thought, and am still of the same mind, that all our crosses and trials are to accomplish a twofold work; the one to bring

us low, to hide pride from our eyes, and to set us down at the Lord's feet; the other to empty us of self, and give us an appetite, which prepares us to receive a better fulness. A high look the Lord will not suffer, but he dwells with the humble. He blesses the poor and needy, but punishes those that are settled on their lees. Faith, hope, and love, appear the plainer, and shine the brighter, when the dross and tin are removed; and I have often wondered to see how fast this base metal collects again; but the Lord's "fire is in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem;" and there are always some vessels under the fiery operations. But, blessed be God, I know that I and my friends get on, or we should not meet with so many crosses, and so much tribulation; and it is as true that God has renewed a right spirit within us, or else the devil, the world, heretics, hypocrites, carnal Pharisees, and letter preachers, would not shew such desperate envy, hatred, and malice, as they do. Enmity is to them an "evident token of perdition;" and to be hated of such an evident token "of salvation, and that of God."

Sin, my brother, is our leprosy; pardon is both our cleansing and our cure. Christ is both fountain and physician; and where this is the case, "God is the health of our countenance, and our God." These are the blessings of the

better covenant. Pardon of sin is God's lamp; love to a sin-pardoning God is our fire; joy from a purged conscience is the flame; and, as God remembers our sins no more, our lamp cannot go out. All gifts, all zeal, all towering faith, fleshly hopes, dissembled love, head light, and natural joy, must die; for, when sudden fear awakens conscience, and a sense of guilt covers with shame, the enmity rising up, all joy goes out, and then an angry Judge, instead of a blessed Bridegroom, is expected.

My love to all the seed royal.

THE DOCTOR.

CXLIX.

June 19, 1810.

DEAR BEN,

Yours came to hand, requesting to know the time of my intended visit to the North. No such intention has at any time sprung up in my mind; nor do I believe that I shall ever see the North again. "That which I greatly feared is fallen upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." I have for some years had the rheumatism fixed in my right shoulder; it is now fallen into my right hip, and I am at times led to conclude that my travelling days

are come to an end. I am not in much pain in bed, nor when I sit; but in walking my pain is great, so that I am almost ready to drop if I walk but a few yards. I have confidence that God would remove this pain from me, for his dear Son's sake, if I was to entreat him. But I have found the inward man so much renewed day by day under these decays of the outward man; and fearing also that the removal of this outward cross would be followed by a worse within; I am afraid to ask, knowing that dissatisfaction with one crook has often brought on a worse. I am still in hopes of having C. in the work, for I see none like the children that God has given me. The troubles of others, and their distresses, appear to be inconsistent with God's teaching out of his law; they run not parallel with the word of God: and their deliverances do not come up to the gospel standard; not being attended with that noble wound, nor with that deep and lasting incision, which is made in the soul under the operation of the dying love of Christ, attended with a believing view of his suffering in our stead, and of our interest in the benefits of his death; without which there is no fund of matter; no stock of evangelical experience; no springing well to feed the ministerial gift; no unction, no dew. Such, at first setting off, appear self-diffident, simple, timid, and humble-minded;

and when professors see this it is approved and admired, and such labourers are caressed and much followed, which in a few weeks proves their ruin; as it lifts them up, and then they get into the flesh, and savour of self; into legal bondage, and swell with pride; or else into the letter, and then we have nothing but a multitude of words, which is Solomon's criterion of a fool. This is the universal furniture of our whole cloud of dead and blind witnesses in the present day, who have seen nothing, nor ever handled the word of life. I have hopes of my son Joseph, that he may be a fruitful bough, a bough by a well. I understand that the wool still entangles him, and is more and more unprofitable. Who knows but he may be called to quit the place; and be brought to deal in white linen! I wish he would leave it, and come up to me for a while: however, I believe that this will be the end of things. I have received his packet, but have not had time to read it as yet. Give my kind love to him, and to all the seed royal, for I doubt not but all at Leicester, who are truly such, are in union with

Yours sincerely,

W. H. S. S.

CL.

Jan. 25, 1811.

DEAR FRIEND,

IT is hard work now for me to write ; my right hand has forgotten its cunning ; and the nerves catch it up, or draw it aside, so that it becomes disobedient and unmanageable. I have also a cold and a slow fever upon me. The City Chapel, being low, damp and cold, doth not suit the infirmities of old age. I often think of my dismissal from the field of action ; and hope for an honourable discharge, and an eternal pension, on the footing of grace, and according to the promise in Christ : and these things prompt me to collect my evidences and good qualifications together, as is the usual method of all self-righteous persons.

First, I greatly confide in the singular piety of my forefathers, Abraham and his seed, who was God's friend, and whose blessing is come upon me through faith. But, above all, I confide in the everlasting Father, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil, for God was with him. My mother also was a most venerable, pious, and honourable matron ; the handmaid of the Lord in the best sense—I mean the heavenly Jerusa-

lem, who is the mother of us all. So much for my pedigree.

Secondly, I thank my God also that I am not as other men, for I am the chiefest of all sinners; nor am I like that poor publican, for I can lift up my eyes to God with pleasure, which he dared not do.

Thirdly, I can say to the most refined pharisee, and even to the god of this world, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou;" and yet even this is not a smoke in the Lord's nose, nor a fire that burns to his displeasure.

Fourthly, I can look back upon a well-spent life also, believing in my conscience that Christ lived a life of unspotted obedience for poor sinful me.

Fifthly, I can bless God for an honest and good heart, being persuaded that the Lord has taken away the stony heart and given me an heart of flesh, and that Christ dwells in it by faith, therefore it must be good.

Sixthly, I do comfort myself with my own righteousness, being more than sure that I have received the abundance of grace, and the gift of righteousness; and what God gives me, that I call my own, for not as the world giveth gives he unto us.

Seventhly, I have obtained a good name in the world, in spite of all mine enemies; a new

name, which malice, with all her venom, cannot despoil me of; God predestinated me to the adoption of a son. The Spirit of God has cried "Abba, Father," in me; and Christ has given me power in faith to become one: this is the new name, which the mouth of the Lord (not man) shall name. Yea, more; many men, eminent for piety, who have spoken as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, have called me a child of God. In all these instances it appears to be a new name, and in all these ways the mouth of the Lord names it, and no other.

Eighthly, I am constrained also to acknowledge that God's free Spirit has made me a willing and loyal subject of Christ in the day of his power; so that I do engage and abound in the work of the Lord most freely, willingly, and cheerfully, under the operation of a free Spirit, which greatly inclines my heart to the doctrine of free will.

Ninthly, I do declare that no man shall stop me of this boasting in all the regions of Britain; namely, that I am a member of the Church of England, which she says is a company of faithful men, whom God did constantly decree, before the foundation of the world was laid, to deliver from curse and damnation, having chosen them in Christ out of mankind, to bring them by him to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honour. This God himself has made

known to me in answer to prayer. For I have prayed to God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to have mercy upon me a miserable sinner. And he has heard my prayer, and given me a lively faith in his mercy through Christ, and a most thankful remembrance of his death.

Tenthly, I have wronged nobody; for, having obtained a good conscience in all things, I am made willing to live honestly.

Eleventhly, I have brought up my family without any help from the parish; for, being compelled to seek the kingdom, all other things have been added unto me.

Twelfthly, I believe that God will not blot out any of my good deeds, for he alone hath wrought in me both to will and to do.

Thirteenthly, and finally, I trust that I have obtained a good name, so that none of my neighbours will speak evil of me; for "who can lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?"

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CLI.

DEAR FRIEND,

GOD has undeceived you ; and I am more than sure that God's elect shall never be finally deceived. This has been my prop and my stay for many years in the Lord's work. As Satan is sure to send his bellman to cry me down, go where I may, this in reason's eye vexes and dejects me. But when faith considers that God made choice of Peter's mouth, that by him the Gentiles should hear the word and believe ; and knowing that God works, and none can let it ; and that his election ordains, fixes, furnishes, and appoints, the mouth that is to bear the tidings to every chosen vessel ; these lift me above Satan's schemes, and above his sounding bell. As soon as a man comes over to God's truth, to God's family, and into God's ways, the scriptures become his counsellors, his encouragement, and his support.

You tell me in yours that you are unhappy, yet you see what is wanting ; and you see where your former minister stands, and what is wanting in him, as clear as the sun at noon day. If this be true, then hear what the Almighty says to you, " And, though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of afflic-

tion, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." Read carefully, and consider well, Isaiah xxx. 19—21. The people (meaning the elect) shall dwell in Zion. Zion is God's church, Isaiah li. 16. Jerusalem is God's covenant, Gal. iv. 24, 25, 26. Zion at Jerusalem is God's church in covenant with himself. God promises to be gracious to sinners at the voice of their cry, and to wipe away their tears of sorrow. Matters, both within and without, being adverse, or running contrary, and these being uppermost in the mind, and always before our eyes, are called sorrowful meat, the bread of adversity, or bread of murmurs; while the boiling of inbred corruption, the overwhelming floods of guilt, and Satan's rage, are called waters of affliction. Now, though God gives his people this provision, "yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers." May I not say, that at this time this scripture is fulfilled in your eyes and ears.

If a preacher stands in the flesh, in the letter, in bondage, in presumption, in himself, in human invention, in superstition; or if at ease in Zion, settled upon his lees, or in voluntary humility; he is hid to a convinced soul; such a preacher is ignorant of the furnace of affliction, of the cross, and of the path of tribulation; and

a lost soul sees not where he is, being in a corner; not opening the gates, nor on the highway, casting up the road that leads to God, Isaiah lxii. 10. He is not raising the vallies, nor lowering the hills, Isaiah xl. 4. He is not on the walls of salvation, Isaiah lxii. 6; nor proclaiming upon the house top. But one that stands in Christ, without confidence in the flesh; if he stands in faith, in peace, in the liberty of the gospel, in the righteousness of Christ, in the power and presence of God, and in the light of the Spirit; he that stands in these things, and describes them, and the manner in which he obtained them, their blessed effects, and his own former wretched state while destitute of them, is a man that will be seen by the convinced sinner, and he will be felt too. But God goes on further, by saying, "and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left;" Isaiah xxx. 21. This word behind is the voice of the Lord to a chosen vessel, when following a leader that causes him to err. And, as such souls are bewildered and distressed, they follow every lo here and lo there, which is turning to the right and to the left. But the Lord calls them back to himself by the voice of his Spirit; for he is the way to the Father, and the way of life.

You may see in these passages how the scriptures open, encourage, and fulfil, to convince sinners; for in them God speaks to such as you, and in you they are verified. It is true that calling on God with the lips, while the heart is far from him, is but mockery: but a soul in trouble about his immortal state is not a mocker. "Call upon me in the time of trouble," is God's command. Read Zec. xii. 9. Psalm l. 15.

Farewell.

W. H. S. S.

CLII.

Cricklewood, Dec. 15, 1807.

DEAR FRIEND,

Yours came safe to me, and the contents were pleasing and delightful; but soul humbling to me to think of the mean instrument; one of low degree, and lightly esteemed; who has waded through a sea of affliction, and for a number of years been loaded with unparalleled scandal and reproach. But the most Holy Spirit; his support, tuition, light, and lively influences; together with a purged, peaceable, well-informed and established conscience; have born me up, and brought me through all the

evil report and violent oppositions that devils, impostors, and hypocrites, have thrown in my way, or cast upon my name. And I firmly believe to this day that I am a labourer not of man, nor by man; and an ambassador, called, commissioned, and sent forth, by the King of kings and Lord of lords: and the time will come when all my enemies shall see and own this, and confess it, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." And I must confess to you, that I never went my northern circuit with so much satisfaction to myself as at this last time. There was, to my view, in every place a mixed medley of sons and slaves; sturdy oaks and lowly shrubs; many masters, but few servants; two in office to one rank and file: this my soul loathed, and it made me sick of the North. But God has fulfilled his word; he has made his servants new threshing instruments having teeth. The mountains have been threshed, and the hills made as chaff; the wind has carried them away, and the whirlwind has scattered them; and those that abide shall rejoice in the Lord, and glory in the holy One of Israel, Isaiah xli. 15. The rebukes and reproofs of truth have threshed them; and these mountains of pride and power are become small, and these hills, being not the hills of Zion, but heaps of chaff, the wind has carried them away. L. at Grantham, and T. at Leicester, have been

the purging fans, while the wind of error was one and the same in both. This boisterous whirlwind, however, has scattered them; and my soul rejoices in the dispersion; for the wheat, being winnowed, consolidates the closer in the heap.

Having little preaching places of our own is most agreeable to me; I cannot endure going to Egypt for help, to the Assyrian for bread, or to the congregations of the dead for house room. I have laboured long in the Isle of Ely, at Bolney in Sussex, and in the North too, in plowing, sowing, harrowing and breaking the clods, ere the grain springs up and shews itself. After which the fields appear white, changed in colour, and ready to harvest; and reaping them off from the flesh, and binding them up in the bond of peace and love, becomes the most delightful part of all the labour. The last time I was at Bolney I had an account of five. In the Isle of Ely I saw a great deal of this work the last time I was there. In the North also the Hebrews begin to crawl out of their holes. But our work goes slowly on; the Arminians, and T.'s proselytes, are like the Hebrew women in Egypt; so strong and lively, that they are delivered before they come upon the stools. But it is better to be slow and sure, than to be first and last; first in their own conceit, but last in God's account.

And now, my very dear friend, if all that thou hast written to me be a fair, true, and just account, thou art upon the foundation that God hath laid in Zion; and, being converted, strengthen thy brethren; for the harvest is great, and the labourers few. This do; get into the pulpit, and read a chapter in which you have some light; and, when any thing strikes you, offer your thoughts upon it as long as any thing flows in, and this will refresh the bowels of others. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come." And, as you now hear and understand, do you say, Come: and in this thou wilt have the hearty prayers of him who is the well-wisher and willing servant of all the saints at Leicester,

THE COALHEAVER.

CLIII.

Dec. 17, 1807.

My friend must not wonder at hearing so soon again from me. I have a bad cold, sore throat, and much shortness of breath. Being thus confined at home, I am trying to trouble others abroad, and have been at it all the week. To day I have been thinking of the legions of

young, arrogant, presumptuous, daring, bold, and empty men, that have thrust themselves into the office of the ministry, taking the highest seat, who never saw the lowest room; having nothing to commend them but pride, blindness of mind, and hardness of heart; yet how boldly they claim God to be their God, their patron, and the author of their authority! Others, again, have gone from every appearance of truth, and hold nothing but fables; these have wholly wandered out of the way of understanding, and shall remain in the congregation of the dead. Many of this stamp you know; and surely the destruction of such is inevitable; yet are they bold and wise above what is written, and even attack the standing ministry of the Word, which is to be the trial and decision of the world. Under all this rebellion they claim the Spirit as their guide, God as their Father, and conceive themselves to be the church of Christ; whilst all the saints of God, who are sealed to the day of redemption, are traduced as the vilest miscreants on earth. And all this trade is carried on with the most consummate effrontery, and even in the name of God himself. Thus the children of this world are not only wiser in their generation than the children of light; but are more bold, valiant, diligent, and indefatigable, than the saints of God themselves, which is a shame to them.

: God has done great things for thee, that thou mightest hear it, see it, and know it for thy good. And is Zion to have "none to lead her among all the sons that she has brought forth? None to take her by the hand, among all the sons that she has brought up?" Get up the next Lord's day, and give out this passage; "Come here, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;" and give the people the whole account from first to last; you will then be in your element, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I am getting old and feeble, and Jenkins is ten times worse; the harvest is great, and the labourers worn down with age and the burden of the day.

.. When God sent me out I was friendless and defenceless; poor to an extreme, and illiterate to the last degree; without a Bible or book of any kind, in all the world; and I laboured hard for bread, suffering hunger, cold and nakedness. The few that came over to me, pretending to be much older in grace, and more valiant for truth in appearance, than I was, became at a long run my plagues, my enemies, and at last apostates, and two of them are gone to their own place. I was sent into dark corners of the earth, where there was no light nor truth; and opposed both by professors at home, and the profane abroad. But Leicester bears a brighter

aspect; there is an house of prayer ready, and a candlestick, but it wants a light; a golden bell, but it wants a clapper; a body of people, wanting an eye; a cry for bread, but none to break it. Others have laboured; enter thou into their labour, and confer not with flesh and blood. Satan is both advocate and chief speaker there.

I have laid this before the Lord, and hope to do it again and again. God bless thee, and the little flock.

Ever thine,

W. H. S. S.

CLIV.

Dec. 9, 1808.

BELOVED,

I HAVE been informed of your poor sister's affliction, which I am sorry for. Her body falls under the rod, and the soul generally shares the same fate, they are so nearly akin to each other. I understand that you have also been low in your mind, as well as much crossed in business. All these in turn have fallen to my lot, and, though I have been most refractory, stubborn and rebellious under them, yet I am sure they are, and always have been, for my good; for they discover the heart, make us sick of self, drive

us from confidence in the flesh, and make us more pure and evangelical in word and spirit. Was all the profession of the present day attended with the same furnace, there would not be one Arminian of all the race called christian.

There is left upon record a branch of christian triumph, which springs from an evident token of salvation, and yet I never could attain to it, except in a very low degree, nor even so but at certain seasons. Those who are adversaries to us for Christ's sake are doubtless of the serpent's seed, and therefore their enmity is to them an evident token of perdition; and to be hated of such for Christ's sake, is to us an evident token of salvation, and that of God; as Paul asserts. But I never could as yet rejoice, and, as Christ commands, leap for joy, when reproached, reviled, separated from their company, and my name cast out as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Paul arrived at this firmness and fortitude; "I take pleasure in infirmities, in distresses, in necessities, in reproaches, in persecutions, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." In this patience must have its perfect work, and the saint's triumph be at its height. To this I never have attained; but fall short, and must be content to come behind. And what is more strange to me on this head is, that I have known two men, who did most wonderfully rejoice in persecution,

and that for many years, yet both of them felt into dangerous errors, and came at last to nothing, as far as I can judge. Nevertheless, the daily cross, the rod, and the furnace, lay a firm foundation for continual joy; for these are the peculiar lot of God's darlings; and all that escape the furnace are out of God's choice; such as miss the rod are base born, and all that fail of the daily cross are not in the footsteps of the flock. Kind love to them all.

W. H. S. S.

CLV.

June 1, 1810.

DEAR FRIEND,

THE wonderful fruits and effects of poor Mary's death are still to be seen in this world. There is a lady at Boddicot in Oxfordshire, who has been in bondage seventeen years, and most violently tempted; but she had a hope that just before death God would deliver her. My books are read by several persons in that place, and this poor creature in bondage read them too. She got light, support, and encouragement from them, and always said, if I was right she was. When she saw my letter to Mr. C—— which mentions the sinners' agreement with Christ, and his taking them at their word, she said that was the language of her heart, and had been for

a long time; and, having heard of "The Penny a Day" being published, she seemed very impatient to get it, saying she wanted no more entertainment this Christmas than the reading of that book, and felt a firm confidence that it would be blessed to her deliverance: and in reading the latter part of the Sermon she came forth like the Sun in his firmament. This account I wish to publish, as these are the things that go to the heart of that profession which is so abundant, and so much admired in the present day; and you promised to send me your own account. God's fame should be published, and his glory should be declared, among the Gentiles; Isai. lxvi. 19. For wherever God rises and shines, that is his glory, and the glory of God that rises upon us.

As to myself, I am very rheumatic, have a sad pain in my hip, and much fear at times that I shall be lame, and unable to stand. But this is no hindrance to walking by faith; for faith can travel, trade, go with messages, and on errands, make provision and keep house too, even if we cannot turn in the bed. All our apparel and ornaments are put on by faith; and all our food and physic are brought in by the same hand; whilst all this activity springs from spiritual life, and all life from the Spirit of grace.

Tender my kind love to all friends.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CLVI.

Feb. 26, 1811.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been long employed in preparing Letters and a Funeral Sermon for the press, which was delivered on account of my dear friend Mr. Jenkins. I have also received a long letter from a Mr. B—— of Nottingham. I was glad at my heart to find there has been a famine and a cry for bread in that town, and also as great a stir in Salisbury. There is no speaking among the dry bones until God commands the wind to blow, nor will these bones separate from the world until life be breathed into them; then they will unite, bone will come to his bone; and when sinews are brought up upon them, (I mean the bond of peace, and the more perfect bond of charity) they will bind them together, and make them move in concert. It is a blessed thing to be taught of God; to know the depths of Satan and of man's fall; to be searched and tried, so as for the book of God's remembrance, in which our names are put down, to be opened up and explained; so as to have them set in order and in the light of God's countenance, before our own eyes; then, when he tells us that he has blotted out our transgressions as a cloud, we know what he means, and admire the change.

It is a blessed thing to have the conscience alarmed, awakened, and quickened; furnished with all the sentences of God's law, and em-

powered by the Holy Ghost to produce every charge, and to accuse as long as one corruption of nature, or one actual transgression, can be searched up, or brought to light. This makes sound work of it; it sets all right at the bottom. And it is as true, that the atonement will go as deep as ever the leprosy went; when love will succeed divine wrath, and consolations shall abound over all afflictions. Such find that sharp rebuke makes the heart sound in the faith. The poor young man seems to feel the stony heart, and the injurious bolt of unbelief, which two are the bars of the castle, and the only fastenings of those doors that keep the prisoner in the prison. Take away unbelief, and the soul goes forth in faith; take away the stony heart, and repentance towards God flows out, and in the dying love of Christ finds a place to weep and to mourn in. "All the churches shall know," saith the Saviour, "that I am he that search the reins and the hearts;" and by this work he makes his omniscience, his justice, and his holiness known. Nor will such easily turn Arians, being taught of God, and kept by his power.

I have this day sent a few lines to Nottingham, which were transcribed; my hand shaking so bad with old age, that it is not only hard work for me to write, but as difficult for some to read what I have written.

Still yours in the best of bonds,

W. H. S. S.

CLVII.

Nov. 25, 1811.

MY dear son writes like one unacquainted with old age. My hand shakes; and it is hard work to write when the right hand forgets her cunning. But the hand of faith still holds its shield, and hope expects the great reward. Against this hand and anchor, Satan and corruption, saints and sinners, have long striven to add weight to my chain, and affliction to my bonds; all which help to pull down and wear out the despicable machine, which, when it is gone, will have the name of a pleasant vessel. The condescension of my Saviour is a wonder to me; my labours appear to be more blessed among the people in the new chapel than they ever were before. Our bed is green; the love of Christ is our rest; and I believe not less than seven have, by the manifestation of divine love, quitted their cells and their bonds, and, casting off the veil, they shew themselves: so that the old cow-pond is become both the wedding chamber and the nursery.

Our chapel is amazingly filled, without an organ, without fine singing, and without schools. Christ, all in all, needs no addition. The finished work of the cross is all-sufficient; and

where our salvation was wrought out, there the offence is taken. On the cross our sins were expiated, and wrath appeased; truth was cleared, judgment executed, and justice satisfied; God was reconciled, man redeemed, peace was made, and everlasting righteousness brought in; which is an eye-sore to the devil, and the stumbling-block of sinners. This work, proclaimed and applied by the Holy Spirit, brings on all that malice and reproach that is called "the offence of the cross." So that our glory is their offence; our foundation their stumbling-stone; our altar and table their snare; and our welfare becomes their trap. See then the goodness and severity of God, and sing we of mercy and judgment; of judgment passed, and of mercy come; for God will not lead us to Sinai the second time, seeing he has said that we shall go that way no more.

The treasure in my earthen vessel was all brought from Christ's fulness into my soul by the Holy Spirit of promise; the holy oil and the living coals came from the Lord's anointed, and from the altar of burnt-offering; and the more from God, the more hateful to men: but many waters cannot quench this fire, nor can the floods drown it. The covenant name of our God is "gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin." This name was in the angel, or messenger of the covenant, that

went before Israel in the desert, whom Israel would not obey, and therefore he would not forgive Israel. This is the name of the Lord that came from far; Isai. xxx. 27. This covenant name of grace and pardon Christ proclaimed to the apostles, who obtained pardon from him, and therefore loved him. No pardon, no love. But, in order to keep us in love, he promises to declare this name again and again. "I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them," John xvii. 26. This was the work of Moses, "I will publish the name of the Lord;" and my doctrine shall drop as the dew and the rain in doing it; "He is the rock, and his work is perfect; a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he." I wish all the advocates of Moses did the same. But an empty noise, blind zeal, ignorance, confusion, foolish tales, the bare letter, and a fair shew in the flesh, will go down before this great and glorious name.

Adieu. My love to all that love Christ.

THE COALHEAVER.

CLVIII.

Jan. 8, 1812.

Dear Friend in our dear Lord,

I WISH to send a few lines, but my hand shakes. I have had some soul-travail and hard labour of late; and "as soon as Zion travailed she brought forth; yea, before her pains came she was delivered" of a man child. "Who hath heard such things? who hath seen such things?" The man child is Christ formed as the new man. Christ, who is our life, entered and quickened the dead soul, which made her feel her bearing pains. Thus everlasting life appeared at her conception, and love at her deliverance; which is the wonder of wonders. I have this morning received another account from the country of a flaming professor, who had long walked in the light of his own fire—a full assurance, and a claim upon the Saviour as his own;—the moving of his passions was the love by which his faith worked, and his tears were the refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Two years and a half had he laboured in town at this work, and still his heart was in heaviness. At last he found us out, and soon perceived that we dealt in goods which he

knew nothing of. His presumption soon failed, and he gave up his claims upon that Saviour whom we profess. Then he went into the stripping room, where he lost the sheep's skin, and sat naked, and covered with shame. But, when I preached three discourses from "that they may be one in us," he received, as he tells me, a better entertainment, and a better garb.

Thus the promised work goes on; they build up, and God throws down; they speak peace, and God declares war; they daub, and God destroys the mortar. They load me with reproaches, and charge me with errors and the worst of immoralities, and with being of a bad spirit; whilst God sends his children from all parts of the nation to get truth, to try their profession, and to finish their education, under me. "They that honour me I will honour." They set themselves up, and labour to support themselves, and to pull down all whom God exalts. But God sets us up, and keeps us standing, that we may pull down self, and exalt him.

I heard last night that our poor dear old King is much better both in mind and body. I have been much led of late to pray for him, and now it appears that the Spirit made intercession according to the will of God. Tell Ben. that, if he ever got one live coal from

our altar, or if he ever warmed either his heart or his hands at my fire, to remember the stove.

God save the King!

THE DOCTOR.

CLIX.

Feb. 26, 1812.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been poorly, and my poor dame much worse. My dear friend goes on nobly. He enjoys both the pulpit and the pillory. If he had been an instrument without life, he might make an uncertain sound when he pleased; but without Christ his workmen can do nothing, for it is not they that speak, but the Spirit of their Father that speaks in them. Hence Ezekiel is dumb before the elders, but his mouth is open to them that escape. Paul is straitened before the Romans, but enlarged towards the Corinthians. The sweets before you began were a feast for yourself; your being dumb was a fast to the flock, and your own fast followed, which thus sharpens the appetite, and makes even bitter things sweet. Sometimes the fleece, and sometimes the floor, are wet; and if dry,

both are the Lord's doing. . It is possible that the congregation might otherwise look more to the wool-dealer than to the good Shepherd; expect to reap where they had not sown; and look for the water of life, when they had never prayed to God to fill the pitcher. A few of these heedless blunders will make us more wise and cautious. Gifts and grace are two things; the former may work without life; but the latter is the good treasure, the springing well, and the flowing brook.

This is my labouring day, and therefore adieu!

W. H. S. S.

CLX.

May, 1812.

Grace, Mercy, and Peace, be to thee, my Son; and mayest thou prove the faithfulness of God as I have done.

HERE I am in old age, and yet not altogether barren. The cruse of oil has not failed, nor the barrel of meal wasted. The unction, and the three measures of meal, to which the kingdom of God is compared, still continue, namely, righteousness, peace, and joy; and the blessed Spirit works in all these, as the new and hal-

lowed leaven, which shall ultimately work out all the old leaven of malice and wickedness. Times innumerable have I concluded that my spring was become dry, my stock exhausted, and that all things new were done with; no more bringing forth out of the treasure things new and old. Then the devil would set before me some of his burning and shining lights, and tell me what a blaze they made, what legions they drew after them, and how they withered; and what was I when compared to them? With this dry spring, and with these scare-birds, did the devil discourage and banter me for years. But I now believe they never had the fountain of life, the springing well, nor the streams that make glad the city of God.

They that are ingrafted into the good olive-tree partake of its goodness and fatness; and such do not bear the root, but the root bears them; they are anointed with fresh oil, and are called olive branches, or sons of oil. Seven golden pipes reach from these sons of oil to the golden candlestick. The first is preaching. God ministers the Spirit by the preaching of faith. 2. By praying: the apostles prayed for them, and they received the Holy Ghost. 3. By faithful reproof: "Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil." 4. By exercising one's self in keeping a good conscience: "Let

thy garments be always white, and let thy head lack no ointment." 5. By meditation: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul." 6. By the communion of saints: the brethren came to meet Paul at "Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage," Acts xxviii. 15. 7. By epistolary correspondence: "And, when they had gathered the multitude together, they delivered the epistle; which when they had read, they rejoiced for the consolation," Acts xv. 31. The golden oil, my son, has flowed in all these seven pipes, though the olive branches and the main pipes were but two, as you may see in Zech. iv. 2 and 12.

My son, fare thee well!

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. S. S.

God is still with the Doctor.

CLXI.

March, 1813.

Dear Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,

I AM come at last according to my promise, which ought to have been fulfilled before; but, alas! I have sometimes leisure upon my hands,

but no heart to work; no oil in my cruse, no spring in my well, no overflowings in my cup. At other times the wind blows, the spices flow out, and the spring of divine life rises; when perhaps I want leisure. And sometimes the poor tabernacle is weary or infirm, when much study becomes a weariness to the flesh. Never right, dear Joseph, nor can be; something will ever be out of joint, off the hooks, unpinned, or displaced; something wanted, something missing, something deficient; until that blessed period arrives when we shall see him as he is, be changed into his likeness, bear his image, be clothed with his immortality, shine in his rays, swim in his pleasure, burn in his love, triumph in his victory, bask in his glory, and be filled with all his fulness; made perfect in one, see as we are seen, and know as we are known; then shall the high praises of God be in our mouth, and eternal joy upon our head; and our sweet, unwearied, unmolested, uninterrupted, and unceasing employ, be celebrating the perfections of God and the Lamb for ever and ever! This, my dear brother, is the glory set before us, for which we must endure the cross and despise the shame.

The great God and our Saviour, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light, shall be revealed; his glory shall cover the heavens, and the new earth shall be filled with his praise; he

shall come to be admired in his saints, and to be had in honour of all that are about him; then will the marriage of the Lamb take place, and the long loved, long looked for, long espoused bridegroom appear, with all the angels following him; and the bride, made ready; go out to meet him, with all her train of virgins and companions following her; these shall be brought; "With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace," Psalm xlv. 14, 15. Then shall the wedding garment of an imputed righteousness adorn us, the Holy Spirit shall make us all glorious within, and the atoning blood of Christ purge us from every corruption, stain and wrinkle; peace shall adorn our feet, and life, righteousness, glory and honour, shall crown our heads. Thus will the Lord present us to himself a glorious church, and she shall reign with Christ a thousand years. After that he will present us to his Father, with a "Behold me, and the children which thou hast given me."

Covet earnestly, in every prayer of thine, the best gifts: covet life and love, and the Spirit's witness in thy heart: covet that assurance with which he seals us up to the day of redemption: covet his adopting cry of "Abba, Father:" covet his consolations, his devotional sensations, and his enlarging operations; together

with all his inward instructions, revivals, renewals, humbling meltings, and self-abasing influences, with which he favours poor helpless, worthless sinners; and then thou wilt see and feel for thyself that the kingdom of God stands in power, in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These things swell the heart with heavenly glee, and the mouth with melody. "They shall speak of his kingdom, and talk of his power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom."

I am at present very weak and low in body; but blessed be my God, who favours unworthy, sinful me, with heavenly rays, distant views, and budding hopes. Dear Joseph, adieu!

W. H. S. S.

CLXII.

Pentonville, April 12, 1813.

My dear Son, my Fellow Servant, and I hope honest and true yoke-fellow; Grace and truth be with thee.

TILL God raised thee up I stood alone with respect to yoke-fellows, having none that work the work of God as I do. But my God has stood by me, furnished, emboldened, and spoken

by me; and, according to his promise, I “bring forth fruit in old age, to shew that the Lord is upright.” London abounds with four sorts of labourers. — The first is the Arminian tribe: these exalt the creature, and debase the Saviour’s merit, and the grace of God in him. The next class are the arrogant and presumptuous: these preach up an assurance; but their confidence stands in the flesh, and not in the power of God. There is a third set of men, who seem to be pregnant with legal strife, terrors, wrath, and bitterness, as if the worm and the fire had already begun; these do all their work in a storm and tempest, and deal principally in hell and damnation. The fourth sort, such as Socinians and Arians, are employed by Satan to debase the King of Zion to the level of a mere creature, that their deluded followers may make flesh their arm, and in their heart depart from God: in these the enemy and the avenger works mightily; having had his head bruised not by a creature, but by his great Creator, who he knows will be his judge and his executioner, and therefore asked him if he was come to torment him before the time. All these are enemies to God and his dear Son, and are firm in the devil’s interest. No soul, that knows Christ’s worth and loves his person, can ever speak lightly of him.—“O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine

honour, be not thou united;" for Satan sets them on, and they do his work, who knows the ruin of them all.

We have no language, of the wisdom of this world's teaching, sufficient to convey the knowledge of God to men; we must therefore use words which the Holy Ghost teacheth. The Deity in unity is set forth to us by the four following names. 1. Essence; "I am that I am." Eternal self-existence is essence in the highest sense of that word. 2. Nature; "When ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by nature are no gods," Gal. iv. 8. Again, partakers of the divine nature; so the Holy Spirit is called, 2 Peter i. 4. 3. Substance. God himself is our portion, our shield, and our exceeding great reward.—"I will cause them that love me to inherit substance," Proverbs viii. 21. "In heaven an enduring substance," Heb. x. 34. 4. Godhead, Acts xvii. 29; Rom. i. 20; Col. ii. 9. Godhead or Godship; self possession of all perfections which are peculiar to the most high God. In this essence, substance, or Godhead, are three persons, equal in glory and majesty; so that, if one is a person, the other two must be so likewise. Just person, Matt. xxvii. 24. Person of Christ, 2 Cor. ii. 10. Express image of the Father's person, Heb. i. 3. You must not confound the persons, by putting one for the other; for neither the first person

nor the third became incarnate, but the second: Nor must we divide the substance, for this is making a plurality of gods. Each person is a distinct witness; "I bear witness of myself," and "the Father beareth witness of me;" and "we are witnesses of these things, and so also is the Holy Ghost," which God hath given to them that obey him; by faith we come to Jesus the Mediator, and by love to God the Judge of all, and by "Abba, Father," the Spirit is known in us. Here the Arian can do nothing. Let all that love not our dear Lord be anathema maran-atha.

Joseph, my son, farewell. My love to all the saints.

W. H. S. S.

CLXIII.

Pentonville, May 10, 1813.

My dear friend,

I now send you a short account of my views upon the times. Some few years ago, on going to bed, I was much concerned about the present war. It being a judgment of such magnitude, I wondered whereabouts in scripture the account stood, knowing that all things were to be finished, as he hath declared by his servants

the prophets: and I was much grieved that there were none in our day who were intrusted with the secret. When I awoke in the morning these words were spoken to me, "This is the hour of temptation." I then knew where the words stood, as they are three times recorded in scripture. I considered the seven churches, and the seven epistles written to them, to be prophetic of the sevenfold state of the church, which will bring us to the world's end. The Sardian church represents our present state, under which we now are. The first account of the hour of temptation stands in Rev. iii. 3. The next church, the Philadelphian, is to be kept from this hour; Rev. iii. and 10. The world means all the Roman empire, or that part called christian. It appears to me that the hour of temptation began when Tom Paine published his rebellion, by which thousands were tempted and seduced to resist the powers ordained of God; and this inadvertently has ensnared them in another temptation; namely, that of favouring the Catholic cause. The Pope has three sorts of adherents: the first receive a mark in their foreheads, by an open profession of popery; the second receive a mark in their right hand, swearing to exert their power in defence of popery; the third receive the number of his name, and therefore are reckoned among his friends. And God declares, that

"all who dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," Rev. xiii. 8.

And this hour of temptation, in which trap thousands are caught, will lead on to this popish worship, whereby their destruction will be made sure. You have an account of what passed during this hour of temptation in the eleventh chapter of the Revelation, where you have an account of the Sardinian church and her ministers, called two witnesses, two olive branches, and two golden candlesticks, standing before the God of the earth. A little before this hour comes on orders are given to measure the temple, and the altar, and the worshippers; and to leave the outer court out of the measurement, that her ministers, that is empty professors, may be given to the Gentiles, which are the papists, as these, not being elected, are to worship the beast. When the papists have gained these, which are going fast over, then they will deprive us of the toleration act, which is called scattering the power of the holy people, Daniel xii. 7. Then there will be an opening for them to come at the witnesses, which are in the inner temple; many of whom, no doubt, will be slain; but some will be silenced, and not murdered; slain as witnesses, but not as men; and therefore they are said to lie in the street, but not to be

put into graves. This slaughter and silence are to last three years and a half, prophetically called three days and a half. Nor is the present war to cease till this war with the saints begins, for during the same hour (alluded to before) there was a great earthquake, Rev. xi. 13. This earthquake is the present war, in which the tenth part of the Romish jurisdiction fell. France fell from its old royal family into slavery, in which seven thousand renowned men of name (meaning chief commanders) fell. And, if so many field marshals fell, we have had accounts enough of the slaughter of common soldiers. After three days and a half the Holy Ghost will be poured out upon these silenced witnesses, and they will ascend to heaven in a cloud; that is, into a heavenly state when compared with this present one; and they will appear again as a cloud of witnesses for God.

It was the sixth trumpet that brought the Turks into the eastern part of the Roman empire; under which trumpet we now are, and shall be until the destruction of the Turks comes on. But, as soon as the witnesses are raised, and popery is discovered by the brightness of Christ's rising, then popish darkness will begin to be destroyed by the breath of his lips; and this powerful preaching of the gospel will convert the ten kings of Europe, who have all in turn been papists; but God will now

turn their hearts to hate the whore: and, as soon as these begin their war with the pope and Turk, the seventh and last trumpet will be sounded; for under this trumpet the mystery of God is to be finished, as he has declared by his servants the prophets—the mystery of espousing the Jews, and the fulness of the Gentiles being brought in all on a sudden; hence this angel proclaims, “Babylon is fallen, is fallen.” Under this trumpet the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. The work now in hand is the papists’ struggling to get into power, that they may gain over the established church, and all dead and dry dissenters with them. By this fan the Lord will thoroughly purge his floor, and make manifest who are his and who are not; and it is plain that most of these are already favourable to the catholics—the Arminians, the ministers of the letter, and graceless professors in general; even many, who hold the truth in their heads, are already caught by this hour of temptation.

It might be easily known when Antichrist would fall, could the year be ascertained in which he rose; for he is to continue 1260 years, and no longer. Some, calculating it, have fixed his fall in 1666; but time has shewn that they were mistaken; while others have fixed his fall in 1866. But it is evident that his last struggle

for power is begun: and when he comes into power I expect we shall be deprived of our toleration act, and that then he will fill the Protestant churches with popish priests; and, when he has gained these over, then the church of God will fall under the weight of civil and ecclesiastical power, both at once; and this will be the slaughter of the witnesses. Daniel's little horn is the pope, and he sprung up with the other ten upon the Roman beast. These ten kings, says John, receive power one hour with the beast. When the Goths, Huns, and Vandals, broke into the western empire, they set up ten kingdoms in it. And these kings were to be of one mind with the beast; that is, of one religion, as they all have been. And all these kingdoms were set up before the year 500, which is the best rule for us to go by; and, according to this account, the pope's end draws on apace, and his war with the saints is to be while this war is in existence, or during the same hour, as you read in the eleventh chapter of the Revelation.

These hints, with what you yourself understand by the scriptures, are sufficient for you.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CLXIV.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter came safe to hand, and I liked the contents of it. God will not leave his elect in the hands of blind guides or deceitful workers. All God's children shall be taught of him. Every one that hears and learns of the Father cometh to Christ; and God teaches us out of the law, that we may feel our need of Christ, and be led to rest our souls on him, and on his great salvation. And this is the end of God's teaching, that we may know him, the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, whom to know is life eternal. The Almighty is now teaching you; and I know that none teacheth like him; therefore hear the rod, and who hath appointed it, for there is a voice in God's rod, which is this, "All that I love I rebuke and chasten, and scourge every son whom I receive." This is the voice of God's fatherly rod; and blessed are they that fall under it, and submit to it. "Blessed," says the Spirit, "is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, till the pit be digged up for the wicked."

If the account that you have given me be honest and true, it appears to me that God has begun the good work in you; it is God who forms us anew in Christ Jesus, and that circumcises our hearts to love him : and this love will find you out when you are made sensible of your sinful state, and are humble for it; and remember, the Lord will dwell with them that are of a contrite heart, and who tremble at his word. Nothing under heaven pleases Christ better than that of finding a poor lost sheep of the house of God's Israel. He calls heaven and earth, friends and neighbours, saints and angels, to unite with him in the joy, saying, " Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." O, what encouragement is this to a broken hearted sinner to seek and apply himself, by humble prayer, to the good shepherd, who loveth, and gave his life for the sheep.

I know not whether you will be able to read my scribble; I get old, and my hand shakes; and being just removed into a new habitation, it unsettles me. Farewell; mercy and truth be with you. So prays your friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CLXV.

Cricklewood, Feb. 26, 1811.

DEAR FRIEND,

THE Lord God our Saviour has an elect people in this world, which are by nature the children of wrath even as others, being all under one and the same sentence of condemnation. But these objects of his choice he knows by name, and will in due time call them by name, and lead them out from the world, and from the congregations of hypocrites, for "he that feareth God shall come forth of them all." God, in his own time and way, discriminates these by bringing them into some affliction, under which case a minister of the letter becomes a miserable comforter, and a physician of no value. The man that went down to Jericho fell among thieves. Cutting convictions and Satan's temptations came on him. He felt that Satan had robbed man of God's image; sin had robbed him of all true peace; and the sentence of death had robbed him of life; so that he was left half dead—alive in the body, but sin revived in the soul, and he died. In this pitiful case the priest and the Levite were of no use; they were conscious that neither the commandments, nor the blood of rams, could ever heal him; and, knowing in

themselves that they had not the balm of Gilead, they passed by on the other side. These doctors are of no use, excepting to them that are heart-whole, at ease in Zion, or insensible in soul. But when these were gone, then came the good Samaritan; for "the whole need not the physician, but they that are sick."

It seems by yours that you have been "spending money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not." The poor prodigal went the same way to work; he joined himself to a citizen of this country, a citizen of "Jerusalem that now is, and is in bondage with her children." These were the citizens that hated Christ, and sent after him, saying, "We will not have this man to reign over us." This citizen sent him not to mount Zion, the city of the Saviour, but into his own fields; not to the Lord's sheep, but to his own herds; not to be fed, but to minister the dead letter, to feed the congregation of the dead. But "there arose a mighty famine in that land." God, by his Spirit, quickened the poor soul, and then he felt his wants. This mighty famine was a spiritual one, and the soul was in danger of perishing for want of the bread of life, which no man gave unto him; for Christ is not known among the swine, nor is he known among any ministers of the letter. By these things we may see how God works to distinguish his own elect, and to bring

them to himself. The wounding of the thieves, and the slight of the priest and Levite, made way for the good Samaritan, in the former parable; and the mighty famine paved the way for the bread of life, and the fatted calf, in this. By these things the Lord separates the vile from the precious, which the ministers of the letter cannot do; for it is their work to collect the chaff; and the work of the Lord's servants is to collect the wheat, and gather it into his floor. This is the Lord's husbandry, and the former serves as a fan, to keep the floor clean. Wounding, famine, crossing, disappointing, bondage, and misery, shall attend and pursue the elect of God, till they come out from among the congregations of hypocrites, and be separated from the foolish virgins.

If God has undeceived you when others are left under the deception, if God has enlightened you to see the emptiness of the ministry, while others are still blind, how were thine eyes opened, and who maketh thee to differ? Believe me when I say that Christ's commission and appointment do not extend to all. He came not to heal the whole, for they need not the physician; nor to feed the full, "Woe unto you that are full;" nor to instruct the wise, for these things are hidden from the wise and prudent; nor yet to call, nor to justify the righteous, for they justify themselves, but God knows their

hearts. All the care and concern of Christ is about the poor and needy, the sick and the lame, the hungry and the thirsty, the wounded spirit; and the conscious sinners. Nor is there one word in all God's book against such as are poor in spirit, if rightly understood. These characters the Holy Ghost describes, and points them out as the objects of Christ's care, and as his peculiar treasure.

Yours most affectionately,

W. H. S. S.

CLXVI.

June 10, 1807.

NANCY,

WHAT art thou about? Where art thou? What is it thou art poring over and fretting at? Why so dejected and dismayed? Thy heart will never be better; heaven itself declares it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and that every imagination of it is evil, and only evil. Thou foolish girl! God did not send his dear Son to mend or vamp up so vile, so filthy, so foul, so base a thing as that. He has opened and exposed it, and made its vile workings and base conceptions manifest; that thou mayest loathe it, and come out of all confidence in the

flesh. God, my dear girl, has promised us a new creation; he creates in us a clean heart, and renews a right spirit; "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise. A new heart will I give them, and a new spirit will I put within them," &c. Love to Christ is what God sheds abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost; and this love is the new heart, or new affections, set upon new objects—namely, Christ, his truth, and his children. But then the vile, the corrupt, the carnal affections still remain, and are palmed on the old man; for this love, being new, makes the former old. Again, by a new heart is meant a purged, tender, honest, good, quiet and peaceable conscience. The stony heart is an evil, hardened conscience, said to be seared with a hot iron. An honest heart is an honest conscience, which does its duty, is faithful in its office, attends to its charge, acts with divine authority, turns a deaf ear to all carnal pleas, despises all dead works, takes no bribes, shuns partiality, and hates hypocrisy. He is to be a new conscience; and when furnished with peace, light, and the witness of God's spirit, he is one source of our joy; "My rejoicing is this, the testimony of a good conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." This part of the new heart is the peaceable testimony of a man's con-

science, which is influenced and impressed by the most Holy Spirit of the Almighty.

These things, my dear, are promised us in Christ, and God makes us new creatures in him. And, as these things are to be sought after, and God will be inquired of, that he may do these things for us, set thy heart on them; and look, watch, pray, and wait for them. God, by crossing, disappointing, provoking, and stirring up evil surmisings, suspicions, and jealousies, has softened, meekened, humbled and debased thy heart, and made conscience quick, tender, and sore, which runs, and discharges its grief, plague, bitterness, and sorrow, night and day. But this is not all that God has in store for us. No, bless his sweet name, there are better prospects behind the veil; a better treasure in the Holy Spirit's love; better tidings in the chief Shepherd's mouth; better fruits on the tree of life; and a more propitious countenance looking through the lattice.

Take heart, my dearly beloved and longed for; my joy and my crown, be of good cheer. Down with self, and come out of that den of dragons and court of owls; and then look to Jesus, and let us see what that will do. He says, "Look to me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides me there is no Saviour." And sure I am that he never

balks the longing soul with an empty and unmeaning call. My prayers have been put up for God to bless this. Kind love to father and mother.

Q IN THE CORNER.

CLXVII.

1807.

THIS will not do, Nancy; you must not chalk out lines for the Lord to work and walk by. The prison in which we are shut up is our own evil heart of unbelief: this is our prison, and Satan's palace. Legal bondage works here, girl, while our own hardness, impenitency, and carnal enmity, together with the old vail, bind, bar, and close it; but unbelief is the outward bolt. This prison our Lord was anointed to open; and it is often done gradually. Reproof and rebuke are called knocking at the door; "It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, open to me." Confession and prayer are opening the door, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "Our mouth is open unto you, our heart is enlarged," says Paul. The heart discharges all her grievous contents by the mouth. The oil of myrrh, which is the joy of love, touched the handle of the lock, says

the spouse, and my bowels were moved. I yearned over him in his dolorous sufferings. Reproof first enters, then light shines in, and discovers Satan's dark works and his dark abode. And the first promise that comforts, melts, meekens or softens, is called truth, because all the promises of God in Christ are yea and amen. Now truth and equity have both entered. Next to these the servants of God enter; being made manifest in the conscience, and held in esteem by the affections. "He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me." These things pave the way for the rest of the family to creep in; and as love receives the brethren, so enmity and death go out when love and life come in. This is passing from death to life; and love to the saints is the cause and the proof of it. These, Ann, are opening the chinks, the crevices and crannies; but, when the bridegroom comes forth as the sun out of his chamber, he will rend the vail from top to bottom.

Read this to Ann Jones, with my love to her and to your father and mother.

Q IN THE CORNER.

CLXVIII.

August 10, 1810.

DEAR NANCY,

I HAVE been a long tour, from which I returned not till Wednesday last, and on my arrival found yours, full fraught with the best of tidings: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and those that go forth weeping, and bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return with joy and singing, bringing their sheaves with them."

It was on the 26th of June 1792, (now eighteen years ago) that I first met my dear friend at Maresfield. Then and there my concern and travail for his welfare began; and against my prayers and his faith the devil has laboured with all his wisdom and wit, malice, rage and power; over all which the truth, stability, and faithfulness of God, appear more firm than the rocks, and more brilliant than the sun. "They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them," Isaiah, chap. lxxv. They who build up in Christ shall inhabit Christ;

and they that plant trees of righteousness shall feast upon peace, quietness, and assurance, which are the fruits of righteousness: "for as the days of a tree are the days of my servants." The days of an oak are a thousand years, and in the new earth we shall reign a thousand years with our best beloved. Nor have we laboured in vain, for death, bondage, and torment, are cast out; and love, which is the image of God, appears plainly. Neither have we brought forth for trouble, but for pleasure and joy: the caudle goes about, and a cup comes to me. God comforts Ephraim, and his mourners also. Satan is now silent upon this point; nor do I hear any thing of his ministering servants.

The present entertainment of Satan, and his seed, is the burning down of the chapel; which is to them a matter of great joy and a sweet repast; yet even this is not complete, because myself and the people were not in it; and of this their complaints were loud and riotous in the street. In this matter we have had a clear view of Satan and his seed, and that in their truest colours. But God is still my rock, nor has he suffered my mind to move with one doubt, nor one moment's rest to depart from my eyes. I long to know how my dear friend is; he now enjoys the penny, but I am left to labour; the burden and heat of the day is not at an end with me. My friend has often coveted

my state, and now I covet his. God bless him; and God bless thee, Nancy, and my poor little Ann Jones.

THE COALHEAVER.

CLXIX.

Cricklewood House, Oct. 2, 1800.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR epistle came safe to me, and its simplicity dissolved my heart into gratitude to the Father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort, for his wonderful works to the children of men; of which I have been a strict observer, and to which I have been a living witness, for many years. I bless my benign God and Father for his goodness to thee and thine, and have no doubt but thou wilt see greater things than these; for as thy desires enlarge, so shall thy views extend, even to the boundless expanse of the blessed regions of future felicity: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

I have not time at present to give a full answer to your letter; that may be more acceptable at some future period when you are at sea. Next Lord's day I preach, morning and evening, at Providence Chapel; and shall dispense the

Lord's supper at three o'clock in the afternoon, and, if you choose to come and hear me, there is a gentleman of the faculty at Woolwich whose name is B. who, with his spouse, are my children in the faith; they are members with us, and seldom miss coming on the Lord's day, especially on the ordinance days: if you make yourself known to them, you might together fill the coach, as there are several others at Woolwich who belong to us, and seldom fail coming. I shall have no objection to your attending the table with us, if I could see you for about ten minutes after the forenoon service. Mr. B. will inform you of our order. Grace and peace be with thee, and please to tender my best wishes to the captain.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CLXX.

Leicester, Oct. 31, 1800.

My dear Sister in Christ Jesus,

I RECEIVED yours, and the keep-sake, on Saturday evening last: but had not time in town to acknowledge the receipt of them. I thank you, but am sorry for the needless expense, as times are hard, and the pockets of God's children seldom

overladen with that treasure which constitutes a portion in this life. I hope to turn the trinket into a Galeed, or a pillar of memorial, to be in future a witness against me or a monitor to me, if I should forget thee when I am indulged with sweet access to the throne of grace. The impulse you have been for some time under, that your faith would be tried; is, I think, a lesson from the anointing which is from above. God the Holy Ghost is not only to guide us into all truth; but he is to shew us things to come; which inward teaching is true, but not always perceived, nor attended to till the calamity comes on, or is over; "The thing which I greatly feared (says Job) is fallen upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not at ease, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came." Genuine faith will abide the fire, but untried faith is not to be depended on. God's word, as well as God's Spirit, witnesseth that bonds and afflictions abide the saints. To be previously alarmed is to be equipped beforehand; that, as the fool in the gospel laid up goods for many years, so should we, in times of indulgence, lay in a stock of prayers against future desertions; "And now also, when I am old and greyheaded, forsake me not (saith the psalmist), thou God of my salvation." To listen to the warning, to be instructed by it, and to be much in prayer.

to God before the trial comes on, quenches the fiery furnace before we are cast into it. The fear, trouble, and great distress of Jacob at the report of Esau's approach with four hundred men, were ten times worse than the meeting of him; for instead of killing Jacob he kissed him; but then Jacob had wrestled and prevailed both with God and man; and had obtained a promise of complete victory in answer to his prayer before he ventured himself over the river Jab-bok. My dear sister knows how to make the application.

Moreover, forget not that God is a present, a very present help in time of trouble; "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; and, when thou passest through the fire, the flame shall not kindle upon thee." Thou hast his word with thee; let that be thy comfort, thy counsel, and thy meditation, in the course of thy pilgrimage, and then thou mayest take the same to be thine inheritance; for "truth shall be settled in heaven, and mercy shall be built up for ever," in the promised glorification of all the elect of God.

Again, as thou hast mentioned to me something of thy distress, on account of thine inbred corruption and evil tempers, let me counsel my dear sister upon these things. It is the law, the moral law, and nothing else, that dis-

covers these things; "By the law is the knowledge of sin," "When the commandment came sin revived and I died." And evil tempers are stirred up by the same; "the law worketh wrath." Looking to that, striving to keep it, cleaving to it, and labouring under it, bring the wrath revealed in it upon us, and this stirs up our enmity against God. Walking in the faith of Christ, and looking to him, changes us into his image. Looking to the law, like the Galatians, is going wrong; "The foolishness of man perverteth his way," says Solomon, "and his heart fretteth against the Lord." Legal bondage, and the fear of death and wrath, all come from a broken law; even as a man who has robbed, killed, or done violence, is never safe, never easy, because the laws of his country are against him: therefore look to the Saviour, cleave to him, and abide in him; "He that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit."

Farewell, my dear sister; the God of all grace be with thee and thine. So prays thine affectionate friend and brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,

W. HUNTINGTON.

My love to the Captain.

CLXXII.

Sept. 28, 1801.

LADY MARY,

I WAS not a little pleased yesterday, to see your Ladyship encompassed with infirmities: and why do you wonder at this, seeing "the whole need not the physician, but them that are sick?" None of us love physic: saline and bitter draughts are not sweet, but they are salutary. "Have salt in yourselves," says the Saviour, "and be at peace one with another." The heart must know its own bitterness, or it will never relish or prize those joys that a stranger intermeddleth not with. Bitter draughts strengthen the stomach, promote appetite, and help digestion. Hence the ancient order given for eating the passover; "Ye shall eat it in haste, and with bitter herbs shall ye eat it." All the Saviour's garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, two of which out of the three are bitter; and with myrrh and aloes was the Saviour's body anointed. Ezekiel eats the roll, and John the little book; and they both found the contents to be sweet as honey, but afterwards their bellies were bitter. Sweet is the word of God; but, when it discovers the corruptions of the heart, and gives rebukes for what is amiss, the heart knows its own bitterness. However, the

bad humours must be discovered by the word, and then be purged off, as often as bad frames come on, that more fruit may be produced. Besides, this furnace and purging work make the stomach nice; so that it cannot feed upon, and swallow down, every Arminian scrap that is held forth with a wimpering cry, and a call to sinners to come to Christ. Nothing but his flesh in sacrifice, which is meat indeed, and his blood, which is drink indeed, will satisfy or entertain the soul that knows its own sore, and hungers for the bread of life.

My Lady Mary will understand me better by and by, when she has had a little more of this sort of physic, which is so good for her health; for "by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." So God revives us, and makes us to live. Seeing you so low is the cause of my sending these few scattered and undigested fragments, knowing that "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" yea, God's rods, reproofs, and rebukes, are better than carnal ease.

Farewell! be of good cheer; Christ will return with double love, and make it all up, and then he will be more sweet than ever. So I believe, and so you expect. My love to the noble one. Excuse haste.

Ever yours,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CLXXIII.

The Cabin, on board of Providence,
Sept. 30, 1805.

I HAVE received poor Mary's letter, and am sorry to hear the contents. But it is no more than fatherly severity, not vindictive wrath; it is the chastening hand of a most benign parent, and not the vengeance of an inexorable judge. I have no fear of God's breaking his covenant, forgetting to be gracious, or casting off his people. Poor Mary is in safe hands; and sure I am that this contention will last no longer than till they will submit to him. The root of this cross is perverseness; submission is sure to cure it; for how can two contend, or disagree, when there is but one will between them? "Not my will, but thine be done," says the Saviour. Again; "He repented and went, and did the will of his father," says the parable. The greatest indulgence my mind has ever craved, since I have tasted the sweetness there is in Christ, is to have my books, ink and paper; and to be shut up and shut out from all company under the sun; this, this has long been the wish of my soul! But it must not be so: the candle lit up in my soul must not be put under a bed, nor under a bushel: this the Lord told me with his own mouth,

There are none that love Christ, or that could receive such an one as myself at S. ; and, as to the pulpit there, to let such an one occupy it would be to incur the displeasure of all the evangelical society; and, as to preaching to the dead, it is what I never coveted. I do not know but I may soon be at F. where I have a few friends, but have no desire to visit S. In all the sights, amusements and pleasures of this life, I have not once, to my knowledge, spent one day since I have been Christ's servant. I will drop you a few lines, and give you timely notice, if I go to F. where I have several children, who have separated themselves from among the rest of professors. Stand your ground, cast not away your confidence; shall he turn away, and not return? He will never forsake those that hope in his mercy. There is nothing, in all the catalogue of your complaints, but what has fallen to my share; though God knows that I never procured them by herding with the world.

Farewell! Grace and peace be with thee. I shall follow this with my poor prayers.

Ever yours,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXIV.

July 22, 1807.

DEAR MARY,

I CAME home last night wearied and tired to the last degree; and at my arrival found your mournful epistle. You 'do not pray for days together;' then Satan has gained an advantage over you; this is giving place to the devil; and, if he has gained this ground upon you, he will toil the harder to gain more. The devil, with all his unabated malice and unwearied diligence, has not gained so much ground of me during thirty-three years hard fighting. The gains, profits and benefits, of a throne of grace are infinite; it is the most lucrative branch of all the high, holy, and heavenly calling. Drop this trade, and beggary is sure to follow. And shall I praise you for this? I praise you not. The devil cannot steal our confidence, and we are fools to cast it away. Every grace, blessing, and truth, that God plants in the heart, shall abide, grow, flourish, and prevail, in spite of Satan's rage, or sin's remains. It is God's workmanship, incorruptible seed; his empire, by which he reigns, and from which he receives all the tributes and revenues of his realm; "The fear of the Lord is his treasure;" and he

will never give his glory to another, nor his praise to images, or to devils.

All thy darkness, doubts, fears, misgivings, of heart, and unbelief, are none of God's fruits; nor any of those good and perfect gifts which come down from the Father of lights. Love to God, and to all mankind, was God's image in Adam; it was his uprightness, his righteousness, and true holiness. But "all flesh hath corrupted his way;" and this corruption, which is Satan's bane and our seduction, is that which breeds all thy present confusion in thee. However, God keeps a faithful and steady watch over his own plantation; and he has begun to root up, and at a long run he will purge out, all that evil that hath deceived, seduced, corrupted, and defiled the work of God's hands. "This is the will of him that sent me, that of all that he hath given me I should lose nothing, but raise it up at the last day." Our bodies and souls are God's workmanship, and nothing of either shall ever be lost; no, the hairs of our head are all numbered, and not one hair shall perish. But all inbred and home-born corruption shall be destroyed, for "he was manifest in the flesh to destroy the works of the devil."

God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, in all the churches; and he encourages us against these attacks of Satan; "For your shame you shall have double, and for confusion

they shall rejoice in their portion ; therefore in their land they shall possess double, everlasting joy shall be unto them." The King of Zion will come again ; " his reward is with him, and his work before him ;" and then his own guests will welcome him in, and entertain him too—I mean faith, hope, and love. In times of trial these seem to be inactive ; they stay at home, to support and defend the heart : but, as soon as the sun begins to shine, and the storm to abate, when confusion and wild uproar subside, and a calm succeeds, every grace will move, and dance in concert with the smiles of his face, and the thoughts of his heart, the sounding of his bowels, and the outgoings of his love. God's work must be renewed and revived, or brought again to a state of vivacity ; for the refreshings must and shall come from the presence of the Lord.

Tender my best affections to the Captain, and accept the same from

W. H. S. S.

CLXXV.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK you kindly for the little shelves, and for your kind epistle. Am in hopes my book will answer your expectation, and accomplish many of your dreams and visions. If you find the same frames, views, melting sensations, flows of gratitude, and heavenly flights, in reading as I have in writing it, thou wilt know what it is to see eye to eye with the watchmen of Zion, and to put on charity, the bond of all perfectness, which runs through the whole fraternity of God, and binds the monuments of mercy to the head stone of the corner. I perceive, by thine epistle, that thou gettest on, and art increasingly enriched by the Lord in knowledge, in observation, in judgment, in light, and in utterance. For all which God give thee a thankful heart, as it becomes the just to be thankful, and with praise and thanksgiving God is well pleased.

These are some of the simple sacrifices which are to be performed with the abundance of grace, and the sweet oblation of our merciful and faithful High Priest, Christ Jesus. To this end is all grace communicated to us, that it may flow back again to the glory of God.

And, as different sacrifices are required, so different frames are given. The sacrifice of a broken heart God will not despise; and it is by reproofs, rebukes, and reproach, that the heart is broken. Troubles are intended to drive us to prayer; "Call upon me in the time of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." And again, "Is any afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Our incomes, my dear sister, are intended to furnish us, that these simple, but acceptable, sacrifices may be daily offered, that the intercourse between God and us may be kept open, and a holy familiarity be kept up. So discoveries of his love, and revivals of his work, as well as the leadings of his providence and his goodness, that passes before us daily, are to furnish us with praises, with thank-offerings, and with humble acknowledgments of his goodness, faithfulness, and truth, in his promises.

These things, my sister, should be observed and attended to; for herein is our heavenly Father glorified, that we may bring forth good fruit; and these are his own returns, the returns of his love and grace; the revenues of the King of kings, and the fruits of his own implanted grace: and, when God's children are led by the Spirit into it, are constant at it, make conscience of it, and shun vain company, which grieves

the Holy Spirit, and unfits us for it; it becomes the delight of their souls, and is no less than walking with God.

Pray tender my kind love and respects to the Captain, to the Doctor and his Dame; and you will much oblige,

Dear Sister,

Yours in Christ,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXVI.

Jan. 8, 1810.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been confined with a bad cough, cold, and fever, almost a fortnight; but am somewhat better at present. This world never was intended to be our rest, our home, nor our inheritance; he therefore, that has the most of this, has by far the worst share. God tells us, and faith assures us, that there is "a better and more enduring substance." And, for my part, I must say that every thing that I see in God's light serves to sicken and deaden my soul to this world. My own depraved nature, the awful state and carnal enmity of the world, the miserable and dead state of the generality of profes-

sors, their hatred to the power of godliness, and a full persuasion of the reality of the future inheritance, having been experienced in the first fruits, these help to crucify us to this world. And I have often noticed that God does not hurl a hoping soul out of the world as out of the middle of a sling, 1 Sam. xxv. 29; but unpins their tabernacle by slow degrees, making them weary of life, and so bowing their wills, that they desire to depart at the appointed time that he wills them to depart. Soul troubles and bodily infirmities are the common lot of all pilgrims, and are dealt out by weight and measure. By these trials are sins discovered, and by trials sanctified are sins purged.

Souls at ease put far away the evil day, while souls in trouble consider their latter end; hence Wisdom tells us that days of mourning are better than days of feasting, for "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." And I am sure of this—the more they suffer in the way, the less in the end. No small share of furnace work has fallen to my lot; and the bitterness of the wounds has taught me to admire the balm. Trials are not intended for food, but for physic; and the more bitter the drugs, the better for the stomach. The paschal lamb was to be eaten with bitter herbs, and every banquet upon Christ by faith is attended with the same sauce; "The flesh lusteth

against the Spirit," and inbred corruptions oppose every grace. But every grace is an incorruptible seed, which lives and abides for ever—such as light, life, peace, rest, filial fear, faith, hope, love, joy.—These the devil hates, and corruptions oppose; and they are often obscured by darkness, confusion, legal bondage, and the assaults of Satan; but they cannot be lost, being God's treasure in the heart, and must therefore reign; for God knows, and carefully distinguishes, his own crop; "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit," says Christ, "and that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" as you read in the third of John.

This, Mary, is the real religion of Christ, which makes the church all glorious within, and his righteousness imputed makes her so without. Salvation, or the pardon of sin, is the heavenly virgin's lamp, Isai. lxii. 1. God's pardoning love is the fire that feeds the lamp, Song viii. 7. And the joy of the Spirit is the oil that feeds the fire, Isai. lxi. 5; Prov. xiii. 9. These are the things which accompany salvation; and I have no doubt but at certain seasons you have felt, experienced, and enjoyed them all. They are often hidden from my eyes, and not one of them fully enjoyed; yet I know that I have had them in full possession; and, being the empire of Christ in the soul, God, scripture,

faith, and conscience, all agree in this, that the grace of God cannot be lost.

W. H. S. S.

CLXXVII

Dec. 13, 1811.

DEAR Mary's epistle was duly received. But my hand shakes with age, and I have no new commandment to write unto thee, but an old commandment, which we have from the Father, and the whole of it is briefly comprehended in this saying,—that we should believe in his dearly beloved and only begotten Son, and that by believing we might have life through his name. This is the message that we have heard of this sweet and holy One. I have further to tell thee that this just One is a near kinsman of ours, one of our next kinsmen, who divorces us from the killing law, espouses the desolate widow, redeems the mortgaged inheritance, and raises up the name of the dead upon it; by spreading the skirt of his spotless righteousness over the condemned and disconsolate soul. In this way we become his. Having discharged our debts by a ransom, and purged our sins by sacrifice, he supplies us with the oil of joy,

swaddles us with the girdle of truth, and his skirt becomes our bridal robe: in this way we become his; by this wooing he wins our whole heart, and kills us to all but himself; and, when he has gained full possession, and cleansed us from all idols, by his all-conquering love, and filled us with heaven itself—then away he goes, and leaves us as mere machines, without life or motion, as a prey to all devils, corruptions, oppressors, impostors, hypocrites, calumniators, and persecutors, that we may know, by sad experience, what banishment from God and hell torments are! and sure I am that I have often had my belly full of this sort of hell.

But there will be an end to this misery of miseries, and to this world, which is the sinner's portion and our bane;—a world wherein the devil reigns and rules; to whom his children pay implicit obedience, and in whose works they boast, exult, and triumph, all the day long, till, by a sad translation, they find that "the wages of sin is death." And here we must look to the balance of the sanctuary, and weigh both the duration of time and the substance of eternity. But this is already done to our hands, as Paul says: "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Tell the Captain that I hope he will obtain leave to eat plum-pudding with us this

Christmas. But charge him, in my name, never to ask leave of absence from the Captain of our salvation, for without him D. can do nothing.

Yours affectionately,

W. HUNTINGTON.

CLXXVIII.

Church Street, Paddington,
May 17, 1798.

Beloved of God, elected according to his foreknowledge, and predestinated to the adoption of daughter, preserved in Christ Jesus, and shortly to be called to the fellowship of him, W. H. S. S. sendeth greeting.

THE divine teaching of God is wonderful, and unaccountable to the children of men, as nothing is more debasing, nothing more confounding to worldly wisdom and natural prudence. Alive we are without the law, and sin is dead; guilt benumbs the conscience, sin in its true colours is hid, and the bare commission of it banished from both mind and memory. In this state of insensibility, or spiritual death, we flourish like grass, and adorn ourselves with an external

form of godliness, to gain applause, till in our own eyes we appear like the flower of the field. But God's voice says, "Cry;" and the echo is, "What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isai. xl. 6. Under the motions and operations of this heavenly wind thou now art, my daughter; this scripture is now fulfilling in thee. God hath sent it on thee, and the effects of it are produced, and producing daily.

This wind is sovereign, it bloweth where it listeth; thou feelest the effects, and with mental ears hearest the sound thereof; and so must and shall every one that is born of the Spirit. This wind, that bloweth, is to wither both the grass, and the goodliness thereof, which is compared to the flower of the field. Under the cutting convictions, the reproofs, rebukes, and quickening operations of the Spirit, we pine, sink, wither, and die to all the vanities of this world: our souls can no longer feed upon mirth, pleasure, evil imaginations, the lusts of the flesh, nor the pride of life; and, as we cannot feed upon these vanities, we cannot grow nor flourish in them; nay, the sweet stolen morsels

that we have eaten we now wish to vomit up, for the remembrance of them becomes grievous to us when God smites us, and a sore burden to the soul that God wounds: being dead to sin, we cannot live any longer therein. Hence carnal company becomes a sore plague, and past follies a heavy burden: the goodliness of this flower of the field fades also. Every intellect is impaired, shattered, wounded, puzzled, perplexed, and confounded; so that neither reason, nor all the light of nature, can form the least judgment of our case and state, nor give the least account of the change and wonderful operations that have taken place. Natural and acquired abilities vanish, and leave the sinner as a poor senseless idiot. Recollection, memory, and understanding, fail: absence, reserve, and pensiveness, possess us; and lonely retreats and silent solitude suit the gloomy and dejected sinner best. And here it is that we lose all our forms and outward shew of godliness. The anger of God enters into our conscience, guilt and sin are stirred up, and all false hopes give way, and down we go; for self-righteousness is no breastplate, no defence, no armour proof, against the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the sting of death, and the fiery darts of Satan. Thus all the goodliness of this poor flower of the field withers when the Spirit of God bloweth upon it.

When God, by the teaching of his Spirit, hath thus made our wisdom foolishness, and stained the pride of all our glory, he goes on with his own work upon us, but keeps us altogether in the dark about it, till he sets things to rights by his own presence. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Thou art now in this path, and one of the blind ones that God is thus leading; and it is a way that thou knowest not, being "the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it." But, by the help of my God, I will point it out to thee. David mentions it thus: "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations," Ps. lxxii. 1, 2; and Solomon hints at it; "The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath." Many labour hard who never find this path; "The labour of the foolish wearieth every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city," Eccl. x. 15. Nor is the light of nature sufficient to guide him; every one that follows that taper is sure to be wrong at last; "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are

the ways of death," Prov. xiv. 12. This is the way to life by keeping the commandments of the moral law, and always seems right to the natural man; but, as the law cannot give life, so this way must end under the sentence of death; and they obtain the curse instead of the blessing; "Their portion is cursed in the earth; he beholdeth not the way of the vineyard," Job xxiv. 18. This is the way of the fool, which is right in his own eyes, Prov. xii. 15. But the ways of God differ widely from this. Hence the charge, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; for my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord: for, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways," Isai. lv. 7, 8, 9.

The path that leads to God, and the way in which he leads his children, is hid from all living, nor can it ever be discovered but by the light of the Lord's countenance, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it: it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air," Job xxviii. 7, 8, 21. The prophet Isaiah quotes this passage of Job, and makes the ways of God, which lead to heaven, a little more plain than Job did,

“And an highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men; though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there,” Isai. xxxv. 8, 9. But then what is this highway, and the way? The highway is Christ; and the way, which shall be called the way of holiness, is regeneration. “I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me,” John xiv. 6. This is the highway that leads to the Father. This is the way cast up, a highway prepared for God’s people: “Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones, lift up a standard for the people,” Isa. lxii. 10. And the way that shall be called the way of holiness is regeneration; “Then answered Peter, and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,” Matt. xix. 27, 28. “Of his mercy he saves us, by the washing of regenera-

tion and the renewing of the Holy Ghost;" and he that overcomes shall sit with Christ on his throne, even as he overcame and is set down with his Father on his throne.

Thus have I shewn you the highway, and the way. And now for a short explanation. Those that receive Christ in faith, and walk in him, or by the faith of him, and not by sight, are in the highway to the Father; for we have access with confidence to the Father by the faith of him; every believer in Christ, therefore, is in this highway. And "he that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." Regeneration removes our carnal enmity, and draws the heart to love God above every object in heaven or earth; and to walk in love, as Christ hath loved us, is to follow the Lord in the regeneration; and such shall end their days in endless glory, for charity never faileth, it is the more excellent way; and all profession is nought without it, 1 Cor. xii. 31. And now put this highway and a way together, and it amounts to this, "Faith which worketh by love," Gal. v. 6. Into this way the Lord is now leading thee, and it will not be long before thou wilt descend into the valley of vision, Isai. xlii. 1; then he will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight; and then thou wilt read all that he hath written upon thy heart, and unriddle all that he hath done for

thee. Lie passive in his hand, however confused or confounded; and remember this, that the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in that way:—how can they, when God himself leads them? and it is the blind that he leads; nor shall one led of God fall into the ditch.

Was I in thy place I would not go to hear preaching at all; for thou wilt not find one interpreter among a thousand who can explain the impressions of God on thy soul, Eccl. vii. 28; Job xxxiii. 23. And, when God delivers thee, thou wilt find it as I did; I told “the vision, but none understood it,” Dan. viii. 27. I would give my mind to lonely solitude; and read, confess, and groan out, my troubles, burdens, and desires, before God; who will hear the groanings of the prisoners, and will up at the sighing of the needy. But, as for any ministry that cannot point out your case and state, and by which God doth not search, try, and discover thine heart, that ministry will be of no use to you; but it may stifle convictions, and lull into carnal security, which is much to be shunned and feared. Read this epistle over every day, and the Lord will communicate some light by it; and forget not that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel; nor is there any thing in us that is not made manifest by the light which doth appear; and

this light is now making manifest the counsels of thy heart; and will ere long shine in the face of Jesus. Let me know how you go on. God will bless the correspondence.

My love to Mr. H. Adieu, thine in Christ Jesus,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXIX.

Paddington, July 12, 1798.

UNKNOWN FRIEND,

I WAS in the country when thy last epistle came, or thou wouldest have heard from me before this time. You inform me that I have quite mistaken your case. This to me is nothing new; hundreds before you have told me the same, and that I was altogether ignorant of their perils, and wholly deceived by them, for they were reprobates and hypocrites: but they do not tell me so now, but otherwise. One of old said, "All men are liars." This he said in his haste; for, though in one sense it is true, yet lying is not the trade of God's servants; nor did I mistake your case, and that your own conscience knows; for sure I am that, if the power of God did not uphold thee, if his Spirit's might did not support and fortify thee, and if there were

not hope and expectation at the bottom, thou couldest not stand one hour; but must be drowned in despair, driven to madness, or sink into the bottomless pit, in an instant; for no one in such circumstances could stand one minute alone, much less write such a letter as yours. In my trouble, so far was I from being able to write, that I did not know my own master when he came to me, nor one word that he said; and that for months together. Thou art not so deep in the horrible pit as I was by a thousand fathoms; and thou art in God's strong hand; or thou must have been in hell long ago. "God instructed me," saith the prophet, "with a strong hand." And again; "Now, when they fall, they shall be holpen with a little help."

The characters and cases of persons for whom Christ was anointed, appointed, and to whom he was sent, are all pointed out in the word of God: and those who reap no benefit by his death are described also; as, for instance, the self-righteous; "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The insensibly secure and whole hearted; "The whole need not the physician, but they that are sick." The wise, the prudent also; "Wo unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight;" from these the mysteries of God are hid, and Christ thanks his Father for it. Those who trust in and boast of the light

of nature; "If ye were blind ye should not have sin; but since ye say, we see, your sin remaineth." Those who vainly dream that they are right, and their state good, though never changed in heart; "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And to the lost sheep among the Gentiles; "I have other sheep which are not of this fold, and them I must bring, and they shall hear my voice." Those also that are alive under the law, while sin is dead in them; not those, but the self-condemned; "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. And they that say, "Stand by, I am holier than thou." Those that sanctify and purify themselves shall go to confusion together; the strong man also; "I will feed the fat and the strong with judgment." The mere formalist comes in among them; these make many long prayers, but feel no need of the Spirit's aid; "all they do is to be seen of men; verily they have their reward." Those that never at any time transgress the commandment; to these he gives not the robe, the ring, nor the shoes; nor to any others that hate Zion, and remain strangers to their own hearts.

Now let us see to whom Christ's commission reaches, and to whom he is sent; for he must do the will of him that sent him, and be faithful to him that appointed him, that he may be

the faithful and true witness. "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning; he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." "I am come that my sheep might have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." Now the dead, that shall hear his voice and live, are persons condemned at the bar of equity, at the court of judicature, and in the spiritual court of heaven; for he is condemned by his own conscience, cursed as a transgressor by the law, and damned as an unbeliever by the gospel. And this was my case; I was without life, without motion towards God, or any affection for him; and here I was when he justified me. And none but such souls as these ever hunger and thirst after righteousness; and blessed are such, for they shall be filled; for he shall feed his flock like a shepherd, &c. Again;

"He hath sent me to preach good tidings to the meek," to such as through grief, anguish, trouble and distress, are so abashed, dismayed, and dejected, that they cannot bear a hard or harsh word, their spirit being sunk so low through continual sorrow of heart and grief of mind.

He hath sent me "to bind up the broken hearted." They are broken by the cutting con-

convictions of God and conscience, the terrors of the law, the buffetings and accusations of Satan, and the reproaches of those who are at ease.

He hath sent me "to open the prison to them that are bound." They are shut up under law terrors, in unbelief, and in the strong-hold of Satan; barred in by infidelity, carnal enmity, and hardness of heart, and bound; their guilt is bound to their conscience, and the yoke of besetting sins to their neck; they are in bondage in their own souls, in bondage to wrath, to the meditation of terror, fear, torment, destruction, and to the fear of death. Now he is sent to open the prison to such souls as these; and their enlargement and sensible deliverance are as sure as their sensibility of their bonds and of their confinement.

He hath sent me "to set at liberty those that are bruised," made sore, tender, and chafed in their minds, by the frowns of God, cutting reflections on past follies, meditations on future judgments, and tormenting anxieties, crosses, and disappointments; life hanging in perpetual doubt, and God appearing to pay no regard to their sighs and groans; unto these he is sent to proclaim liberty.

He hath sent me to comfort all that mourn on account of their sin, their rebellion, the enmity of their minds, and the hardness of their hearts; who mourn after Christ, and after an

angry God; who mourn over the fallen race, the careless state of sinners, at the carnal insults that God receives from them, and at the dangerous state of thousands who are insensibly hovering over the brink of hell. He is to set a mark upon all these, Ezek ix. 4; and he is to comfort and protect them.

Moreover, he is to appoint and "give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The "oil of joy" is the comfort of love, beauty is the grace of God, and the light of his countenance lifted up, under which we rise and shine forth as the morning. Ashes are sin, self-abasement, and self-abhorrence on account of it. The "garment of praise" is the righteousness of Christ, the best robe, that justifies us freely from all things; and "the spirit of heaviness" is the wrath of God, called a spirit of bondage to fear; and is attended with the burden of guilt, the burden of the law's demands, and the burden of its killing sentence, which sinks the soul into the horrible pit and miry deep.

Moreover, he is to give "light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death." This "shadow" is the old vail upon the heart that keeps us in darkness, the god of this world having blinded our eyes; and it is called death's shadow, because it is an emblem of hell; and the

pains of hell are felt under it; such as guilt, fear, wrath, torment, Satan's darts, and a sensible separation from God. Now the Sun of righteousness shall shine upon these, to open their blind eyes, and make them look out of obscurity and out of darkness.

But again, "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young," Isai. xl. 11. "Lambs" are souls with budding hopes, distant views of better days, and feeble and imperceptible expectations; who are quickened to feel, alarmed to fear, and enlightened, but it is only to see their danger. Ewes great with young are those quickened by the word, who travail hard for deliverance, but doubts and fears counteract the work, and incline to despondency or despair. By carrying them in his arms is meant protecting them by his power, although they are not delivered. Carrying them in his bosom denotes their nearness to his heart, and the certainty of his love to them; for the bosom always signifies lovingkindness, compassion and pity, or tender regard.

Once more, "The prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered." "The prey" is a sinner in the jaws and under the power of Satan, sin, and death; and one who is a voluntary and willing slave to his orders and commands, and led captive by

him at his will. The stronger than the strong man armed is to come upon him, bind him, cast him out, and divide his spoil.

But, to proceed still further. "The bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench, till he bring forth judgment unto victory." "The bruised reed" is a smitten and wounded soul, who can make no melody in the ears of God, but a mere jargon of confusion and inconsistencies, a jumble of complaints, desires, groans, petitions, murmurings, discontents; and, in short, a medley of every thing but peace, truth, and harmony. "The smoking flax" is holy longings, pious breathings, earnest desires, and fervent anxieties of the soul, without any wisdom, knowledge, or understanding; all of which are love in the smoke, but not in the flame, till joy comes to fan it up.

Again: The hills are to melt, and the mountains to flow down at his presence. By "the hills" we are to understand hard hearts, which are to be taken away, and hearts of flesh to be given: and by "mountains," difficulties which lie in our way; such as a broken law, the sword of justice, a sight of sin, and the power of Satan.

Come, my daughter, be of good cheer; God is making thee a fit object for the cordial reception and sweet embraces of his dear Son, who

receives all those that labour and are heavy laden. And forget not that it is the foolish things of this world, the weak things, and base things, and things that are despised, that God hath chosen. My kind respects to Mr. and Miss H. I shall follow this with my poor prayers, and may the Lord hear, answer, accept, and bless thee!

Ever thine in Christ,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXX.

Cricklewood House, Edgeware Road, London.

BELOVED OF GOD,

I HAD no more doubt, from the first letter I saw from thee, of the work, the strange work, in thee being the work of God, than I had of my own existence. When we are dead to God, and alive to self and the world, sin is dead and we are securely dreaming of a God all mercy, and of meriting his favour, the great reward, by dead works; for our works can rise no higher than the workfolks. We are dead, and our works dead also. The evil day is put far from us; and, Satan searing the conscience, the sting of guilt is not felt. Thus we are alive without the law: but all this time sin lies at the door: and,

as soon as God sends his law home to the heart, attended with its binding, condemning, sin-discovering, accusing, and wrath-revealing power, then all our guilt and filth, that before lay at the door, rolls into the mind and conscience; the burden is felt with all its weight, and guilt with its awful sting. The eye of justice, by the lamp of the law, presents our sins to view, and the quickening Spirit of God makes us feel their venom.

This, my dear friend, is God's first soul-humbling lesson: "I search the heart, and try the reins: I make a man know what are his thoughts: I will set your sins in order before you," &c. And "blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law, that thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, till the pit be digged up for the wicked." Every one thus taught of the Father, saith the Saviour, cometh unto me, and he that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Under this lesson thou now art; thy way is hedged in and hedged up with thorns; and here God will keep thee until thy strength, thy wisdom, thy righteousness, the brilliancy of all thy faculties, thy memory, and thine abilities, both natural and acquired, are all gone. And he will make thee as much a fool and an idiot in the things of this world as thou art in the things of God; and then thou wilt stand idle in the market:

place, for no man will hire thee:—not the worldling, for thou canst not make sport; nor those of natural religion, because thou canst not act the hypocrite, nor wear the mask. These are the persons that the great householder hires into the vineyard; and glad enough they are to go, though but for one penny a day.

Such a sinner as above described is a lost one; not only at a loss about the things of God, but lost and absent in himself; lost to this world, to all worldly societies, and (in his own apprehensions) to all eternity, having the snares of death and the pains of hell upon him; and this is what the Saviour means by a lost sheep. The Holy Spirit, in his work on the soul, is the best teacher, the best guide, the best interpreter, and the best commentator. We cannot love him while he reflects his anger from a fiery law. An earthly judge is a terror to an evil doer; no criminal can love him. But ere long God will shine in the face of Christ, when thou wilt have the light of his countenance lifted up upon thee, and then shalt thou shine forth, and thy health shall spring forth speedily; yea, thou shalt be as the morning.

My dear Master will make several slow advances, momentary and transient visits, to thee previous to the day of espousals. He will appear on the mountains, and many obstacles will lower their towering heads. Then he will shew

himself through the lattice, which will make some slits and crevices through the old veil that is upon thy heart; but it will not destroy the face of that covering, nor wholly swallow up death in victory. Then he will stand behind the wall, and the old strong holds will begin to shake; prejudice, enmity, hardness, infidelity, and despondency, will scarcely hold together. But O! when once he puts his hands in by the hole, and rends the caul of thine heart, then unbelief flies back, faith goes in, and love, sorrow, and evangelical repentance, will flow out; for thy bowels will be moved for him more than ever Joseph's were over Benjamin, or the real mother over the son that Solomon ordered to be cut in two. And this will be thy blessed and happy case and state not many days hence: nor shall my words fall to the ground; for "God will confirm the word of his servants, and perform the counsel of his messengers." Nor shall one soul, that God by his law hath wounded, ever seek his face in vain. His delay and long-suffering are salvation. He delays, that our case may become desperate and incurable; that his wisdom, skill, power, and goodness, may be seen; that our deep need may be felt; and that a lasting impression may be left on the soul, and the greater glory redound to his dear and matchless name. Every respite, every breathing time, every ray, every glimpse, every view,

every revival, every sweet thought, every dissolving sensation (call them Gad, for there is a whole troop behind, and the banner of love with them) will be highly prized. Wonder not at the mystery.—Our carnal minds are enmity, and do oppose the Lord even in his work on our own souls; but this shall not counteract God's designs of grace: and thou wilt ever find that, when thou art the most afraid, ashamed, and abashed, the furthest of all from God, and the last that can expect to be regarded, thou wilt even then feel the greatest freedom and nearest access.—Christ's merits, not our own, procure access to the Father.

Legal pride, my daughter, always works with legal bondage: the law, in all its operations, never excludes boasting. Thou mayest not only find thine heart drawn to seek applause, but thou wilt find the time when thou wilt be proud of thy sufferings. It is pardoning love that works humility, and not sin-reviving wrath, And this, my girl, shews us the need of purging, fanning, and winnowing. But when Jesus comes, his work is all before him, and his reward is with him; healing and health are the work of his hands, and every grace is the reward that he brings. It is no difficulty to me to make thee out. I see clearly enough where thou art.—God is teaching, wounding, and condemning thee by the law, that he may lead

thee to his dear Son, to receive at his foot the word of life; and to be healed, justified, and saved by him; and thou art at this time learning the last lesson at that school. The work is nearly finished, and salvation is at the door: hope and expectation are now in thy heart, and thou wouldest not part with thy present chastisements of God for all the world, nor wouldest thou change states with the most carnally secure, nor with the brightest hypocrite that shines in Zion; for, though he fills thy mouth with gravel, and gives thee gall to drink, yet to the hungry soul these bitter things are sweet; for the quickened soul had rather have them than be given up to its own heart's lust, or be left at ease in Zion.

Having no friend at hand to copy this, it comes pure from the coal-barge, and I suppose will puzzle thee as bad as thy scribble puzzles me. God bless thee. My kind love to Miss H.

Yours in the best of bonds,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXXI.

DEAR FRIEND,

MY dame has told me that thou art ill; which is the cause of thy seat at the King's table being

empty. We are born to trouble at our first birth, and a brother is born for adversity when he is born again. These afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards they are to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those exercised thereby; and these fruits are peace, quietness, assurance, submission, and gratitude to God. We descend into the furnace with much reluctance, self-will, hanging back, and withdrawing of the neck from the yoke. There is in our corrupt nature a disapprobation of the divine conduct, and a resentment of it, fretting and kicking against it; but, if all within was resignation, where would be the cross? However, God makes us willing, because we expect the present help promised; for this we hope, this we expect, this we call for, and for this we look and long; and God shall satisfy the longing soul. The good Spirit mingles his meek and quiet, humbling and softening influences with our pain and grief, and turns all the sorrow into a sorrowing after God, and sorrowing over Christ, and both these are of a godly sort.

The balm of Gilead, under the Spirit's testimony of Christ, calms and composes conscience, when the sparks of love, and the oil of joy, melt the mountains, dissolve the doubts, and make servile fear give way; while grateful acknowledgements expand the heart, and flow out with a thousand blessings and praises to the sympha-

thetic High Priest of our profession. Our best obedience in affliction is to lie passive: we were so when formed anew in Christ Jesus; and we must be the same under every future transformation, being ordained to be conformed to Christ's image.

God bless you both.

THE DOCTOR.

CLXXXII.

Littleport.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I set off from home last Wednesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and slept at Stevenage that night. The next day we reached Downham, in the Isle of Ely, about five in the evening; and on Saturday we came to Littleport, where I preached twice yesterday to a very large audience, more than the barn could hold, for some stood without. My congregation seemed very quiet, still, attentive, and devout. I was not in my frame a Boanerges, or son of thunder; neither an herald, to sound an alarm; an inquisitor, to make inquisition for blood; nor a candle, to search out the crimes of Jerusalem; nor was the lowing of the ox, or the roaring of the lion, heard among us. My character and office were those of a son of oil—a son

of consolation; for, being comfortable both times myself, I was anointed to the office of one who comforteth the mourners in Zion, of whom there are not a few in their mourning weeds in these parts. One in particular, a farmer's dame, who has long attended, having lately lost, suddenly, an only daughter, has been ever since bowed down greatly, and could by no means lift up herself. She told some of her friends that, although I was come, she could not go out to hear me. However she came; and her crest was once more raised; and she went home confirmed in the assertion of the royal Psalmist, "But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of my head." And a blessed thing it is for the eyes of a downcast sinner to behold the sun. But the scales must drop from the eyes, the yoke of unbelief from the jaws, the shackles from the feet, and the bands from the neck, when the Bridegroom pays the perishing sinner a love visit. The mountains flow down at his presence, when he treads upon the high places of the earth. He is indeed the leader and commander of the Lord's host; and every obstruction gives way, and gives place, to his presence and his power. The Red Sea and the river Jordan; the mountain of Horeb and the valley of death; the ocean of corruption and the cage of devils; legions of crimes and clamours of conscience; infidelity's bar and a heart of

stone; are all lets in the Saviour's way :—then comes Jesus, the doors being shut, and stands in the midst, with a "Peace be unto you!" And, had we eyes that could see the legions of devils and evils that are dispersed before this proclamation of peace from the Prince of Peace, they would appear to us more numerous than my dame's bees when they swarm. But the word which God sent, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ," let this voice reign and rule in us, and we shall still know for ourselves that he is Lord of all. Farewell.

THE COALHEAVER.

CLXXXIII.

June 29, 1808.

DEAR BETTY,

I DROP you a few lines, knowing that sympathy, succour, and encouragement, are beneficial to feeble knees and other infirmities. I am a medical man, and have in these parts considerable practice, for they seem determined to drain both my skill and my medicines. And, having done our best, daily experience proves that all our disorders return again. The plague of the heart, the risings of corruption, and the workings of unbelief, are among our incurable diseases. Satan's rage at our hope exasperates

him to be continually rubbing fresh nitre into these old wounds, which are called our daily cross, being the peculiar lot of all those who follow the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a sore travail under the sun, which God has given to the sons of men to be exercised with: but the Lord will not lay on more than he will enable us to bear. Christ and his salvation are most highly prized by God the Father: and he will make us deeply feel their need before that pearl of great price is made sure to us; to obtain which nothing should cause us to slacken in our diligence, seeing it is all that is worth obtaining, and all that is worth keeping. Nor would Satan try so hard to oppose us, if he were not in fear of our success.

I now begin to wish to set my face towards mount Gilead; though I have two more weeks to abide in these parts, where the people are thirsting for the word, and drain my cruse pretty dry. However, I am satisfied it is the Lord's work, and doubt not but his family greatly increases here: and this is my meat and drink, and sends me with thanksgivings to my God for giving me, as Leah said, a good dowry, though I am much hated.

Let nothing, my dear Betty, deter nor discourage thee from following after Him, whom to know aright is life eternal.

Affectionately thine,

W. H. S. S.

CLXXXIV.

Newark, Aug. 3.

beloved in God,

ED Grantham Thursday night at nine and preached on Friday evening to a use, which sent me home with a wet The poor, the halt, the maimed, and the still flock together, and inquire after of Nazareth. An old gentleman came Helmsley, in the North riding of York- to hear me last night at Grantham—a nce of a hundred and ten miles. He is in ins, and has been long persuaded that, if he old hear one that knew Christ, he should me forth; and I think he soon will. A ough woman at Grantham was among the rminians; but, God having made her heart onest, and her head sound, she could not put on the sheep's skin, nor make lies her refuge. She took to my books, and 'The Child of Liberty in Legal Bondage' suited her, though she was frightened at the name of a bad spirit. She then wrote to a friend to inquire about me and my writings; who sent her a scandalous account, enjoining secresy; which she thought sufficient to convince her that he wrote it with shame and fear. She therefore continues to read my books, and hopes in the contents of

them. My sermon making against her, she fainted. Good advice, however, private prayer, and some predictions of better days, left her in hope. And I expect an act of grace and a gaol delivery for her in a short time, as her strength and working arm are at the point of giving up the ghost; and we know that when these withdraw, the arm of God is made bare. But Christ and company, flesh and spirit, must not be named together; at least it must not be so done in our country, though it be carried on at Sinai.

I have had invitations to Leicester, Sheepshead, Kegworth, &c. but am bound and bent for York. Am to preach here again to-morrow and Monday; at Redford on Tuesday evening; at Sherborn, near York, on Wednesday, and at Helmsley on Friday evening. Having been much indulged in secret, I keep my room continually, in hopes that I shall savour more of Christ in the pulpit. The people would drain my cruse all day long, if I would let them, and keep me up all night; which they attempted last evening, when the room was full, supper set out, and the guests set down.—But, old age having taught the Doctor to exercise clemency towards the Coalheaver, he practised French leave and Kentish compliments—that is, withdrew supperless, and left them to wait his re-

turn in vain; which enabled me to spend two or three hours this morning alone, before the householders could rise from their beds.

I expect great success this journey, as my Lady's men are sadly despised; one, who has the chapel in this town, often preaches to two or three persons. I bless my good God, that he does not drive me on against wind and tide at such a discouraging rate as that.

And now I suppose Tommy is inquiring when I return. To this I shall make no reply, as London is too full-fed at a constant and well furnished table, while the poor souls in the country crave the crumbs that fall from the table of others. But sure I am that all the family, sooner or later, shall find the Bridegroom's absence, and feel a fast in those days. At present I am a bishop at large; and am no more afraid of wanting a diocese, a rectory, or a vicarage, than I am of wanting bread: nor do I believe that I shall want money to bear my expenses, being more than sure that my journey is of God. There are two men now in Newark who came from Sheffield to hear; and some now in London will know the time when they would be glad to go as far. The farm and the merchandize are of no use when leanness enters the soul.

God bless thee. My love to dame.

W. H. S. S.

CLXXXV.

DEAR TOMMY,

HAVING a bad cold, and being hoarse, I am like a dumb dog that cannot bark. But, through mercy, I can believe. A divine compulsion has wrought this; "As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me." This, Tommy, is more than all Adam's family can say; for we are born in unbelief, and nothing but divine power can make that injurious bolt fly back, and give way. Reproof, conviction, truth, and faith, all come into the heart at once. That which convicts me I know to be true, and the power which I feel I am forced to believe. This is the grace, Tommy, that feeds the soul, and dresses it in the Saviour's robe; which claims our adoption, and the promised parentage of God. Tender my kind love to Mrs. O. and believe me

Yours most truly,

W. H. S. S.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

